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THE
ENGLISH REPUBLIC

GOD AND THE PEOPLE



EDITED

BY

W. J. LINTON

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THE LAW OF HUMAN LIFE IS GROWTH: THE DESIRE AND AIM OF LIFE IS TRUTH:
THE DOOM OF HUMANITY IS ASCENSION TOWARD GOD.

For us 'politics' is the science of life here below. Its problem is the organization of the State, of human association,—looking toward the ideal which man is pursuing, and which by every epoch is revealed to us more beautiful, more grand, more divine. Its starting-point is the indefinite educability of the human race,—its road a continuous progress toward God, toward the discovery and application of his law,—with Belief, Faith, for its stay and sanction. We would found Republics in order that the republican virtues, which a monarchical education could not produce, may germinate and become rooted in the hearts of the citizens.—*Mazzini*.

He who wisely would restrain the reasonable Soul of Man within due bounds must first himself know perfectly how far the territory and dominion extends of just and honest Liberty. As little must he offer to bind that which God hath loosened, as to loosen that which God hath bound. The ignorance and mistake of this high point hath heaped up one huge half of all the misery that hath been since Adam.—*Milton*.

Liberty is a religion: which should ennoble its followers; and, like Christianity in its earlier days, make of the slave a free man, of the free man a saint or a martyr.—*George Sand*.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON!

GOD AND THE PEOPLE.

THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC.

THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC!—A sound that once had made great hearts throb audibly, a name at which the swords of heroes had leaped from their scabbards. But now——

Some will grow pale with rage and ill-dissembled fear, that a countryman of them who judged a king and who condemned royalty should dare even with 'bated breath' to whisper of a Republic. Some will wonder at the folly of such a dream. Some will babble of 'felony.' The utilitarian liberal, seeing that there is put forth no feasible scheme for disposing of the Guelph family, that he is offered no prospect of a percentage on the tarnished gilding of royalty, will sneer at 'quixotism' and 'impracticability'; and the utopian, who expects 'figs from thistles,' forgetting their very flavour, who hopes by some providential sleight of hand to find republican results under monarchical institutions,—he too will murmur in his dreams—'how immoderate! extremely impracticable!'

I write, careless of the hate of fanaticism, fearless of either ridicule or 'prosecution.' I will be earnest enough to command the respect of the bigot, serious enough to outface the insolence of the scoffer, and bold as faith in God may make me to meet, if need be, the last. Impracticable as it may seem, I will not even lose hope of teaching some utilitarian to believe in principle, of convincing some utopian of the idleness of his endeavours. But I do not write for these. I write because,—notwithstanding 'free-trade,' non-intervention, 'constitutional' compromise ('every one for himself,' 'let alone,' 'get what you can'),—and other prevalent atheisms,—I believe that there are yet some men in England, besides Thomas Carlyle, who respect the worth of Cromwell; some men who honour the memory of Milton (I say it reverently) for something more than that one of his Poems called 'Paradise Lost;' some few who hold sacred the grave of Pym and Eliot and Hampden, and who, it may be, spite of the baseness now crawling over England, can remember that the name of Russell was once honourable, and that neither Sydney nor Russell perished 'feloniously' to procure the advent of a Dutch king or to establish the miserable finality of Whiggism.

I write because I believe that among the many earnest men at work for special and partial reforms there must be some who can spare time and thought toward forming a national party: because I believe that there are some few earnest men wise enough to be desirous of substituting for our present anarchy and neglectfulness a real government, a power capable of *ruling* the nation.

I write, not in a fit of mere boyish enthusiasm, eager to be called a Republican because men I love and reverence—Mazzini at their head—are Republicans; but because I believe in their principles, because to believe necessitates an attempt to realize belief through action, because I think that ‘every divorce between thought and action is fatal’ to the integrity of a man’s nature, because I understand the life of a true man to be an apostleship,—and therefore I dare not do otherwise than write and endeavour in all honest ways, that, even if my purpose fail, my life may ever be worthy of my faith.

The purpose with which I commence this work is, by expounding republican principles (such as I have learned them, chiefly from him who is the Apostle of Republicanism), by making my countrymen acquainted with the views of Republicans abroad, and giving them correct versions of the current events of the great European struggle for Republicanism (of which 1848 and 1849 have been but the first campaign), and not omitting to remind them of their own old republican wisdom when England taught the nations how to live, to revive among them the smouldering fire of English heroism, that faith in God and Man which led their fathers to victory. Desirous, not of renewing the form of Puritanism, but of revivifying the soul of earnestness which marked the brief day of our Commonwealth as the grandest period of English history, I shall essay to show wherein we Republicans of the nineteenth century may imitate the worthiest of our race, in what we ought to advance beyond them; and so I would in some way help to establish a Republican Party, really a Young England, to be the heralds and leaders of the Republic, the beginning of the future Nation.

For now there is no English nationality. There was a nation when an Alfred ruled the people; a nation when an Elizabeth scattered the Invincible Armada; a nation when our royalest Protector could strike down tyranny at home and throw his shield over the oppressed of distant lands. But there is no English nation now. A horde of traders, every man’s hand against his neighbours, where combination is almost unknown except for purposes of plunder,—is that a nation? A nation,—and trampled on by creatures too ashamed of their imbecility to confess it even to each other! A nation,—whose rulers are daily convicted of incapacity, of falsehood, of every conceivable meanness! A nation,—whose poor die by thousands! A nation,—without education! A nation, in whose life is no harmony or order, whose heart is torn with ceaseless contention of class against class, whose ‘prosperity’ means ruin to the majority, whose ‘peace’ is successful trickery, or infamous cowardice, whose ‘honour’ is a bye word to the world!—Is it not so? Ask our millions of workmen what combination means in England. Ask any of our ‘rulers’ what any others of them are. Ask the betrayers of the Bandieras, the accomplices of Szela and Odillon-Barrot, or the presenters of ‘his portrait’ to Palmerston; ask any of our ‘statesmen’ or diplomatists, to disclose the villanies, the lies, to which they have listened and complacently replied. Question the mere men of figures concerning Irish famine and the means by which the English labour-market is supplied. Ask the State-reporters of mines and factories, ask the private strivers for education, what the ‘Government’ does there. Ask any one at home what ‘prosperity’ means; but dare not ask a foreigner the signification of English ‘peace’ and ‘honour.’

If there was no God but a Devil, if patriotism was a meaningless word and beastliest selfishness the height of virtue, what change need take place in England? The Nation is not. There is only a gloomy den of abominable hypocrisies, a wretched chaos, called England; and it is time for all brave true men who find themselves involved in it, and who believe that God sent them into it, not that they should join the evil-doers, nor yet that they should run away from the fear of evil, but that they should do manful work in endeavouring to remedy it,—it is time for all such brave true men to take counsel together and ascertain at least what is their first duty in the emergency.

And let no man impute to me a vainglorious part in thus coming forward to intreat my countrymen (many, I hope, far abler and nobler than myself) to rally around a banner of my uplifting. What matters, so long as he be true to the Cause, who unfurl the banner? God knows I have waited long enough, patiently enough, sadly enough, not solicitous to have this burthen laid upon me—toward which I know not my strength or weakness, and praying that some one, fitted to lead the heirs of them who won what of freedom we yet have, might arise to stir the stagnant spirits of the slaves asleep upon our martyrs' tomb. I hear eloquent voices recommending this or that treatment for the 'skin-affection' of the universal cancer; I hear Wisdom crying in the streets, asking of the 'funds'; I hear loud enough, and often but too dissonant, chauntings of the theorists who have each his stereotyped prophecy of a particular millennium; and I hear the earnest wailing of some who should be our prophets, over the agonies of the present time: but of the Future,—what it shall be, and how it shall be,—I hear no English voice; nor see one English arm uplifted to point the way for me and others to follow.

Fit for the task, or not (let time and opportunity condemn me—nevertheless I will not falter), I fling aloft the Banner of the Future, and ask—Who will stand by me for the restoration of the Commonwealth, for the foundation of the English Republic? There only can I see a hope for the redemption and rejuvenescence of England.

It is toward that end that I commence this journal: wishing to make it an useful exponent of republican principles, a faithful record of republican progress throughout the world, an organ of propagandism and a medium of communication for the active Republicans of England. In fulfilment of the first object, in addition to a systematic republication of the official documents and expositions of the CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE, I shall include the writings of Mazzini, and others of the leaders of foreign democracy, and also our own authors from the time of the Commonwealth to now. The second purpose may be insured through my friends in the European republican party. The third must depend upon my readers. If the journal may stand, at least there will be a known centre and a voice for the party: it will be for themselves to determine how far they can use it. Such counsel and service as from time to time I may be able to offer shall not be wanting.

W. J. LINTON.

December, 1850.

TO THE PEOPLES :

THE ORGANIZATION OF DEMOCRACY,

THE forces of Democracy are immense. God and his providential law, the aspirations of thinkers, the instincts and the wants of the masses, the crimes and the faults of its adversaries, combat for it. At every instant it gains a new focus; it rises like the tide. From Paris to Vienna, from Rome to Warsaw, it furrows the European soil, it directs and binds together the thought of nations. Everything comes to its aid: the progressive development of intelligence, insurrectional intuition, battle or martyrdom. Evidently the times are ripe for the practical realization of its principle. That which, sixty years ago, was only the prevision of genius, is to-day a fact, the characteristic, the predominant *fact* of the epoch. The life of Humanity belongs henceforth, whatever may be done, to the faith which says, *Liberty, Association, Progress for all, through all*. The reaction well knows this; it no longer denies this holy device, but usurps it to falsify it; it no longer tears the flag, but sullies it; it no longer refutes its apostles, but calumniates them.

What is wanting to Democracy in order to triumph, and by its accession to substitute truth for falsehood, right for arbitrary power, harmony for anarchy, the pacific evolution of the common thought for the sad necessity of violent revolutions? There is only one thing wanting, but that one thing is vital: it is ORGANIZATION.

European Democracy is not constituted. The men of Democracy are everywhere; the general thought of Democracy has nowhere a collective and accepted representation. Democracy bears the word *Association* written upon its banner, and it is not associated. It announces to Europe a new life, and it has nothing which regularly and efficaciously incarnates this life in itself. It evangelizes the grand formula—*God and Humanity*, and it has no initiative centre whence the movement sets out towards this end, no kernel where lie at least the germs of that alliance of peoples without which Humanity is but a name, and which only can conquer the league of kings.

Scattered loppings of the tree whose large branches could and ought to shadow the whole European name, systems have divided and subdivided the parent-thought of the future; they have parted among them the fragments of the flag; they live an impotent life, each on a word taken from our synthetic formula. We have sects, but no church; incomplete and contradictory philosophies, but no religion,—no collective belief rallying the faithful under one single sign, and harmonizing their labours. We are without chiefs, without plan, without order-word. One might call us detached bodies having formerly belonged to a great army, now dissolved by victory. But thanks to ourselves, the victory is yet with our enemies. Triumphant at first upon every point, the peoples, turn by turn arisen, fall one by one under the concentration of hostile forces, applauded like the dying gladiator if succumbing bravely, branded if they sink without resistance, but almost always misunderstood, and always rapidly forgotten. They have forgotten Warsaw; they are forgetting Rome.

It is only through organization that this state of things will cease. The day that shall find us all united, marching together under the eye of the best among us—those who have fought the most and suffered the most—will be the eve of victory. On that day we shall have counted ourselves—we shall know who we are—we shall have the consciousness of our strength.

For that two great obstacles remain to surmount, two great errors to destroy: the exaggeration of the rights of individuality, the narrow exclusiveness of theories.

We are not the Democracy, we are not Humanity; we are the precursors of Democracy, the vanguard of Humanity. Church militant, army destined to conquer the soil on which should be elevated the edifice of the new society—we must not say *I*, but must learn to say *we*. It must be understood that rights are only the results of accomplished duties, that the theory is a dead letter whenever we do not practically translate its principle in our every-day acts; that individuality represents, above all, a mission to fulfil; liberty a means of conscientiously harmonizing our efforts with those of our brothers, of taking rank among the combatants without violation of our personal dignity. Those, who, following their individual susceptibilities, refuse the little sacrifices which organization and discipline exact, deny, in virtue of the habitudes of the past, the collective faith they preach. Besides, crushed by the organization of our enemies, they abandon to them that for which they had trafficked with the cause they had sworn to serve.

Exclusiveness in theories is the negation of the very dogma we profess. Every man who says, *I have found political truth*, and who makes the adoption of *his* system, his condition of fraternal association, denies the people—the sole progressive interpreter of the world's law, in order to assert his own *I*. Every man who pretends by the isolated labour of his intelligence, however powerful it may be, to discover to-day a definitive solution of the problems which agitate the masses, condemns himself to error by incompleteness, in renouncing one of the eternal sources of truth—the collective intuition of the people in action. The definitive solution is the secret of victory. Placed to-day under the influence of the medium we desire to transform, agitated in spite of ourselves by all the instincts—by all the reactionary feelings of the combat, between persecution and the spectacle of egotism given us by a factitious society built upon material interest and mutilated in its most noble faculties,—we can hardly seize what there is of most holy, most vast, and most energetic, in the aspiration of the soul of the Peoples. Drawn, in the depths of our cabinets, from the teaching of tradition—disinherited of the power which springs from the cry of actuality, from the *I*, the conscience of Humanity,—our systems cannot be, in great part, other than an anatomizing of corpses, discovering evil, analyzing death, but powerless to perceive or to comprehend life. Life, it is the People under emotion, it is the instinct of multitudes elevated to an exceptional power by contact, by the prophetic feeling of great things to do, by spontaneous, sudden, electrical association in the public place; it is action exciting to the highest all the faculties of hope, devotion, enthusiasm, and love, which slumber now,—and revealing man in the unity of his nature, in the plenitude of his realizing powers. The grasp of a workman's hand in one of those historic moments which initiate an epoch, will perhaps teach us more of the organization of the future, than could be taught to-day by the cold and disheartened work of the intellect, or the knowledge of the illustrious dead of the last two thousand years.

Is this saying that we ought to march forward without a banner? Is it saying that we would inscribe on our banner only a negation? It is not upon us that such a suspicion can alight. Men of the people, long engaged in its struggles,—we do not dream of leading it toward the void. We march to the realization of equality and association upon this earth. Every revolution not made for all is to us a lie. Every political change which does not aim at transforming the medium, the element in which individuals are living, radically falsifies the educational tendency which alone can render it legitimate. But the point of departure and the point of arrival—the end—once established, ought we to delay our march, to abdicate our conquest, and let our liberties be one by one taken from us, because all of us are not in accord as to the means which might realize our thought? Is

it not rather our business to open the highways of progress for the nations, than minutely to assign to them their rations, or to prejudge the details of every building under which they may seek to shelter themselves? And ought we to submit to lose the ground which has cost so much of the blood of our heroes, so many tears of our mothers, because we have not altogether explored that which we have yet to conquer?

We say that this would be at once a crime and a folly. We say that, in the presence of the reaction every where and at every moment fortifying itself, beside the sufferings of the Peoples and the insolence of their masters, beneath the weight of shame which attaches to every systematic violation of right and of human nature, the duty of all those who have given their names to the flag of progress in the truth, is to-day to establish the ground conquered by Humanity and the general tendencies which characterise the epoch; that we must organize ourselves, choose our chiefs, and march with one common accord to overthrow all obstacles, and to open as rapidly as possible to the great realizer—THE PEOPLE—the way towards the end.

Let each thinker assiduously and conscientiously pursue his researches and his apostolate in favour of the special solution of which he has had a glimpse,—the emancipated peoples will know how to judge and to choose: but let him not ramble from the camp where all his brethren ought to be assembled; let him not divest himself of his active part in the accomplishment of the common mission; let him not desert the revolution for philosophy, action for solitary thought, Democracy for any democratic system. Man is one; thought and action ought to be indissolubly united in him. At the end of the day each of us must be able to ask himself without blushing, not *What hast thou thought*, but *What hast thou done* to-day, for the holy cause of truth and eternal justice?

Does this common ground exist?

Yes! it does exist. Surely we have not struggled for nearly a century, under the banner of progress, foreseen as the vital law of Humanity, without having conquered a series of truths sufficient to establish for us all a rallying sign, a baptism of fraternity, a basis of organization!

We all believe in the progressive development of human faculties and forces in the direction of the moral law which has been imposed upon us.

We believe in association as the only regular means which can attain this end.

We believe that the interpretation of the moral law and rule of progress cannot be confided to a caste or to an individual, but ought to be to the people enlightened by national education, directed by those among them whom virtue and genius point out to them as their best.

We believe in the sacredness of both individuality and society, which ought not to be effaced, nor to combat, but to harmonize together for the amelioration of all by all.

We believe in Liberty, without which all human responsibility vanishes:

In Equality, without which Liberty is only a deception:

In Fraternity, without which Liberty and Equality would be only means without end:

In Association, without which Fraternity would be an unrealizable programme:

In Family, City, and Country, as so many progressive spheres in which man ought to successively grow in the knowledge and practice of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association.

We believe in the holiness of work, in its inviolability, in the property which proceeds from it as its sign and its fruit:

In the duty of society to furnish the element of material work by credit, of intellectual and moral work by education:

In the duty of the individual to make use of it with the utmost concurrence of his faculties for the common amelioration.

We believe—to resume—in a social state having God and his law at the summit,—the People, the universality of the citizens free and equal, at its base,—progress for rule, association as means, devotion for baptism, genius and virtue for lights upon the way.

And that which we believe to be true for a single people, we believe to be true for all. There is but one sun in heaven for the whole earth: there is but one law of truth and justice for all who people it.

Inasmuch as we believe in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association, for the individuals composing the State, we believe also in the Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association of Nations. Peoples are the individuals of Humanity. Nationality is the sign of their individuality and the guarantee of their liberty: it is sacred. Indicated at once by tradition, by language, by a determined aptitude, by a special mission to fulfil, it ought to harmonize itself with the whole, and assume its proper functions for the amelioration of all, for the progress of Humanity.

We believe that the map and organization of Europe are to be re-made, in accordance with these principles. We believe that a pact, a congress of the representatives of all nationalities, constituted and recognized, having for mission to serry the holy alliance of Peoples and to formalize the common right and duty, are at the end of all our efforts.

We believe, in a word, in a general organization, having God and his law at the summit, Humanity, the universality of nations free and equal at its base, common progress for end, alliance for means, the example of those peoples most loving and most devoted for encouragement on the way.

Is there among us a sane man who can contest these principles? Is there among us a man so exacting, so exclusive, as to declare that this collection of truths, theoretically conquered, does not afford a base advanced enough, and sufficiently defined, to place thereon—with every reserve of independence as to the elaboration of special solutions,—*a common organization*, having for its object to work actively for their practical realization, for the emancipation of the People and of the Peoples?

We have not now to say what this organization should be. It suffices to-day for us to establish its urgency and possibility. We are not giving a programme; we make an appeal.

To all men who share our faith:

To all the Peoples who have a nationality to conquer:

To all those who think that every divorce, even for a time, between thought and action, is fatal:

To all those who feel stirring within their hearts, a holy indignation against the display of brute force which is made in Europe, in the service of tyranny and falsehood:

We say—come to us! Sacrifice to the one great object your secondary disagreements, and rally yourselves upon the ground we are pointing out to you.

The question is the constitution, the establishment of European democracy; the question is the foundation of the budget, the treasury of the Peoples; the question is the organization of the army of initiators. The emancipated Peoples will do the rest. For ourselves, we are to-day in their name upon the breach. Grasp hands with us, and to the combat!

London, July 22, 1850.

For the Central European Democratic Committee:

LEDRU-ROLLIN.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.


ALBERT DARASZ,

ARNOLD RUGE,

Delegate of the Polish Democratic
Centralization.

Member of the National Assembly
at Frankfort.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

 THE foregoing Address to the Peoples of Europe was issued by the Central European Democratic Committee in the second number of *Le Proscrit* (The Proscribed),^a for August, 1850. The following chapters are intended as a general explanation of the Address, by way of preface and introduction to our work. I speak, of course, without the authority of the Committee: but I believe my exposition to be in exact accordance with their views, *so far as the principles are concerned*. As for illustrations and applications (such for instance as the definitions of Property and specially the reference to the Land Question), they must be understood as altogether my own. The first might be fallacious and yet not vitiate the principles illustrated; the second, adapted to the condition of England, could not originate with a committee of foreigners. I believe, however, both illustrations and applications to be in logical agreement with their principles. If not, I am open to correction. The most thorough examination and complete development of the principles here enunciated, and only broadly explained, is one principal object of this journal.

EQUALITY—LIBERTY—FRATERNITY.

'We believe in Liberty, without which all Human responsibility vanishes:

'In Equality, without which Liberty is only a deception:

'In Fraternity without which Liberty and Equality would be only means without end.'

Liberty—Equality—Fraternity: these words are the battle-cry of the Republican,—the formula of his faith, without the understanding whereof there is no political salvation. Liberty—Equality—Fraternity,—each and all, indissolubly united. Any attempt to solve the problem of the government or regulation of society, without due regard to each of these three terms, must be a failure.

Equality refers to the ground upon which we would build, rather than to the building: that is to say, equality is a means, not merely an end.

Liberty may be defined as the unchecked opportunity of growth: a means, also and not an end.

Fraternity is the link which makes free and equal members constitute Humanity: it is the completion of the triple law of human development.

By *Equality* is not meant the equal condition of all men—as dreamed of by some of the Socialists. Equality as a result like that would be unjust and *unequal*. To take an easy example:—Two children are born with different facul-

^a A monthly journal, published in Paris and London. After the appearance of two numbers, it gave place to a weekly publication, *La Voix du Proscrit* (The Voice of the Proscribed), which is the organ of the European Committee.

ties.^b One child is born with a faculty or predisposition for painting. Another has no such faculty; his very organization is against it (he is perhaps too short-sighted to be a painter). What would be meant by the word *Equality* applied to these two children? Must both be painters, or neither? Would this be equality? Would it be equality to prohibit one from exercising a power of good or enjoyment naturally possessed by him? To prohibit only one recollect! Republican equality is not any such prohibitory equality as this. The true equality would be to give each child the space, the material, the culture most fitted for his growth, and support, and improvement: that each might be nurtured and educated to the utmost capability of his nature, even though one should grow to be far greater than the other. Or again: Two children will not grow to the same height: must therefore the taller-growing be stunted? Two men have not the same appetite; one needs for health and sustenance twice as much meat as is needed by the other: must one starve while the other fattens to apoplexy; and because their daily rations are of the same weight, shall that be called equality? The equality we desire is at the starting point, and to keep the course, —not to check the career of the fleetest, and make all reach the goal at once or not at all.

This is the equality which the Suffrage alone can give us. It is for this that we require the Suffrage as the public recognition and legal guarantee of our equality. For we cannot believe that we shall be treated equally (which means justly) by any who would hesitate to acknowledge and assure our equality. And this, spite of all that may be said in denial of rights, is the equality of birthright, the sense in which all men are born equal, and so should live equal. The tyrant, the aristocrat, the liberal utilitarian, deny that I have any right—even to my own life, to myself; and so they refuse me the suffrage—the public recognition and legal means of using that right. But if I have no right to my own life, who has? Some other man or men? Surely such a theory is too preposterous. Or is it the State alone in which all rights are vested? But what is the State? Am I a part of it? If not, what right can a *foreign* State have in me? If I am a part of it, *only passive*, what right have any to kidnap me and make me a passive part, a tool, a slave, of some collection of my fellow men, calling themselves a State? If I am recognized as an active part of the State,—that is conceding me the Suffrage—the claim to stand upon equal ground before the law, *that the law made by all may care for all—may care that all are treated equally*: that is to say, that the nature of each shall have full room for development, the life of none be hindered or cleared away to foster or make room for the rankness of another. Without this equality liberty 'is only a deception.'

For the *Liberty* we want is *for the growth of all*. Liberty, except upon the ground of equality, would be only the *liberty of the stronger*,—the liberty which exists in France and England, and among savage tribes,—the liberty which would satisfy Messrs. Proudhon, Girardin, Cobden, and others of the 'free-trade' and

^b It matters not here to go into the much vexed question of circumstances. Whatever weight may be attached to the force of *circumstances after birth*, it cannot be denied that *circumstances before birth* have also weight. No two children are absolutely alike: no two are born with precisely the same aptitude or capacity.

anti-monopoly school,—the liberty which is not regulated, of the Arab kind, every-man's hand against every man, and the weakest going to the wall. We want not this liberty, but that diviner liberty which must be regulated by law, guaranteed upon the ground of human equality—the liberty which is unchecked opportunity of growth even for the least and weakest. The least, whose growth is stunted by the overshadowing of another, is a victim; there is liberty there *for one*, but not equality and liberty for both. The weakest whose growth must take the bent of another's stronger will, is a slave; there is liberty there too for the stronger, but not equal liberty for both.

And as liberty fails without equality; so also equality fails without liberty. There may be equality under a despot, or in a well-ordered community, without liberty; but how then shall there be various growth, free growth, and progress?

We want equal liberty for all: because we want the various growth of all for the collective progress of Humanity. *Fraternity* is the organization of this equal liberty, the harmonization of this various growth. We do not believe that any man lives only for himself; or that a man's life is bounded by his family, or his neighbours, or his parish, or his country. Family, parish or city, country,—these are but so many spheres in which the human life is perfected, in which it lives, from which it draws its growth; to which it therefore owes the product of its growth. Humanity we believe to be one whole, which ought to be harmonized together, continually reciprocating all the advantages which commerce or science (physical or mental science) can procure,—which ought to be organized so that a physical victory once gained by a part of the race should be a triumph for the whole,—so that a moral gain achieved by an individual should be a possession for the whole,—a mutual assurance and copartnership, by means of which the whole world should uphold the weakest, through which the universal progress should step steadily on from aspiration to acquirement, higher and ever higher. This is our definition of Fraternity.

The organization of Humanity is, therefore, the problem which the Republican proposes to himself. This is the meaning of his formula—Equality, Liberty, Fraternity. Equality of right, freedom of growth, organization of duty,—these for our means, and the progress of Humanity for end.

PERFECTIBILITY—DUTY.

'We believe in the progressive development of human faculties and forces in the direction of the moral law which has been imposed upon us.'

We cannot be said to believe in Humanity, unless we believe in its progressive development. Deny progress and development, and Humanity is but an idle word. It would mean only the men and women of the present generation, to whom any one might dispute his owing any duty, if he chose to live secluded and severed from them, helping and hurting none, refusing to receive or give, to have any dealings, to make any bargains with them. For cut off the past and the future, and one may well consider all connection with mankind as matter of bargain, and be not in anywise his 'brother's keeper,' but as careless of his next neighbour as of one at the antipodes.

But Humanity means the whole, the totality of human kind: not only the men and women of this 'present generation,' but of all ages, past, present and

to come. You cannot confine yourself to the present generation. What, indeed, is the 'present generation,' when every day adds and takes away a thousand lives in this little corner of Britain alone? Every minute how many of the 'present generation' becoming numbered with the past—every minute the future generation coming into presence.

Here is the basis of *duty* toward Humanity—the duty *which is imposed upon us as a moral law*, a law of God—the *duty* which is *the relation of a part to the whole*. As well might the atoms of a diamond, or the several parts of a flower, deny their position with relation to the perfect diamond or the flower, as man deny his position as a part of Humanity,—disclaiming the duties which such position entails, refusing the service to which he is so bound, with the poor current excuse, 'that it is not his place' to perform such dutiful service. The common expression intimates the common duty. It is a *man's* 'place' to serve Humanity: the place of the part, in subservience to the whole.

What shall he serve except this progressive development? What is the meaning of all history, if it is not this?—that the struggles and sacrifices of one generation are made for another; that the triumphs of the Past are inherited by the Future; that a gain in any corner of the world spreads, slowly or rapidly, over the whole globe; and that To-day stores all the harvest of the former ages, not for its own consuming, but for transmission to the Future—borrowing the sustenance and support needful for its own brief journey, and repaying with the interest of whatever its own exertions can accumulate. To-day is but the steward, who hands the wealth of the Past to the real heir—the Future. Let us mount never so high over the piled-up-treasures of the Past, the summit of our achievement will be only a vantage ground, from which the Future shall *start* in quest of loftier worth.

How shall one isolate himself from the Future or from the Past? How from the Future, when not a deed he may do, nor a word he may utter, nor a thought that stirs his innermost soul, but is as the first touch upon the electric wire, repeating its consequences to countless ages? How from the Past? Take any Englishman among us; is not his nature and organization, his very conformation, the result of ages? Is he nothing changed, in no way advanced from the first savage of the world? Have not Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, each and all, contributed to form him such as he is? Nor only Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, but also all who had previously helped to form them. Is not his very physical structure a growth and combination, fed and collected from nearly every portion of the world? Is not his mind somewhat richer for the thoughts of all time; his knowledge the sum of the acquirements of all times? Be he never so poor, is he not a debtor to the Past? Have not the religions of the Past done something for him? has not the science of the Past done something too? Which of us taught himself to till the earth? Which of us has discovered, for his own behoof, the whole art and mystery of clothing? Which of us crosses the ocean without aid from those who have gone before? Which of us is not indebted for some of those high-soaring and holy thoughts, which light even the darkest hearts, and brighten even the dullest eyes, to the buried poets and prophets of Humanity? In infancy, youth, sickness, accident, and age, we depend, upon the services of others: in vigorous manhood we are no more independent,

though sometimes we compel the contribution without which we should scarcely exist? What more argument is needed to prove that man is *a part* of Humanity—a debtor to Humanity; *that the part must bear relation to the whole, that the debtor owes—has duties.* Let the honest man pay his debt! This is the moral law imposed upon us; and the fulfilment of this consists in aiding to our uttermost by thought, and word, and act, ‘the progressive development of human faculties and forces.’

ASSOCIATION.

‘We believe in association as the only regular means which can attain this end.’

How else? If men would navigate a ship they associate. If they would work a mine, or reclaim a waste land, they associate. If they would build a town, they associate. If they would make war, for conquest or in self-defence, still they must associate. The *Laissez-faire* (the *let-alone*) system can only suit those who have no recognition of Humanity as a whole, nor knowledge of any relation between men except that of buyers and sellers whose sole business is personal gain. Yet even in the market there is association, though it be only of some few over-crafty men, to monopolize, to steal an exaggerated price. If buying and selling be the end of society, the purpose and religion of life, and no matter how many of God’s creatures are naked, starved, stunted, or trodden into the dust, then association may be of little consequence. But the human world has higher destinies than this. Yet the very wolves hunt in packs. The old fable of the bundle of sticks retains its significance: woe to the disunited; strength only to the combined.

We believe in Association: that is to say, in

Government—which is association of forces,

Religion—association for the development of the moral law.

Education—the application of that law, the association of intellect.

Social Economy—the association of labour.

The Nation—the association of all the divers faculties of man, in their natural and peculiar spheres.

And Humanity—the association of nations.

But the association we require is not a compulsory association. That was the way they built the pyramids; that has ever been the mode in which tyrants have used the masses—their slaves. We would not even have the finest compulsory association, though it might be regulated by the patriarchs; nor the most admirable community of beavers, content so long as every one can take what he deems his just share out of the common storehouse.

Not chance association either. We would not trust to the accidental partnerships of men combined for some special end: an East India Company, or a class-government, associating to rob the world.

We need an association bound together by faith and identity of purpose, rather than by so weak a tie as that of ‘interest,’—an association that shall be expansive, with power of growth, not stationary,—an association in which the tyranny of a centre shall be impossible, in which the fullest growth and widest range of the individual shall be held compatible with the most devoted service to the Republic,—yet an association kept together not only by the careful protection of

individual rights, but rather by the harmonious rendering and ordering of social duties, every member of the State intent upon building up the glory and advancing the progress of the whole, even as he would build an altar to the Eternal, or advance his own progress toward the perfection of the Most Perfect.

We need the organized association of the People—the universality of the citizens free and equal in the several spheres of *family, city, and country*; and the association of countries. And we need this in order to develope, to economise, and to direct all the faculties and forces of Humanity—to make the whole one strong life, healthily educated, maturely wise, self-sustained, and self-collected, *surely aimed*. Association would leave no powers unused, no efforts undirected. Without association men either bury themselves in miserable egotisms, or, but too often, waste valuable energies in foolish—albeit generous—endeavours to serve their race. Without association the brotherhood of Humanity would be ‘an unrealizable programme,’ and the progression of Humanity a never-accomplished dream.

FAMILY—CITY—COUNTRY.

‘We believe in Family, City, and Country, as so many progressive spheres in which man ought to successively grow in the knowledge and practice of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association.’

THE first sphere of association is the Family,—the first step out of *self*, the first phase in the practical education of the mature human being.

The child lives for itself: is, (*or should be*) employed, not for Humanity, but for itself. The natural course of a child’s life is the perception, the search, and the gathering, of good for itself, in order to perfect its own nature, to prepare it for serving Humanity. To this end parents and friends wait upon it, and minister to it, requiring no return. Hope sings to it his sweetest songs, furling his vast wings, and walking, as if he were an earthly playmate, with the inexperienced young one. All great and joyous influences are but its playthings, the world its foot-ball, and delights its proper food. For the child’s business is not to do, nor to suffer (truly, it must both do and suffer, but that is not its business), but to be fostered, and so enabled to grow to its full strength and stature. Childhood over, the world claims the fresh worker, God calls his martyr. Self perfected, the sacrifice of Self (that is to say—*service*) is next. The child *enjoys*—the adult *loves*. For enjoyment is neither the object nor the end of love. Ask of any man who has truly loved,—or rather ask of any woman who has loved (not merely accepted a husband) whether the passion meant possession—enjoyment; whether it was not utterly independent of possession or enjoyment, an adoration rather than a desire; whether it was not a sublime soaring out of Self, the first endeavour to realize a good not necessarily to be shared, and rather strengthened than diminished if bringing suffering instead of joy. God has given us love to lead us from the narrowness of Self to the divine width and grandeur of the unselfish spirit of the true worker—the worshipper and realizer of beauty. The lovers are united, and the two becoming one, in their very union is danger of stepping back to selfishness; but now children preach the doctrine of sacrifice of duty and service. In these two relations of life are the types of the *present, and future*, in which is involved the whole of human duty.

The Beloved,—it is the Present, the beautiful Humanity of our own age, to be loved and laboured for even as one would love and labour for a mistress. The Child,—it is the Future, for which the Present toils and accumulates, for which it freely gives its restless days and sleepless nights; for which, if needful, in harness, on Liberty's battle field, or on that most holy altar kings call the scaffold, it would cheerfully render up its life. In one's own family are first learned the lessons of true Republicanism: *the equality* between the loving,—*the equal rights* of the young souls which we call our children, but which are God's children, even as ourselves, not property, but unpossessable human lives as important as our own, by whose cradles we kneel to proffer homage, foreseeing that they shall be greater than ourselves, that we are but their ministers; *the freedom of growth* which we see to be so needful for them (alas! one cannot forget the poor factory children when one speaks of the free growth which children ought to have), without which the very race deteriorates, and God's promise of the progression of Humanity through them is made a lie and an impossibility; and *the fraternal association* which is prophecied in the days of simple childhood,—the parents themselves but as elder children in a blessed hierarchy, reverently looked up to, loved, and freely and gladly obeyed, not merely because they are called parents, but because they are felt and believed to be the wisest and the best.

Equality, Liberty, and Brotherly Association, must have their first seeds planted in the Family. Whoever would destroy this would destroy the very nursery of republican virtue.

But the Family is only the nursery. We may not bound our sympathies within the walls of home. Though we need not our fellows' help, yet they need us. In the continual battle of life not one soldier can be spared: in the world's work the labourers are ever few (spite of Malthus and the like) compared with the harvest that awaits them. Is Humanity only to be served by those who have no family? Can Society afford that they who have had the best opportunities of learning the worth of Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity, shall be excused from teaching what they have learned, by the example of an extended practice? But our special question here is not so much the duty of the individual to Humanity, as the spheres in which that duty can most advantageously be fulfilled.

We say that the first sphere, or inner circle, is the Family; the next the City—the village, parish, or commune; and the Country next.

The Family is the simplest method of association, the most natural, the easiest, and the most binding. We do not believe that it could be loosened without violating the best instincts of our nature, without a loss of influence for good which no other method of association could replace. The association of locality and common occupation we hold to be also worth preserving. A fishing community, a shipping community, a manufacturing community, an agricultural community,—either of these will naturally grow up on the spot where its work may be best done. The peculiar habits of their lives impress a peculiarity of character. That and the identity of occupation beget a spirit of companionship, and the brotherly feeling has a wider extension through that growth of natural circumstances than from any arbitrary arrangement for mere economical purposes. We believe in the worth of such local attachments, of such local schools, in whose narrow precincts men may first learn something of the fervour, the devotedness,

the intense passion of patriotism. Let the hamlet or the township be a rallying point, a larger *home*, and a pride to its inhabitants; let them toil for the increase of its importance and its renown, jealous of it as a child of the honour of its family. Let the Family be the nursery of republican virtue, the Village—or the City—the first public school for the republican life. Each is the Republic in miniature, complete in itself. Complete, but not incapable of expansion. As each Individual is but a part of the Family, so each Family is but a member of the Township, Parish, or Commune; and so again each Township, Parish, or Commune, is but a member of the Country. There, on that broad scale, the value of local sympathies, the force of similarity of nature, habit, and idea, are more plainly discernible: and little need be said to prove their importance. History and tradition, habits of thought, modes of life, identity of aim,—all these stamp the men of one country as better fitted to work together than to work with the men of another country; all these indicate the essential differences in human character, which help to preserve variety, necessary for the improvement of the race. Language itself, which is but the outward manifestation of character, is not so different as the character beneath. These are the spheres of human work, not necessarily of disunion. Because the men of one craft labour in one workshop, and those of another craft in another, their different work being so best performed, is that any reason why they should be at variance, or any hinderance to their meeting on any common ground to do together that which requires their combined efforts, or that for which one has no more special aptitude than the other? Need Italy and England be less close in the brotherhood of nations, because each shall be distinct as a nation, each having its special task to accomplish in the world's work, each having something to do which can be better done by each in its own sphere, than through any cosmopolitan fusion or confusion of the two? We believe that Family, City, and Country, have not been arbitrarily-established spheres of human activity; but that they are the natural, the God-appointed modes of human organization, which through republican institutions shall be harmonized together. And we believe this none the less though, under patriarchal despotism the Family has been abused, children treated as property, as if they were for the parents and not the parents for them; though in the hard and foolish competition of an untaught and unorganized individualism, the City has been walled up, town contending against town, even to the destruction of a common nationality: and though kings and diplomatic apes have made the sacred name of Country a mere bye-word of unpatriotic antagonism. Such is the power of the false principle of *monarchy*, which perverts the truest means of life. In the Republic it shall be otherwise. The nation of many families shall be as a brother in the great family of the world, as a loyal township in the human commonwealth.

WORK—PROPERTY.

'We believe in the holiness of work, in its inviolability, and in the property which proceeds from it as its sign and its fruit.'

The holiness of work, its inviolability. We mean that, as work is a social duty, every one has a right to the means of fulfilling it, a right to the instruments and

opportunities of labour ; that no one has the right of hindering another from work.

And the property which proceeds from it. That is to say we do not believe that 'the institution' of private property is inevitably a nuisance. Our complaint is not that there is too much individual property, but that there is too little; not that the few have, but that the many have not. Property, wherever it is the real *result of work*—'its sign and its fruit'—we deem inviolable, sacred as individual right.

On a piece of wild land, unclaimed by any, I build a log hut ; I clear a portion of the ground ; I plant potatoes or sow wheat : with my own hands labouring unaided. The wheat or potatoes there grown are just sufficient to feed me and my family. They are my property. They (*not the land*) are my work, a growth which is the result, the sign and fruit of my toil. If the title is not absolutely mine, at least none other can show so good a title. I have created at least the overplus of wheat or potatoes that remains after subtracting an amount of seed equal to that sown (if there is any question how I came by that). I, only I, have the right to my own creation.

I have a rose-tree,—one I budded on a wild stock. I have cared for it, tended it, nursed it through severe winters. It is mine. What right have you to it? Will the State intervene and appoint what is *mine* and what *thine*? Giving me perhaps some other rose-tree and you this. It can only do so ignorantly. The State knows nothing of the value of my rose,—its peculiar value to me. Its flowers have been gathered for my sick children ; the Beloved has shed her last smile upon its bloom. It is a sacred thing to me. To all the world else it is only a common rose-bush. How can the world's title to it equal mine?

I have a dog which I have reared from a puppy. He knows me, loves me. He might be useful to others : he would be to none what he is to me ; none can be to him what I have been and am. Have not I the best title to him?

If my superior taste or ingenuity—perhaps working extra hours—can, without taking from others, adorn the walls of my house, improve its furniture, and make my home a palace in comparison with my neighbour's—is there any reason why he should share with me, take my pictures or my sofas into his rooms,—take even one of them? Or rather, why I should be deprived of these *enjoyments of my own creation* until others, either through their own labour or mine, could acquire the same enjoyments?

All these things *fairly produced by me* are mine ; they are as it were an atmosphere of my own with which I have surrounded myself, a radiance from my own light of life, an emanation from myself. No Government, State, or Commonwealth, has any right here, to trench upon my personal, private, individual right, to rob me for even the world's benefit.

But suppose I produce more than sufficient, while others need? Has the State no right then? No, it has not. Let it try its right! *I unaided by it produced.* It has power, and it will confiscate. What follows? This:—I will not again be fool enough to produce *for confiscation*. I care nothing for your 'tyrant's plea' of necessity for the general good. I will not produce, if I cannot be secure in my possession. Some one says—'But you have told us of a duty towards Humanity.' That is true too. But here we have been talking of the *right to take*, not of the *duty to give*. I acknowledge the duty. I esteem the

blessedness of being able to give; esteem it too much to bear patiently the being robbed of it. I would be of my own free-will the dutiful servant of Humanity. *I will not be its slave.* Or am I dull, brutish, selfish, caring only to *have*, to be a 'rich man,' not anxious to give my substance to those who need? Then educate me; enlighten me; better me by precept and example; if I mend not, point at me as a monster: but dare not to cross my threshold, to touch the veriest trifle that I have honestly earned or obtained, to profane my household gods, to violate my individual right, which stands sovereignly, however savagely, defying the world.

Property is that which is a man's own, what he may properly own, that which is justly his,—his work, or his work's worth or purchase, or a free gift from another *whose it fairly was.*

Work is the doing of worth,—something of value *made, created, or produced*, or help toward that. Stealing is not work. Swindling is a shabbier sort of stealing. Overreaching is swindling.

Since *property* is definable as the sign and the fruit of work, clearly *that which is neither the sign nor the fruit of work is not property.* A pedlar takes eyeless needles to a tribe of ignorant savages, and 'sells them,' bartering his needles for things of worth. He *produces* the worth, *but not fairly.* The things of worth are not fairly his. They are not legitimately *property.* He has stolen them. The profit of a swindling trade is not property. Is it not swindling when a young child is taken in at a factory, and receives—in exchange for childhood's beauty, youth's hope, manhood's glorious strength, and the calm sunset of a well-aged life,—*some paltry shillings a week?* Nay, we will not wrong you, Trader! that 'is not all' you give him. You also give him ignorance, and vice, and suffering, and emaciation, a crippled beggarly life and a miserable death, in exchange for the health and joy of which God had made him capable. Why, man! selling eyeless needles to savages is Christian honesty compared with that. And one cannot but repeat that we dare not so abuse language as to call the profit of a swindling trade your *property.* *It is stolen.* A *thief* is not a *proprietor.* The words *cannot* be synonymous. Where is the title-deed showing work done and value created? WORK DONE? *The paving of your palace-floors with children's faces!* Moses and Son,—and some who think themselves *honest*,—have no *right* to a pennyworth of their dishonest gains. If the State should confiscate their fortunes and distribute it among distressed needle-women and the like, I, for my part, should think no wrong done, but be thankful for so much retributive justice. When the usurer (we call him *capitalist* now) takes advantage of his fellow's need to over reach the common ground of human brotherhood upon which they originally stood, and to steal a profit out of that need,—this is not work, or *worth-doing*, toil he never so toilsomely. His profit is not his *property.* Or when a 'landlord' claims possession of God's earth,—I do not say of certain produce, but absolute possession of the land itself,—because his ancestor, some duke (thieves' leader) of by-gone times, stole that land, or because he bought it of some degenerate thief (not a leader), well knowing it to be stolen,—can we allow that to be property, properly his? God's earth and ocean, God's mountains, plains, seas, and rivers, are not property,—no more than his sky. They are his work, not man's. Let the fisherman make a property of the fish he catches.

‘Why? he does not create them.’ Yet he does in some sense produce them. Their worth to man is nothing in the sea. It is their being caught, which is the result of his work, that gives them value. *The possession of them is the sign of that work.* Let the husbandman till the ground, and what he produces shall be his. *That produce is the fruit of his toil.* But the earth is not his. Would I ‘parcel the land out among all the dwellers on the earth’? No, certainly. For the fisher cares not for his proportion;—neither does the merchant, who brings goods from the far land, *giving honest toil in their bringing, and justly possessing them as the sign and fruit thereof.* Let who will occupy the land. But recollect that the fisher’s and the merchant’s shares *are there also.* *It is a common property, which cannot be parcelled out:* because every minute a new co-inheritor is born, and every birth would necessitate a new division. But I see no reason, therefore, why any should not hold any amount of land (only limited by the needs of others) in undisturbed and perpetual tenure, paying to the State a rent for the same. What has the State to do with appointing to each landholder his limits, or assigning to him his locality? Here again would be an interference with individual right. It might give me my acres in the plain, and my brother his upon the mountain side; and he loves the level ground, while to me flood and fell are dear, and I dislike the monotony of the plain. Or why should the State refuse land to individuals, and compel it to be held in common? All these things may best adjust themselves: the business of Government not being to intermeddle with individual right, but to have that respected, and to maintain order, caring that none encroach upon the rights of others, and that all are organized harmoniously together. The one is for the prevention of evil, the other the preparation for good; the one involves the questions of *property* and *credit*, the other the question of *education*.

Of *property* we have already spoken. The duty of Government here may be thus summed up. It has to see that every one holds inviolate *his right to enjoy or to bestow the fruits of his own honest labour*; and also that none shall, by endeavouring to appropriate common property, prevent another from producing to the utmost of his capacity. Its business is to care that common property shall never be appropriated by individuals, nor private property meddled with by any.

The questions of *credit* and *education* are the necessary concomitants of this.

‘*We believe in the duty of society to furnish the element of material work by credit, of intellectual and moral work by education.*’

CREDIT.

The right to one’s share, or one’s share’s worth, in the common heritage—the land, and the right to the produce of one’s own honest toil: if the State guarantees these, it is enough. For what do these rights imply?

The worth of *one’s share in the land* is not an exact numerical proportion of all that is done in or on that land, nor yet a certain sum of money or amount of material wealth apportioned to each in exchange for giving up the land;—but simply one’s share in the rental of the land, *which, accruing to the State treasury, is a fund for common assurance, and for the use of all the members of the State.*

For the 'inviolability' of work, the sacredness of it and of property as its fruit, means something more than that we shall have all we can earn under our present take-who-can system, the system of 'free trade' in men and other commodities. The 'inviolability' of work implies that there shall be no artificial hinderances in the way of work. The right to the produce of one's honest toil is a mere cheat, if that toil by any tyranny, constitutional enactment, or subterfuge, can be hindered from producing to the *utmost of its natural ability, aided by the interest of the common heritage*—the rental of the land. Such a hinderance is the present tyranny of capital.

Say you give a man free access to the land. What use is that when he has no money for implements, stock, manure, or seed? when he has no means of living even to the first harvest? To throw the whole land open, giving to each man, for himself and family, their proportion of measured value (some two acres a head), what use would that be to the millions whose existence depends upon their having wages next Saturday night? 'They could sell it, perhaps.' Yes, for whatever the capitalist might choose to give them for it, when he had kept off the purchase till the sellers should be at starvation point. Something more is evidently wanted to make the land available.

Or say that the State guarantees to every man the produce of his honest toil. Well, it does that now, if that means only such produce as the capitalist, who rules the market will allow him to have. No mere enactment of that sort could benefit the wages slave. But, he shall have *his share of all he earns*, says such a law. Shall he not also be free to sell that share? To give the factory slave his share of what he has earned—so many bales of cotton, what would it avail him? Could he take it into the market? Or, rather, could he afford to warehouse it when the market is glutted and none will buy? He *must* sell it; for Saturday night sees him starving. And so his master will have it at the present price—a wage.

Besides there is good in the division of employments, and only loss of time to accrue from every man being both producer and seller.

The inviolability of work implies free access at all times to the means of work. For this purpose the State must be the capitalist, the banker, the money-lender.

Look at things as they are. A poor man is out of work. Illness has come upon him, or his trade is slack. He must needs lie by. His little savings (if he has any) are exhausted. He sells his clothes, his furniture, all he can spare, —no not spare, but realize anything upon. At last he sells his tools. He recovers; trade is brisk again. He could find work readily enough, but he has no tools. How fares he now? Why, unless private charity helps him to new tools, he may starve,—he and his. The case is common. So much 'Society' does now for its able members.

So many hundred weavers are thrown out of employ by a new invention. They are unfit for other work. They have no means of living while they might learn another craft. They may starve. Nay, not that; 'Government' gives them a poorhouse, and grudgingly keeps 'life' in their bodies, caring neither for their well-being, nor for any interest the State has in them. They are simply so much

refuse of the capitalist, which the State insists shall be carted away with some show of decency.

Every year in this 'free Britain' how many thousand men wander about our streets and lanes, wishing for work and finding none, haggardly wasting, starving, because no private speculator cares to employ them,—starving idly, worthlessly (not even turned to account as manure), not because they will not work, nor because food is scanty or work not wanting doing, but because under our present system *there is no getting work to do, unless it subserves the pleasure or profit of certain monied individuals*,—because the State does not protect the sacred right of every human being *to work and to enjoy the fruit thereof*.

The rental of the land is the proper capital of the whole nation. Why should I go to a pawnbroker, or usurer, when my own money lies in the Treasury? Why should I starve, lacking means while I learn a new trade, my own failing, when my money is in the Treasury? Why should so many thousands of us, O my brothers, so well-disposed to work, be idle, famished, and unprofitable, while our money lies in the Treasury: with the use of which we would reclaim waste lands (some fifteen millions of acres at this present lying 'uncultivated but reclaimable,' as the political economist knows,) better cultivate lands even now reclaimed, and build homes for the houseless, and improve the hovels where human creatures now lie waiting for the plague, and weave clothes for the naked, and feed the hungry, and educate the ignorant. Good God! what work awaits the doing,—and *our* capital every day pours into the public Treasury, and there lies idle, (unless, indeed, thieves take it thence,) and we may not help either ourselves or the helpless, unless we can get our tools from the pawnbroker, and leave to be made tools of from some private speculator.

It is one business of Government (not Tory ruffianism or Whig rascality, neither of which is Government) to be the Nation's Banker, to furnish each individual with the material means—the capital—for work, at all times and under all circumstances. Else one's right to property as the fruit of one's work is a mere mockery. As the just appropriation of the land would sweep away all those useless middlemen called landlords (not cultivators of land), so a sound system of national credit—a mutual assurance of the Nation—would rid us of all those mischievous middlemen called capitalists, who stand now between the work and the worker (no matter whether the worker be a 'captain of industry'—who has not always capital—or only its lowest soldier), not helping but hindering the one, and so ever robbing, and but too often murdering, the other.

Through what special provisions, or under what guarantees Government should exercise this function of supplying capital, is a matter not to be prescribed by any theorist (though the researches of such may indicate the method): it can be determined only by the Nation, whensoever it may please the People to constitute themselves a Nation, and to appoint their Government.

EDUCATION.

The land is the common inheritance of man; but he has yet another heritage—his share in the result of all experience, research, and achievement, since the beginning of Humanity. And as it is the business of Government to secure to

him those means of material improvement which are the interest or rent of his property in the land, so it is the business of Government to secure to him those means of intellectual and moral improvement which constitute his share in the common intellectual and moral stock. Capital, or credit supplies him with the material element, *education with the moral and intellectual*. It would be worse than mockery to give him only the first.^c

Education is the business of Government, because only Government can be intrusted with it, and because only Government can effectually manage it.

And first, what is this Education, to which every human being is equally entitled? It is the culture of the whole nature, the development of its full powers of growth—the perfecting of the physical—the due training of the moral and intellectual—and the fitting both heart and intellect to embrace the highest aspiration and completest knowledge of the time, so far as natural organization will permit:—the purport of such culture being the raising of strong and excellent human beings *to do the work of Humanity*. Education is, indeed, the Present endowing the Future with all its wealth and power, that the Future may start from that vantage ground to reach the further heights of progress. To whom shall this be intrusted except to the nation's rulers, to those whom the nation has chosen as its Wisest and Most Virtuous? Upon them, the head and heart of the Present Time (we are speaking of the good time which shall be Present, not of our own little day of Whig expediences)—upon them it devolves to rule the Present, so as may best provide for the Future. It is theirs to utter the nation's faith, to teach that faith to the young generation, which shall in its turn become the nation. Whom would you choose for this work? Whom, instead of these your voices have already declared to be your Best and Wisest? How shall they lead the nation, if its youth are exempted from their controul? Shall they be your rulers, and yet not rule your children? *Your children!* But indeed they are not yours, if that *your* is to mean *property*. You have no property in your children. They are the nation's in trust for God and the Future.

'But what then becomes—' I hear some one ask,—'what becomes of individual liberty if our children are to be placed in the hands of a Government, of any, even the best government?'

Whose individual liberty? Yours, or your child's? What right have you to possess a human soul? To make it yours, to twist it to your bent, to cast it in your mould? The soul of the little child is your equal,—has its own independent rights, and demands its own growth—not a growth of your dictation. What right have you to confiscate that soul to your uses, to sacrifice it upon the private altar of your particular opinions? 'Has not every man, then, the right of teaching what he believes? Is it not his duty to propagandize his own idea of truth?' Truly so, *among his equals, but not to take an unfair advantage*,—which is tyrannizing. Between you and the weak and easily-impressible child rightly

^c Let it be borne in mind that whenever the word *Government* is used in these Letters, it is the reality which is spoken of—not the impudent counterfeit which now mocks and curses society. It is more than usually important to bear in mind this distinction in treating of Education, because confusion here is the rock upon which men commonly split in debating of the different merits of State-education and Voluntaryism.

steps the protection of the State, guaranteeing to that child that he shall not be stinted to the narrow paternal pasture; but that he shall be enabled to become not merely a pride and pleasure to his father, but worthy of his nation. It is that which he has to serve.

Besides, shall the poorest-souled individual be free to inculcate his private crotchet, and the nation's Best and Wisest be prohibited from teaching that which is the generally-acknowledged truth of their time, the actual religion of Humanity?

It may happen that the father is in advance of his time: but who shall guarantee this? Must every child take his chance?

It may also happen that the father's tenets are far behind his time. Shall we, in virtue of our profession of Equality, Liberty, Fraternity, after abolishing the slavery of the body, allow the soul of the child to be enslaved, simply because the enslaver is the parent; or deny the child's liberty of growth because a parent would have the training of him; and rob the Future of its worker, its soldier, and its priest, because some one called a parent claims the child as his rather than God's?

If a Government—the elect of the nation, the real priesthood of the people, their wiser voice, then indeed the 'Voice of God,' for the people is the sole interpreter of his law,—if a Government have a faith to teach, what individual out of the mass shall step between them and the child to forbid their uttering that faith in the child's ears? If the 'government' is imbecile, or so buried in dirty traffic, that it has no faith, then let all true men combine, or, failing combination, let every brave man for himself do his utmost, to keep his children from being contaminated by the abominable doctrines which alone such a misgovernment could teach. But if it is your own chosen government, and has a faith?—Where is the room for this very English jealousy of a compulsory State-education?

'And religious education also?' EDUCATION IS RELIGIOUS. Meaning by religion that which binds Humanity to God; that which links the ages together, making of every generation one strong and perfect link, welded into one by faith in the necessity of harmonizing men's lives—man's life—with the Eternal, and by the organization which such faith would insure to a nation. This is religion: the teaching of which is the highest duty, function, and object of Government. Sectarian dogmas and ceremonies are not included here. It may be left to voluntary zeal to determine with what verbal forms, with what gestures, or upon what particular occasions, such and such a congregation shall sing or pray together. That is a matter of individual liberty, with which, so long as public decency remains unoffended, or private right unassailed, the State has no business to meddle. The ceremonial observances of some few hours in a week may be left to the conscience of the sect, or of the individual; but the religion *which is to actuate the daily life of the whole people* is the proper affair of Government, if government is to be real.

There is no middle course between this organization of human life and the anarchy of our present system, an anarchy which is called liberty, but which is only the unrestrained tyranny of the stronger. How this sort of license results, private vice and selfishness, national crime and weakness and degradation, and ruin, may only too soon inform us.

After all, it is not individual liberty—the right of conscience of speech—for which men need have fear when intrusting the education of the nation's youth to those whom the nation shall have chosen as its Government. Teach as zealously and as carefully as you will in your State-schools—the fear will still be, not of the government-teacher overlaying the parental doctrine, but of the parent—if so disposed—by daily opposition or perversion, eradicating the lessons of the public school.

In all cases too (as a necessary consequence of the law of progress) however excellent your arrangements, there will be a minority to complain, and perhaps to suffer. The minority here will be those very few wiser than their time, who could teach their children even better than the collective wisdom of their nation. But of how much would these have to complain? Free out of school hours to teach their children, if they had but to add the higher knowledge, their task would be easy; neither would time or opportunity be wanting if haply they had somewhat to correct. They have their voice, too, in the councils of the nation, to make their greater wisdom heard—with it to convince even the school-masters, if its sound may be of sufficient potency.

RULE OF THE MAJORITY—

MUTUAL SACREDNESS OF THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY.

'We believe that the interpretation of the moral law and rule of progress cannot be confided to a caste or an individual; but only to the people, enlightened by national education, directed by those among them whom virtue and genius point out to them as their best.'

'We believe in the sacredness of both individuality and society, which ought not to be effaced, nor to combat, but to harmonize together for the amelioration of all by all.'

The whole question of politics is an educational question. Government—if it has any meaning—is the organized power which educates—rules—orders. We believe that this educational power cannot be intrusted to a caste, whether an aristocracy, a corporation, or a priesthood. It matters not what numbers compose the caste,—whether few or many; it matters not whether there be careful patriarchal training, or the constitutional carelessness of those 'governors' who are content with being a corrupt and inefficient police.^d Many or few, careful or careless, the difference is one only of degree. If a caste rules, you can have but tyrants on one side, and slaves upon the other. There can be no real education there, no certain progress: for there is not the People. The instinct of the whole People is alone the conscience of Humanity; it alone can be trusted to interpret the law of progress.

Still less can the government be intrusted to an individual. He will teach, or order, in accordance with his own wish, at best his conscientious thought; he cannot give expression to the universal conscience. To confide the rule to the hands of one is to let the exception give law. Though even the true prophet

^d How inefficient even as a mere police, weekly records of murder, robbery, and swindling may well inform us.

be king and ruler, you are not certain of the right ordering,—for he sees the progress which is desirable, which, indeed, shall some day be, but not always that which is practicable immediately. And when you have no prophet, but some imbecile slip of the past, whose eyes are in the back of his head,—what law of progress can you have uttered by such? Truly not even an attempt at utterance.

The People must decide upon its own life. The Majority must command. There and there alone dwells the true interpretation of God's law of progress,—the decision of not merely that which is best to be done, but of that which may best be done at each succeeding moment.

Let it not be objected that the wisest are ever in the minority. If wisdom cannot make itself manifest to the majority, whose is the fault? Something is surely lacking in the wisdom. The wisest are those who can best regulate to-day's work, not forgetting the future.

And the conscience of a whole people is never at fault. There have been panics and madnesses of multitudes, popular crimes and errors; but never a whole people, even in the lowest state of a people, unitedly wrong upon any great matter. Religious and other wars, massacres, and persecutions,—these are royal, aristocratic, and sacerdotal work. Villainies innumerable rest upon the castes who have misgoverned nations; but the peoples' hands are clean. When kings and priests provoked and carried on that desolating war against the Hussites, the popular conscience upheld the right. And in the wildest period of the French Revolution, the *People's* judgment was sound and just. Never has it swerved unless seduced by priests or tyrants, and oft-times even then it has indignantly turned upon and rebuked its infamous leader. The history of the current popular struggle, from February, 1848, to the recent just denunciation of woman-flogging Haynau, by the sturdy, right-feeling brewers of Bankside, is one continuous vindication and series of examples of the true conscience of the Peoples. The lowest masses are better than the privileged now; and how unspeakably better still will be the People, when, instead of being ill-taught, or left in ignorance by despicable or detested pretenders, they shall be educated by those whom they can revere and honestly and lovingly obey, 'those whom genius and virtue have pointed out to them as their best.'

But we believe that there are limits to the power of even the government of a majority: the limits of INDIVIDUAL RIGHT. The majority may not enslave the minority, either by disposing of their bodies or coercing their consciences, in violation of the original *equality of human brotherhood*. Every attempt upon the rights of individuals, by the most overwhelming majority, is an attempt against the very bond of society, which exists in virtue of the mutual sacredness of it *and of each of its members*. If the free growth of any is suppressed, there is a hinderance of the progress of the whole,—the progress whose seed must ever be first planted in the hearts of the few. Government is the enlightened conscience of to-day, organizing and directing present means for to-day's work. But the 'few' of to-day may so manifest their growth and superiority, that to-morrow the 'many' shall be with them, and to-morrow's higher work need a new direction.

When such a Government can be obtained,—that is to say, when the Govern-

ment (I do not say merely a part of it) shall be chosen by the whole people, there need not be occasion to trammel its progress with the clogs which men hang at the heels (better sometimes if they were round the necks) of their governors in what are pleasantly called constitutional states. ^c There need be no jealousy of those who are chosen by an educated People. It will not then be necessary that the general progress should be stayed for fear a too powerful Government should encroach upon individual liberties. It will then be seen that *Society* is as sacred as *Individuality*, needs as much protection; that it is not enough to make every man's house 'his castle,' (your private castles, do not keep out the burglar, or the unjust tax-collector, or the extortioner,) but to make every man a true soldier, servant, and office-bearer in the nation, which will then need no private castles. This mutual sacredness of the individual and society will then become possible: then, when the people are all free and equal, and when their own chosen governors marshal them on the way of progress,—not by nice balancing of interests,—nor by dictation of the minutest matters of life,—not by endeavouring to stereotype their subjects, to make them run in parallel grooves of happiness or duty,—but by obeying the dictates of the popular conscience and helping the national genius to unfold itself; careful not so much to dictate the work as to provide that the work be done by healthy, strong, and faithful men, conscious of their mission and anxious that it should be fulfilled. The nation itself will decide upon the work to do; and be it peace or war, will know how to decide rightly.

INDIVIDUAL DUTY.

'We believe in the duty of the individual to make use of the elements of material, intellectual, and moral work, with the utmost concurrence of his faculties.'

The ground upon which I have advocated the duties of a State toward its members, in supplying them with the means of growth and work, has been that of the necessity of organization, in order to insure the more regular and rapid and certain progression of the whole of Humanity. The duty of a State toward its members implies, of necessity, corresponding duties of the members toward the State. If the State supplies means of work, secures property and growth, those so furnished and secured are bound to maintain the same advantages for others. Parts of the body politic, accepting the advantage of belonging to it, their duty is manifestly to maintain its integrity. Indeed their own position is untenable unless they do so. For the State only exists as a combination. If all work for one, one owes a return to all. But again I say that it is not upon this mere footing of a bargain, which might imply choice, that we must place *the duty of the individual*; but upon the moral basis of his position as a part of one comprehensive whole,—a position which is not a matter of choice, but necessitated by the very fact of his birth, and from which he can never be released except by death. It cannot be too often repeated that the Individual is a part of Humanity, an inseparable link of the one vast chain hanging from the throne of God. Man has not the choice of being his 'brother's keeper,' or not. He cannot dissolve the brotherhood. He has not the option of bargaining so much duty for interest. He has by his very birth appropriated the interest, and he owes the duty of his life in repayment of that. Unless he would be a thief.

^c England to wit: which has no constitution.

The Past *has lent* to the Present; and the Future demands payment. A feather out of a wing, a bone out of a body, a leaf out of a book,—is not more absurdly isolated than a human soul that would detach itself from the upward soaring of its race, a man denying his duty to the body politic, or a life which fancies that its thought or speech or action can be torn unnoticed and without detrimental consequence from the history of mankind. We believe therefore that it is ever the duty of the individual to devote the utmost energies of his being to the service of his race: to the Beloved first (though whoever loves needs no such reminding); to the Children next; then to his immediate fellows in the Workshop or Farm, in the Hamlet, Municipality, or Commune; then, the circles of duty widening ever as—like a drop of rain flung into still water—his active life impels the waves of circumstance around him, to the City or County, his Country, and the World. For the business of man's life is service to his kind. Service even now, when, wanting organization, each must mark out for himself the route upon which his unaided thought decides that he can best serve; service still, when Society, becoming organized, shall learn how to economize his powers, to prevent his efforts from being wasted, as so much of endeavour is wasted through want of direction now, from being left to fight and to labour alone, or with but the chance and random help of the casual passers-by.

GOD'S LAW

'We believe, to resume, in a social State having GOD AND HIS LAW at the summit, the People, the universality of the citizens free and equal at its base, progress for rule, association as means, devotion for baptism, genius and virtue for lights upon the way.'

GOD'S LAW: it is not the doctrine of an individual or a sect; it is not the dogma of a Church (even of the truest), nor the 'act' of a Parliament (be it never so equally constituted). Though doctrine, dogma, and act, may each be, less or more, an enunciation of God's law. It is the revelation which enlightens the Prophets and Apostles of Humanity, the instinct which impels the universal conscience of mankind. Wherever the revelation and the instinct, wherever genius and universality, wherever the 'Voice of God' and the Voice of the People are in unison,—there, be sure, is a law of God.

GOD'S LAW: God's holiest preachers and martyrs *have proclaimed it*, with their words and with their lives; and the heart of man in all climes and in all ages *has recognized its divinity—its truth*. It is this:—

GROW HEALTHILY! LOVE! ASPIRE! PROGRESS!

GROW HEALTHILY!—It is the first necessity of being. That was a true insight which shut out the blemished or unclean from the service of the priesthood. How shall any be God's priest in his impurity or weakness? Be pure for health's sake! Be strong for the sake of growth! Grow healthfully,—which is naturally, vigorously, and beautifully,—that so thy nature may be perfected, and thy life be a fit and acceptable worshipper in this temple of the Eternal, which men call Earth,—worthily serving at the altar, whatever name may be inscribed thereon, whether Family, Country, or Man.

LOVE!—It is the stepping beyond the narrow prison-house, the chrysalis tomb of Self. Capacity for love constitutes the difference between the gentle

and the churl, the human and the brute. The brute desires, seeks, and has possession, asserting the right of his limited nature, the right of health and growth: but he cannot soar out of the bestial Self. *He cannot love.* Live not like brute beasts without understanding, when God has breathed into your souls the angelic faculty of Love.—Love the Mother, upon whose smooth rounded bosom you first dreamed of beauty and of heaven! Love the Father who taught you to be strong and daring! Love her who led you into the innermost sanctuary of delight—whose maiden smile first whispered to your enraptured soul how chaste and holy and self-sacrificing Love may be! Love her Children,—the Children of the Beautiful, whom also thou wilt teach how to love! Love thy Country—the land of thy young days of home—the land whose speech is the music of the Beloved—the land where rest the bones of Heroes, thy sires; love it with the active love of a patriot's ever anxious service! Love not only persons, places, or things; but love the Beautiful, the Noble, the Enduring! Love the memory of those Great Ones who have lived and suffered for thee! For Love is gratitude—the full-handed gratitude that returns one benefit by benefiting a thousand. Love, and scorn not those new ideas which are continually dawning upon the world! For Love is reverence. It was Love that worshipped at the Poor Man's feet, wiping them with her hair, and kissing them. Love believeth.

ASPIRE! Indeed, Love is aspiration: the longing search after the Most Beautiful. Ever as thou reachest the summit of a truth, look upward to the truth beyond! Ever on the ladder of improvement, which leans on the edge of heaven,—as thou gainest round after round, look upward! And when thou pilest another day of worth upon thy past life, rest not as one whose mission is accomplished; but know and recollect that man's mission is *to aspire!*

PROGRESS;—Yes! believe that the healthily-grown, the lover, the aspirer, must progress. Up and down, the mountain-climber advances toward the top. Let him not, in the mountain hollows, look back complaining—'How much higher I was.' He but descends to mount again. It is no level path, nor smooth unvarying ascent, the way of progress.

But we believe in the possibility of a social state in which the ascent, though not altogether evened, shall yet be smoothed of its worst roughnesses; when the whole race shall be fellow-workers, aiding each other in their advance. We believe that it shall not always be left to individuals to toil painfully up the steep and narrow path, in sadly isolated endeavour to fulfill God's law; but that, when Nations are free, their Governments shall be able to provide the educational means through which mankind shall be aided in their combined endeavours to grow healthily, to love, to aspire, and to progress: when progress shall be recognized as the normal condition of life, when organized association shall supply the requisite means, when individuals, baptized in the faith of devotion to God and Humanity, shall know how best to avail themselves of those means, and when Genius and Virtue, borne upon the shoulders of the advancing crowd (as of old they chose their generals), shall light us upon our way. When the whole earth shall be a holy altar, and human life as the flame of a sacrifice, continually ascending to the heaven of God.

NATIONS.

‘And that which we believe to be true for a single people, we believe to be true for all. There is but one sun in heaven for the whole earth: there is but one law of truth and justice for all who people it.’

‘Inasmuch as we believe in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association for individuals composing the State, we believe also in the Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Association of Nations.’

‘We believe that the map and organization of Europe are to be remade.’

‘We believe, in a word, in a general organization having God and his law at the summit, Humanity, the universality of Nations free and equal at its base, common progress for end, alliance for means, the example of those peoples who are most loving and most devoted for encouragement on the way.’

We do not believe that men can righteously band together to commit wrong; nor that by any combination or assembling of numbers, they can escape from the individual responsibility of their moral being.

We believe that Wrong is wrong, whether perpetrated by individuals or by nations: that Right does not alter its character, whether its pursuer be one or a multitude.

A Nation is an assemblage and combination of individuals: each of whom is endowed with conscience, each of whom is bound by his very nature to combat evil, each of whom is impelled by the divine law of his being to seek good and to maintain the right. Their very assembling and combination as a body is that they more effectually combat evil, seek good, and maintain and perpetuate the right.

To grow healthily, to love, to aspire, and to progress,—this is as much the destiny of Nations as of the individuals of which Nations are composed.

If equal liberty is the right of each member of the Nation in relation to his fellows, not only in the Nation but throughout the whole world,—so is it the right of the collective body—the Nation, in relation to all other Nations. If one Nation may be shut out of the pale of national liberty, what becomes of the universal equality and liberty of mankind?

If it is the duty of Man in his Nation to serve Humanity, it is equally the duty of the Nation, as an organization of Men, to serve Humanity. Else the individual serves not Humanity, but some national egotism.

‘Peoples are the individuals of Humanity.’ As men differ from one another in character, aptitude, or calling, so also do Peoples. Their national organization is the means, not only of perfecting that special character, but of applying the various aptitude and calling toward one great object—the progress of the whole of life. England, if an organization of healthy, high-thoughted men, would recognize itself as the world’s servant; would toil for that, not for the wretched aggrandizement of England against the world, or without care for the world. England, now stealing in every corner of the earth for the most wretched aggrandizement of Self, would then be no more hated or despised as a bullying ruffian or an unprincipled eyeless-needle-selling pedlar, but loved and honoured as the brave champion of Freedom and ablest civilizer of the time. But what would become then of the miserable doctrine of NON-INTERVENTION,—the refuge or pretence of Whig knaves, the shallow subterfuge of traders who care nothing if

the whole world go to wreck so they may have a percentage on the breaking up?

The mission of a Nation is the same as that of an individual: *to assert its own rights and to fulfill its duty toward others*. The duty consists in associating with others, for the maintenance of their rights, for the sake of mutual growth, for the realization of the brotherhood of Humanity.

‘How very wicked!’ says some atheistical peace-monger: ‘And you would actually have nations go to war in defence of other nations?’ Yes, certainly, *if Right should demand it*. For we believe in God, in his law of association and progress, in the harmony of the universe: that is to say, we believe that, as an individual cannot detach himself from his kind without breaking the chain of human life, so a nation cannot as one man isolate itself from the world without causing a million-fold greater gap. I call the peace-monger atheistical, because his amiable egotism loses sight of this, forgets God and his scheme; because his theory (I do not meddle with his undeniable ‘good intentions,’ which so ‘pleasantly’ pave the hell-path of the worst despotisms, but only with his theory) would make life anarchical. Every man for himself and no God for us all.

For what is ‘human brotherhood?’ Seeing one’s brother quietly murdered unless the stone-deaf assassin will listen to our eloquence? Standing out of the way to see our brother wronged? English law of all periods, and English sense of some, would call this being an accomplice in the wrong. I see a wrong being committed, I have the power of preventing it, I do not prevent it. Whatever sympathetic cant may froth my lips, my deed consents to the wrong—I am the accomplice. The wrong-doer’s accomplice,—is not he wrong-doer also? If Richard Cobden had been brother to Cain, would he have stood by with folded hands, prating of peace proprieties, while he saw the Righteous murdered? Or is only the murderer his ‘brother’s keeper,’ and the accomplice no blood-relation? When History shall gibbet Assassin Barrot for his ruffianly outrage upon Rome, she will hang beneath him his dastardly accomplices—the ‘English’ Whigs and their ‘liberal’ supporters.

Non-intervention between States is the same as *Laissez-faire* between individuals: the liberty of the strongest—the right of ruffianism—ANARCHY.

Republicanism is opposed to anarchy. We would organize. Let the Nation, as the Individual, be the true servant, and soldier (if need be), of God upon the earth,—serving, or fighting, as the case may be, for God’s children, *his* brethren, under the sure leadership of Justice—who does not fear lest ‘the heavens should fall’ upon the *the shop* while she is out on duty. O, again for a real government of England, echoing the people’s heart, to hurl its armed hand in the teeth of the beast Tyranny, and by at least one manful act for ‘God and *his* Right,’ to redeem the national honour, now ever pawned by Tyranny’s infamous subveners for any petty private object of their own. ‘Promise-breaker!’—‘traitor!’—‘coward!’—Why should a Nation endure taunts which would rouse a slave? Win we our Republican Government, and our name may be redeemed: then only. When a healthy Nation shall take its place among the struggling Peoples, as a brother among his equals, lovingly to aid them in their aspirations and in their progress; weighing peace (O, ever-desired peace) and war, not in the false scales of diplomatic intrigue or personal baseness, but in the eternal balance of Right and Wrong. Loving peace, the Republic will not, like some shabby monarchy, flinch

from war when it sees a brother-nation attacked in the first of all rights—the right of an independent individuality. The escaping slave shall not be hunted back to slavery, nor even given up to the hunters, by the true Republican. Jealously as he would guard his own individuality—which even himself cannot alienate or make the slave of another, so will he defend the liberty of even the least of his brethren.

‘Peoples are the individuals of Humanity. Nationality is the sign of their individuality, and the guarantee of their liberty: it is sacred. Indicated at once by tradition, by language, by a determined aptitude, by a special mission to fulfill, it ought’ to be held sacred, in order that it may be free *‘to harmonize itself with the whole, and to assume its proper functions for the amelioration of all, for the progress of Humanity.’*

Apply these principles to the present partitioning of Europe, and it will be clear why the Republican believes in the necessity of remaking ‘the map and organization of Europe,’ to bring them into accordance with his faith. Poland parted among thieves—Italy—Hungary—Germany—Greece: there is no need to enumerate. Draw these upon the republican map, and, and where will be the present landmarks? Where the ‘existing’ empires? The present arrangement of Europe^f has been made for the benefit of a few families, in violation of the most decisive marks of nationality, in order to facilitate the spoliation of the peoples. All that arrangement of Vienna shall be torn to pieces by the Republican Nations, and their natural boundaries, recognized at an European Congress, be thenceforth assured.

‘We believe that a pact, a congress of the representatives of all nationalities, constituted and recognized, having for mission to serry the holy alliance of Peoples and to formalize the common right and duty, are at the end of all our efforts.’

So shall the free Nations, standing each in its own perfect dignity, be as a band of brothers, sworn to serve God and to extirpate Tyranny from the world.

SUMMARY

We believe in EQUALITY, LIBERTY, and FRATERNITY: in the equal ground of human right, on which alone true freedom can be based,—the freedom which is not the unlimited sway of the stronger, but the opportunity of healthy growth to the utmost of natural capability for the weakest as well as for the mightiest, in order that the fullest perfection of each may be obtained, toward *a brotherly combination of strengths* for the surer and greater progress of the whole world.

We believe in the PERFECTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN RACE: that is to say in its power of continual improvement. And we believe that this improvement may be systematized, and insured, and immensely accelerated, by men acting in concert, in ASSOCIATION,—freely organizing themselves under the Government of the Wisest and Most Virtuous among them.

We believe that Government, however chosen or however worthy of rule, is not required by society to be the dictator over the lives of individuals—as a

^f With the exception of France—the non-partitioning of which the ‘Holy Alliance’ is now regretting. They shall some day know regret for England too, for all she is now, *under her oligarchy*, so pliant a tool for despotism.

central despotism would be—but *to order the combined action of the whole Nation and to protect the rights of all.* We believe that the world-old circles of FAMILY, CITY, and COUNTRY, are natural arrangements, and worth preserving. That, as the Individual is complete in his own nature, so the Family is also a perfect sphere, needing no ordering from authority, the City also sufficient to itself for all its own requirements, and the Country the same—a special *workroom*, built by God for a special purpose, whose walls shall not be thrown down.

We believe that the business of GOVERNMENT is to do that which neither the Individual nor the City can efficiently do: to maintain throughout the Nation the harmony of equal rights, which includes *provision that the best means of growth at the nation's command shall be furnished to all the individuals of the nation.* It is therefore the province of Government to guard the LAND—which is common property—from the encroachment of individuals,—to care that none hold it without paying a fair rent for it to the State, and that it shall never be so monopolized, at whatever rent, that any shall be debarred from it; to protect the PRIVATE PROPERTY—the honest earnings and acquirements—of individuals; to maintain the RIGHT TO LABOUR by lending the CREDIT of the state to all who need it, *so insuring to every one employment at a fair remuneration*; and to provide the highest possible EDUCATION for every one of the nation's children.

We believe that the only Government which can safely be trusted with these powers is the Elect of the Nation, empowered by THE MAJORITY to act for them. We believe that the right to rule resides only in a Majority: their rule being only limited by the RIGHT OF THE INDIVIDUAL. The most overwhelming Majority may not override the right of an independent nature. Society and Individuality are mutually sacred and inviolable.

Nevertheless we believe in INDIVIDUAL DUTY: that every one (*saving his right of conscience*) ought to enroll himself dutifully in the ranks of his fellow-men, to act obediently within the appointed and ascending spheres of organization, to devote the utmost of his powers to the service of his Family, his Country, the World, and Truth.

And we believe that, based upon a written constitution recognizing these rights and duties, the Nation may be so organized that the long sought problem of the HARMONIZATION OF INDIVIDUAL WELFARE WITH NATIONAL PROGRESS may be speedily solved, and the present Anarchy give place to Order, under which we shall thenceforth be enabled to fulfill God's law—the Destiny of Life—to grow healthily, to love, to aspire, and to progress.

We believe, in a word, in the possibility of a social state, *based upon already ascertained rights and duties*, in which might be forthwith commenced the realization of the 'dream' of all prophetic minds,—the beginning of the BETTER TIME, in which the wretchedness of extreme want might immediately cease, and strife and wrong gradually diminish, checked by the strong hand of enthroned justice, and fading from the ever-increasing light of education and of hope.

Such is the aim of our exertions for our own Country. And for the Nations we believe with a no less fervent hope: looking for the establishment of the universal FEDERATION OF REPUBLICS, *for the proclamation of God's Law as the religion and rule of the enfranchized and organized World.* May our own Nation

be of the first to swear fealty to the common pact, among the worthiest of endeavourers to reach the goal,—that goal which will be but the starting-place of the Genius of Humanity, toward the indefinite perfection of the future.

Is all this utopian? Not so. We do not undermine the Present nor fling away the Past. We would build upon the Present, laying sure foundations. We ignore neither tradition nor history, We would preserve, with more than 'conservative' zeal, all that has already been gained for Humanity. We do not think of overthrowing all, expecting, after a general scramble, some fine day to begin the world anew. Neither are we Utopians of the 'finality' school. We are practical men, who would work with means lying around us, toward an end logically deduced from ascertained premises, clear to the universal conscience. We take our stand upon *the equal brotherhood of Freedom*, that ground which Christian Europe from one end of it to the other has already recognized, at least in words: and thereupon we would build our future. 'What sane man will contest our principles?' What slave, in his heart acknowledging their truth, will remain silent? I at least—if none other will—must repeat in the ears of my countrymen the appeal of the Apostles of Democracy:—

'To all who share our faith:

'To all those who think that every divorce, even for a time, between thought and action, is fatal:

'To all those who feel stirring within their hearts a holy indignation against the display of brute force which is made in Europe, in the service of Tyranny and Falsehood:'

WORKING-MEN! I appeal to you. To you first, because among you, victimized but not yet vitiated by the selfishness of Trade, I have found that clearness and integrity of soul, the simplicity of the loving nature, which enables you almost intuitively to comprehend great principles, and courageously to devote your lives to their realization:

STUDENTS, ARTISTS AND MEN OF LETTERS! I appeal to you. To you who pride yourselves upon a generous education, you by your daily studies introduced to a companionship with the illustrious of the great Republic of Genius, who have learned even from the lips of the wisest of all time those heavenward aspirations which should sanctify your lives as priests of Truth, raising you above the commonness of mean and cowardly thoughts:

YOUNG MEN! who yet trust the inspiration of hope, whose souls are pure, whose days are not yet bowed and crippled by the ignoble yoke of a huckstering egotism, whose hearts are not yet eaten out by commerce, who yet are able to believe and love and dare,—to you also I appeal:

Which of you, who have read these *Letters*, will join me in an endeavour to spread their principles yet further, to commence the propagandism of faith, to throw wide the seed for our harvest? I do not ask you to agree with every detail, with every bearing of the argument, nor, still less, that you should adopt my phraseology. Look beyond word-faults and, it may be, cloudy reasonings, to the principles themselves; and say if you can subscribe to them. Then join me to begin the foundation of the English Republic.

W. J. LINTON.

OUR TRICOLOUR.

LET our Tricolour be wove, our true English Flag unfurl'd!—
 Heirs of them who foremost strove when our Cromwell led the world,
 Lift again in Freedom's van England's Flag republican!

Choose for *hope* the sky serene, *freedom* Albion's cliffs so white,
 And the eternal ocean's green choose we for our native *right*:
Blue and *white* and *green* shall span England's Flag republican.

BLUE above—the world to come, that far heaven our strength shall scale:
 WHITE in the centre—Freedom's home, built on rock, which shall not fail:
 GREEN below—our rights of Man, ocean-wide, republican.

BLUE—the over-arching dome, *Faith* that stretcheth beyond sight:
 WHITE—the *Love* of our white home,—truest heat is purest light:
 GREEN—our *Truth*,—since life began thy tides are true, Republican!

Equal as the equal march of our duties and our dues,
 Horizontal as the hues on the rainbow's topmost arch,
 Railway parallel the plan of our Flag republican.

Equal—one above the other, equal—though in different place:
 Even as brother is, with brother nearer heaven in the race:
 Such the hierarchal plan of our life republican.

Choose our colours!—Ground of green—our own English fields, and white—
 Free and all-embracing light, earth and God's blue heaven between—
 Heaven above, the Future Man, our new world republican.

BLUE—the far idea of might, harmonized *Humanity*:
 WHITE—the pure, world-circling light, universal *Liberty*:
 GREEN—the common home of man, *Equality* republican.

Let our Tricolour be wove!—March for equal laws and life:
 Not mere balancing of strife, but that equal wish of Love
 Which shall found on Nature's plan palaces republican.

Be our English Flag unfurl'd!—Bear it, thou most liberal Air!
 To the far ends of the world, with God's message everywhere:
 Help mankind to o'erstep the ban of tyrants, thou Republican!

Heirs of Cromwell and of Him who saw God through eyelids dim !
Once again at Falsehood's head hurl that old Cromwellian dread :
Milton's Spirit lead the van of our march republican !

Equal place whereon to build,—freest growth for every need,—
And that faith to be fulfill'd—all Humanity to lead
In one onward life of Man, organized, republican.

Lo ! our Tricolour is wove, England's Banner is unfurl'd :
JUSTICE, LOVE, and FAITH, above all the standards of the world !
Yet again shall lead the van England's heart republican.

SPARTACUS.

JOSEPH MAZZINI :

THE TRIUMVIR OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

'In exile because I loved justice and hated iniquity.'

Words of Gregory VII. quoted by Mazzini in his Letter to Pius IX.

JOSEPH MAZZINI was born in 1805, at Genoa,—where his father was a physician of considerable repute. At an early age he commenced the study of the law ; but his ardent patriotism soon led him to forsake everything for politics, to devote himself to the emancipation and regeneration of Italy.

Even in his youthful days at the university his deep musing during his walks had drawn upon him the suspicious attention of the Sardinian Government, and he was already 'marked' before his career had begun. The following extract from his own account ^a of his friend and fellow student, Ruffini (who died in a Piedmontese prison in 1833) will give the best idea of those early times.

'Jacobo Ruffini was my friend—my first and best. From our first years at the university, to the year 1830, when a prison, and then exile, separated me from him, we lived as brothers; our two families forming but one; our two souls freely interpenetrating each other. He was studying medicine, I law; but botanical rambles at first, then the common ground of literature, and, above all, the sympathetic instincts of the heart, drew us together little by little, until an intimacy succeeded, whose like I have never found, and, never shall find again.

^a From 'the Italian Martyrs, 2, Jacobo Ruffini,' in No. 21 of the People's Journal, April, 1846.

'In 1827 and '28 his attention was forcibly attracted by the literary question. It was the time of the great quarrel between those who were called the *romantic* and the *classic*; but who should rather have been called the supporters of *liberty* and *authority*. The one party maintained that, the human mind being progressive, every epoch ought to find its different literary manifestation; and that we should seek the precepts and inspirations of Art in the entrails of the living and actual nation. The others pretended that we had in Art long ago reached the Pillars of Hercules; that the Greeks and Romans had furnished models which we should be content to copy, and that all innovation, whether in form or spirit, was impotent and dangerous. The unity of the human mind—which renders us unable to conquer a principle without seeking to apply it to our every mode of action,—this and the situation of Italy naturally drew those who studied the question on to political ground; and Governments, by their fears, precipitated them upon it. The young men who made their first campaign in favour of romanticism became suspected; journals purely literary were suppressed, solely because they maintained independence in Art. To this brutal negation imposed by force, we replied by removing the question to the national ground, and by preparing to try, hand to hand, the principle of blind and immovable authority. Jacobo Ruffini was one of the first to climb to the source. In 1829, a year before the French insurrection, he had given his name to the men who followed, between exile and the scaffold, the holy route which leads to the national organization of Italy.

'In 1830, when the movement in France awakened the alarms of the Italian Governments, that of Piedmont was the first which proceeded to arrests. I was then thrown into the fortress of Savona ' (in the Gulf of Genoa).

The cause of Mazzini's imprisonment was his being suspected of Carbonarism. He had also given offence by his contributions to the '*Antologia*' (Anthology), a literary, but liberal, journal, published at Florence. He was in prison when the news of the Polish revolution reached Italy. No friends were allowed to see him; but his Mother was permitted to send him his meals. Anxious to communicate the good tidings to him, she hid in a loaf of bread a slip of paper on which were these two Latin words—'*Polonia insurrexit*' (Poland has arisen). When, some months afterwards, the noble Mother visited her Son in his prison, his first question was—'Well! is all over in Poland?'

On his release he took refuge in France; and in 1831, at Marseilles, founded the national association of '*La Giovine Italia*' (Young Italy), starting at the same time as its organ, under the same title, a monthly journal devoted to the political, moral, and literary conditions of Italy,—in a word, to Italian regeneration.^b It was from here that, towards the end of 1831, he addressed to Charles

^b The first members of *Young Italy* were men who had been mostly Carbonari, and whose hopes of good from the accession of Charles Albert were dispelled by his conduct. '*Young Italy*' was an educational movement; 'not merely revolutionary but regenerative.' Their flag, displayed in Savoy, in 1834, bears, on Italian colours (white, red, and green), on one side *Liberty—Equality—Humanity*; on the other *Unity—Independence—GOD AND HUMANITY*: this was its principle in all its foreign relations, as GOD and the PEOPLE was in all its labours for its country. From this double principle it deduced all its religious, social, political and individual creeds. It was secret so far only as was necessary for its interior operations: its existence and purpose were public. It had a central committee abroad to keep up its standard, to form connections with other countries and to direct the enterprize; and committees in Italy to direct the various movements. It had

Albert of Sardinia, his famous Letter bearing the motto '*Se no, no!*' (If not, not!), urging the new monarch to adopt a different course from that of his predecessors, and concluding thus—'Posterity will proclaim you either the first among men, or the last of Italy's tyrants. Choose!'^c

During 1832 and the greater part of '33 Mazzini remained at Marseilles, as head of the new Italian party, actively propagating his principles and organizing his followers. The progress of the association was rapid. Its doctrines were soon spread throughout Italy. This, says Mazzini,^d

'Was effected by means of a considerable pecuniary outlay, and through the devotion of a valuable class of men, for the most part eminently Italian—the merchant-sailors. These men were worked upon, and accepted their mission with enthusiasm. By actively organizing relations at every point where communication is most frequent with the peninsula, regular transmissions were effected; the packets were confided to heroic youths, who braved every risk to carry them to their destination, they were finally distributed throughout the country; and in spite of "espionage," severe penalties,^e and a thousand acts of imprudence, their circulation was immense, and their effect also. Organization commenced at every point. In the twinkling of an eye the chain of communication was formed from one extremity to the other of the peninsula. Everywhere the principles of *La Giovine Italia* were preached; everywhere its standard was recognized and hailed. Its members continued to increase; its emissaries were continually meeting each other, crossing from province to province. Every day the demand for its publications became louder; presses were set up in some parts of the interior, where small publications, dictated by local circumstances, or reprints of what was sent from Marseilles, were thrown off. Fear was unknown. There was no doubt of success. All this was the result of principles; and all effected by some young men without great means, without the influence of rank, without material force.'

Of this work Mazzini was the soul. To get rid of him, no matter by what means, became now the object of the Italian despots and their worthy ally, the Citizen King.

'Persecutions commenced; and ... on the part of France. They were directed, under vulgar pretexts, against the nucleus of the association at Marseilles. Engagements were entered into with the Italian governments, to destroy the Journal; but the French had a hard-necked race to deal with. They commenced by chicanery, but were baffled; they arbitrarily expelled the director; the director concealed himself; by shutting himself up he escaped the police, and pursued his labours.'^f

the formula of an oath or declaration of political belief; a method of recognition, especially for the envoys of the association; a branch of cypress for a symbol, in memory of the martyrs, and as an image of constancy; and the words '*Now and ever*' (*ora e sempre*) for device.

Mazzini's Letters on the State and Prospects of Italy, in the Monthly Chronicle of 1839.

^c Reprinted in Paris in 1847.

^d *Letters on the State and Prospects of Italy*.

^e Charles Albert punished with imprisonment and with the galleys the introduction, possession, or perusal of these works. Two years' imprisonment and a fine was the punishment for *not denouncing* the possessor.—*Letters on Italy*.

^f *Letters on Italy*.

For many months Mazzini thus evaded the order to quit France, in spite of the most vigorous measures of the police.^g At length he left, and took up his abode at Geneva; continuing the publication of his paper. In 1834, as head of *La Giovine Italia*, he planned the expedition into Savoy, which took place in the beginning of February, and failed in consequence of the treachery of Ramorino, whom the Savoy patriots had chosen as their general.^h In this expedition Mazzini enrolled himself as a private soldier. For his part in this affair he was sentenced to death by Charles Albert.

Immediately upon the failure of this attempt, he founded the association of 'Young Europe,' to form the nucleus of a brotherly alliance of the Peoples, to counteract the 'Holy Alliance' of Despotisms.ⁱ In the same year he published

^g As a sample of these measures, and specimen of governmental morality, take the following. On the 31st of May, 1833, two spies of the Duke of Modena (Lazzareschi and Emiliani) were stabbed in a quarrel, in open day, at Rhodéz, in the South of France, by an Italian exile named Gavioli. Advantage was immediately taken of the deed, to connect it with Mazzini; and the next week (June 8th) appeared in the non-official part of the 'Moniteur' a forged antedated document, purporting to be the decree of a secret meeting of 'Young Italy,' sentencing Emiliani and others to death, and Lazzareschi to whipping, and signed *Mazzini, President—La Cecilia, Secretary*. The object was to draw Mazzini from his concealment. It only drew from him a denunciation of the forgery, through the columns of the '*Gazette des Tribunaux*.' The bad French and wretched style of the composition proved it not to be his. Of course it was not produced at Gavioli's trial, which took place at the assizes of Aveyron on the 30th of November, when a verdict of 'homicide sans préméditation'—*unpremeditated homicide*—was returned. (*Gazette des Tribunaux*, December, 8th, 1843). True, however, to the villainous principle which always actuates the party of 'Order'—'Calumniate! calumniate! something will be sure to stick,' the jesuit press reproduced the slander in 1836, when the Swiss Diet wished to expel Mazzini. It was again refuted. And again revived by Gisquet, the French ex-Prefect of Police, in his Memoirs. Against him Mazzini brought an action in the French Courts. An impudent evasion obtained a verdict for the defendant. He pleaded that there was more than one Mazzini in the world; and that as the prosecutor was, as all admitted, a man of the highest moral character, he could not be *the* Mazzini referred to in the 'Moniteur.' And this thrice-exploded calumny was raked up yet again by the English Government, in 1844, when Mazzini was instrumental in exposing the post-office rascality through which the noble brothers Bandiera met their death.

^h We might add—through the treachery of Louis Philippe as well as that of Ramorino. The same Ramorino was one of Charles Albert's generals in the campaign of 1849; played again the same game, they said 'against' the King, and was shot by him for it: either as a punishment or a provision.

ⁱ The following was the 'Act of Fraternity' of the Association.

YOUNG EUROPE.

Liberty—Equality—Humanity.

We the undersigned, men of progress and liberty, believing in the equality and brotherhood of men and the equality and brotherhood of nations: believing also,—

That the human race is destined to advance in a course of continual progress, under the empire of the universal moral law, in the free and harmonious development of its faculties, and the accomplishment of its mission in the universe;

That this can only be effected by the active concurrence of all its members freely associated;

That free associations can only exist among Equals, since all inequality implies a violation of independence, and every violation of independence impairs the freedom of concert;

That Liberty, Equality, and Humanity are equally sacred,—that they are the three neces-

a pamphlet in French, '*De l' Initiative Revolutionnaire.*' (Of the Revolutionary Initiative). In July, 1835, he commenced at Bienne (Canton of Berne) a newspaper in German and French, under the title of '*La Jeune Suisse*' (Young Switzerland), all the leaders of which emanated from his pen. During the same year he issued a pamphlet in French, '*Ils sont partis,*' (They are gone) written on the occasion of the Polish and other exiles being expelled from Switzerland; and likewise his '*Foi et Avenir*' (Faith and Future).^k

sary elements in every satisfactory solution of the problem of society,—and that wherever any one of them is neglected from undue regard to the two others, the attempt to solve this problem must prove a failure:

Being satisfied,—that, although the objects at which the human race aim are necessarily the same, and the general principles, which direct their progress essentially similar, there are nevertheless, a thousand different ways by which the common purpose may be effected;

Being satisfied,—that each man and each nation has a peculiar mission in which its individuality consists and through which it concurs in accomplishing the mission of the race in general;

Being satisfied, finally,—that associations of men and nations ought to combine security for the full accomplishment of the individual mission with the certainty of concurring in that of the general mission of the race:

Strong in our rights as men, strong in our consciences and in the duty which God and Humanity impose upon every one who is willing to devote his arm, his mind, his whole being, to the sacred cause of the progress of nations:

We have formed ourselves into national associations, free and independent of each other, intended as the germs of

Young Poland, Young Italy, and Young Germany:

Having met together in council to promote the general good, with our hands upon our hearts, and in full confidence of a successful result, have agreed upon the following declaration:

I.—*Young Germany, Young Poland, and Young Italy*, republican associations, intended to effect the same general object, and having a common belief in Liberty, Equality, and Progress, hereby unite themselves into one brotherhood, now and for ever, for all purposes belonging to the common object.

II.—A declaration of the principles that constitute the moral law, as applied to nations, shall be drawn in common, and signed by the three national committees. It shall specify the belief, the object, and the general course of proceeding of the three associations; and no association can act otherwise than in conformity to this declaration without a culpable violation of the Act of Fraternity.

III.—In all matters not concerning the declaration of principles, and not of general interest, the three associations are severally free and independent of each other.

IV.—An alliance, offensive and defensive, is hereby established among the three associations, as representatives of the nations to which they respectively belong; and each of them shall be authorized to claim the aid and coöperation of the others in every important enterprise for the promotion of the common object.

V.—The assembling of the three committees or their delegates shall constitute the Committee of *Young Europe*.

VI.—The members of the three associations shall regard each other as brothers, and discharge towards each other the duties belonging to that relation.

VII.—The Committee of *Young Europe* shall agree upon a badge to be worn by the members of the three associations, and a motto to be placed at the head of their proclamations.

VIII.—Any other nation, which may desire to unite in this alliance may do so by agreeing to and signing, through its representatives, the present Act.

Done at Berne, (Switzerland,) April 15th, 1834.

(Here follow the signatures— J. Mazzini, J. and A. Ruffini, Charles Stolzman, etc., etc.)

^k Recently reprinted in Paris.

In 1837 he arrived in England, to remain here till 1847. During that period, in addition to his never-remitted exertions as head and heart of the Italian revolutionary party, we find him largely contributing to the first English and French Reviews,¹ still pursuing his Italian literary labours, and also taking an active part in the anniversary meetings of the Poles, whether in commemoration of their own or the Russian republican martyrs (Pestel, Bestujeff, Kokhowski, Mouravieff, Reeleeïeff, etc.); and proving himself not only the active and capable patriot, but also the accomplished scholar, the most eloquent orator, the noble of world-wide sympathies.

On the 10th of November, 1840, he founded a Gratuitous Elementary School for the poor Italians (principally the music-boys and sellers of casts) in London.^m Here, notwithstanding his other labours, he was a constant and patient worker: the Sunday evening lectures on Morals, History, etc., being mostly delivered by himself. By these poor boys he was revered almost as a God, and loved as a father. One of them, returning to Italy, travelled expressly to Genoa to tell Mazzini's Mother what her Son had done for him.

Simultaneously with the opening of this school, he established an Italian paper called the '*Apostolato Popolare*' (The Popular Apostolate), twelve numbers of which appeared at irregular intervals, between November, 1840, and October, '43. The *Apostolato* contains a series of his ablest articles, on the *Duty of Man* towards God and Humanity;ⁿ besides Letters to the Italian Youth, articles on Italian Unity and on the influence of political institutions on the education of the People, and biographical notices of great men (dead or living) of all nations.

In 1842 he superintended an edition, in four Volumes, of Dante's Divine Comedy—'*La Comedia di Dante Alighieri, Illustrato da Hugo Foscolo*,^o from a Manuscript found after Foscolo's death. To this also Mazzini wrote the preface.

In 1845 he published his '*Italy, Austria, and the Pope, a letter to Sir James Graham*'; and in the same year '*Ricordi dei Fratelli Bandiera e dei loro Compagni di Martirio*'—(Records of the Brothers Bandiera and their Companions in martyrdom),—a work which, perhaps more than any other, shows the power with which this Exile can sway the hearts of his countrymen in bondage.

On the 31st of January 1846, he issued his Address to the Swiss Confederation (printed in Italian, French, and German) in reprobation of the practice of Swiss enlistment in the service of the Pope and other of the Italian tyrants.

Toward the close of 1846, in consequence of the Allied Powers destroying the

¹ The Westminster Review, the Monthly Chronicle, Tait's Magazine, the People's Journal, La Revue Indépendante, etc. Articles upon the State of Italy; upon European Democracy; criticisms on Goethe, Carlyle, Byron, George Sand, etc.; music and biography, etc.; far too varied to enumerate.

^m This excellent School still exists at 5, Greville Street, Hatton-Garden, London, supported by voluntary donations from the Italians themselves and also from the English Public.

ⁿ These articles were reprinted in Italian, at Florence, in 1848, in a little volume entitled '*Prose di Giuseppe Mazzini*,' to be had of Rolandi, Berners Street, London.

^o Also published by Rolandi.

independence of Cracow, he suggested, and in the beginning of 1847 materially aided in, the formation of the '*Peoples' International League*,' an English society, which established itself in London, to enlighten the British Public as to the actual political position of foreign countries, with a view to creating an efficient public opinion in favour of the oppressed nations. To this work Mazzini devoted considerable time, zeal, and money. The draft of the Council's Address was furnished by him; and he also contributed an admirable pamphlet (printed by the League) on the *Swiss Question*, ably extricating the real bearings of the Sonderbund from the jesuitical complications with which it had been surrounded.

In September, 1847, he addressed his *Letter to Pope Pius* (the Reforming Pope, as easy liberals then delighted to call him), urging that hope of Christendom to become indeed a reformer, the servant of all, to be ready either 'to glorify God if triumphant, or if succumbing to repeat with resignation the words of Gregory VII.—"I die in exile because I loved justice and hated iniquity."

'But to do that, to accomplish the mission with which God has intrusted you, two things are necessary,—to be *a believer* and to unify Italy. Be a Believer! Abhor being only a king, a politician, a statesman. Have no covenant with error, do not contaminate yourself with diplomacy, nor make conditions with fear, with expediency, with the false doctrine of *legality*, which is but a lie invented in the absence of Faith. Take no counsel but from God, from the inspirations of your own heart, and from the imperious necessity of rebuilding a temple to Truth, Justice, and Faith. Unify Italy, your country! and for that you will not need to work, but only to bless those who will work for you, in your name. Surround yourself with the men who best represent the national party. Do not beg alliances from Princes! Seek to win the alliance of our People. Say to yourself—"Italian unity ought to be a fact in the nineteenth century." That will be enough: the rest shall be done for you.'

Alas for the pearls that must be thrown before swine. The answer to this appeal was alliance with Austria, betrayal of Italy, French intervention, and the lies of Thiers and Company over the ruins of Rome.

In the end of 1847 Mazzini made a short visit to Paris. He was in London when the news arrived of the French Revolution, and on the 29th of February left for France. On the 5th of March he founded at Paris, the '*Italian National Association*.' On the breaking out of the Milanese insurrection, he proceeded to Italy, reëntering his native land after an exile of seventeen years. As he crossed the frontier the officers knew him; he heard his own words quoted, his name pronounced. When he entered Milan people crowded around him, kissing him, snatching at his hands, and shedding tears of joy. The Provisional Government sent for him: he was compelled to harangue the people from the palace windows. Charles Albert sent for him. But the Republican could not grasp hands with the Traitor. How Mazzini acted in Italy under most trying circumstances, how he aided even that old ill genius of his country, the assassin of Ruffini, rather than by disunion destroy the hope of Italy, how even when the King had sold the revolution he did not despair,—all this is matter of history and need hardly be given here. But the following, which shows the qualities of the man, can not be spared.

It was the eve of the betrayal of Milan. Garibaldi was at Bergamo with some 4000 Lombard Republican Volunteers. Believing that Charles Albert, still at the head of 40,000 men, would defend Milan, he conceived the audacious

project of pushing on to support him. He was about, says M. Medici,^p 'one of the worthiest of the many heroes whom Italy has proved in the last two years :

'He was about to quit Bergamo to proceed by a forced march to Monza, when we saw appear in the midst of us, his musket on his shoulder, Mazzini, who demanded to make one, as a private soldier, in the legion which I commanded, and which formed the vanguard of the division of Garibaldi. A general acclamation saluted the great Italian, and the legion unanimously confided to him its Flag, which bore written upon it the words—*God and the People*.

'Hardly was the arrival of Mazzini known in Bergamo, when the population hurried to see him. They crowded round him, they begged him to speak. His speech should dwell in the memory of all who heard him. He recommended them to erect barricades, to defend the town in case of attack during our march upon Milan, and whatever might happen, always to love Italy and never to despair of its salvation. His words were greeted with enthusiasm, and the column set off in the midst of marks of the liveliest sympathy.

'The march was very fatiguing. The rain fell in torrents; we were soaked to the very bones. Although habituated to a life of study, and scarcely built for the violent exercise of a forced march, especially in such bad weather, his serenity and confidence were never diminished for an instant, and, notwithstanding our remonstrances, for we feared for his health, he would neither stop nor abandon the column. It even happened that, seeing one of our youngest Volunteers slightly habited, and without any defence against the rain and the sudden chilling of the temperature, he forced him to accept his cloak and to cover himself with it.

'Arrived at Monza, we learned the fatal news of the capitulation of Milan; and that a very numerous body of Austrian Cavalry had been sent against us and was already at the opposite gates of Monza.

'Garibaldi, much inferior in force, not wishing to expose his little corps to certain and useless destruction, gave orders to fall back upon Como, and placed me with my column in the rear, to cover the retreat.

'For the young Volunteers, who asked only to fight, the order for retreat was a signal of discouragement; and so it was made from the beginning with some disorder. Happily it was not the same with my rear-guard column. From Monza even to Como this column, always pursued by the enemy, threatened every instant with being overwhelmed by very superior forces, never flinched, remained united and compact, showing itself always ready to repel every attack, and by its bold countenance and good order compelled the enemy to respect it during the whole passage.

'In this march, full of danger and difficulty, in the midst of a continual alarm, the strength of soul, the intrepidity, the decision which Mazzini possesses in so remarkable a degree, and of which he afterwards gave so many proofs at Rome, never failed him, and excited the admiration of the bravest. His presence, his words, the example of his courage, animated with such enthusiasm these young soldiers, who besides were proud of sharing so many dangers with him, that it was determined, by Mazzini the first, in case of combat, to perish one and all in defence of the faith of which he had been the apostle and whose martyr he was ready to become; and contributed very much to maintain that order and that resolute attitude which saved the rest of the division.

'These few details are too honourable to the character of Mazzini to be allowed to remain unknown. His conduct has been for us, who were witnesses of it, a proof that to the great qualities of the citizen Mazzini joins the courage and intrepidity of the soldier.'

^p In a note appended to the tenth chapter of '*République et Royauté en Italie*.'

On the 4th of August Milan capitulated. Further resistance was hopeless. From Como Mazzini crossed the Alps to Lugano, in the Italian Canton of Tessin; only two or three friends^a accompanying him, and walking forty miles in one night. At Lugano he remained till the flight of the Grand Duke of Tuscany on the 7th of February (imitating the Papal flight of November 4th) called him to Florence. Here he was elected a deputy and a member of the Provisional Government; and in the former capacity sent to Rome, to carry the adhesion of Tuscany to the Roman Republic. There, elected to the Triumvirate, his conduct has been manifest to the world. The official acts of the Republic from the day of his election, the 29th of March, to the 2nd of July, when Rome, her last cartridge spent, ceased her heroic but unavailing resistance against the cowardly assailants who dared only to bombard the City,—will remain an everlasting monument to his capacity as a ruler and statesman, his magnanimity as a man. For some thirty days of the siege, his food was little more than bread and coffee; his clothes were never taken off. It seemed as if his heroic spirit was sufficient to sustain him. He slept only at such intervals as he could snatch between the constant emergencies of his work, and the continual thronging around him of the population, native and foreign, who came to him even for personal consolation. One English family will recollect how he spared time to show them the city defences from the palace top, and to soothe their fears. His noble forbearance towards the enemy, his cool decision with troublesome friends, his dignified bearing in the extremity of defeat, were alike worthy of his glorious nature. When the French officers were released by him, he moved them even to tears. They were ready to throw themselves on his neck or at his feet, swearing eternal gratitude. Cowardly scoundrels! with but one or two noble exceptions, they were among the first to parade through Rome, on their shameful day of ‘victory.’ Once a band of demagogues demanded an interview with him, to require the removal of the military staff. He saw them, heard patiently their request. ‘From whom did they come?’ he asked. ‘The People.’ ‘He was the servant of the People; but not their slave. If the People trusted him, well and good, he would do his best: if not, they could withdraw the authority with which they had invested him. But when they said the People,—by how many were they deputed?’ ‘Some few hundreds.’ ‘Well, some few hundreds were not the People: but he was ready to hear even a few of the People. Who were the Members of the Military Staff which they desired to remove, and what were their reasons against them?’ The complainants did not even know who constituted the Staff, their objections were only general; they found they were in error, and retired. When the French at last ventured into the City, Mazzini, to prove that his power had not been maintained by terror, and also to observe the bearing of his Romans, walked unarmed and unprotected for some days through the streets, till his friends told him he was mad. But no man touched him. Even the French soldiers were awed by the sublime spectacle of that pale, worn, grey-haired man (his black hair grizzled with the last month’s anxiety and toil) passing through them, like the Ghost of the Republic, severe and silent, his very patience, like a martyr’s endurance, rebuking the murderers. He left Rome without a

^a One of them a young Italian artist of great promise, Scipione Pistrucci, who left London to share Mazzini’s fortunes.

passport, confided himself to the captain of an Italian merchant vessel, (he had been offered protection by an English naval officer, true-hearted enough, despite the 'service,' to sympathize with the Republican), and so reached Marseilles; escaped the vigilance of the French authorities, and passed to Lausanne, where his noble young friend and fellow Triumvir—Saffi, and others of the exiles, joined him. Here he immediately commenced the monthly publication of his '*Italia del Popolo*' (Italy of the People) which continues to now. He had published a daily paper under the same title at Milan, during the last days of the Lombard movement. Here too, in Switzerland, he wrote his crushing '*Letter to M. M. de Tocqueville and de Falloux, Ministers of France*;' and also the '*Letter to M. de Montalembert*' (the ex-peer and jesuit): convicting these men and their employers of the most dastardly lies against Rome, and vindicating himself and his party from the accusations of the 'Moderates.' While in Lausanne, an endeavour was made by some emissaries of the present King of Sardinia to obtain possession of his person. It failed through the trustworthiness of the Italian exiles whom they had hoped to seduce.

In 1850, he gave to the world a pamphlet entitled '*Le Pape au dix-neuvième Siècle*' (The Pope in the Nineteenth Century); and '*République et Royauté en Italie*' (Republicanism and Royalty in Italy): the first written in French, the last in Italian.* The first work, resuming the history of the Papacy, shows the necessity of religious reform, and that the initiative lies with Italy; explains the intention of the formula—*God and the People*; and declares the need of the *Constituent Assembly* and the *Council* to replace the Prince and the Pope of past time.

'*National Sovereignty* is the remedy universally accepted to save society from the absence of all authority, from anarchy. The *Sovereignty of the Church*—and by Church we mean the people of believers—ought to save society from the absence of all principle, of all religious authority.'

The other work is a most eloquent and lucid history, supported by extracts from the diplomatic correspondence published by our House of Commons, of the events in Lombardy, from the first outbreak at Milan to the capitulation.

During last year he passed some months in England; and at that time aided his Polish and French friends in the formation of the Central European Democratic Committee,—preparatory to the renewal of the war with Monarchy. His thoughts and style may be easily traced in the manifestos of the Committee.

His latest public act was the putting forth a requisition for an Italian Loan of £250,000, for the next Italian Campaign.

His hope and courage are unshaken. He comes out of the fire with indeed martyr-scars upon his life, and crowned with the premature grey-hair of sorrow; he has suffered immensely: but he will live to behold the freedom of his Italy, to be the ruler of the Italian Republic.

* Translated into French by Madame Sand. Since into English in the numbers of the '*Red Republican*,'—now the *Friend of the People*, published by S. Y. Collins, 113, Fleet Street, London. A complete edition in one volume has also been published by C. Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, London.

In the enumeration of Mazzini's works in this article, there is no attempt at a complete catalogue. All that can be done here is to give a broad idea of the character and extent of his labours. We have neither means nor room at the present time to do more.

THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

THE humanitarian idea—the idea of the organization of men in nations and of nations in the brotherhood of Humanity—owns as its chief Apostle—Joseph Mazzini. Not that the thought originated with him; but that he formulized it so practicably that it could be adopted as a political dogma, a creed for immediate realization. Others, indeed, have prophesied of Humanity, but he first preached its Gospel. The first actual step toward the Holy Alliance of the Peoples, as brothers under God, was made by Mazzini in 1834, when he founded, at Berne, in Switzerland, the Association of ‘YOUNG EUROPE.’ Into the causes which induced the failure of this attempt we need not enter now. 1848, the year of revolutions, found the insurgent peoples without organization or mutual understanding; and the defeat of the armies of Liberty, one by one, was the necessary consequence of their disunion. In the beginning of last year the ‘Polish Democratic Centralization’ saw an opportunity for renewing the old endeavour; and, in conjunction with the French and Italian Exiles, founded the ‘CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.’

The Committee consists of four members, with power to add to their number as they receive adhesions: Mazzini, as acknowledged chief of the Italian national party,—Lédrü Rollin, as head of the French Republicans,—Albert Darasz, the delegate of the Polish Democratic Centralization,^a and Arnold Ruge,^b as representative of Republican Germany.

Their first public act was to issue an Address to the Peoples^c (dated from London, July 22nd, 1850), on the Organization of Democracy,—concisely stating the broad principles upon which their union is based, the common ground upon which, in the name of Republican Europe, they summon the Peoples to assemble, to renew the combat with Monarchy. Since then they have issued the following: ‘To the Peoples,’ ‘To the Germans,’ ‘To the Armies of the Holy Alliance of Kings,’ an appeal to the Democracy of Europe with regard to the Loan to be raised for Italy, and an address to those National Committees which have signified their adhesion to the principles of the central body. We give these documents at full length. They are the first state-papers of the Federation of European Republics.

^a The name by which is known the executive and directing Central Committee of the *Polish Democratic Society*, which is nothing but the Polish Democratic party openly organized among the Emigrants, of whom it comprizes a majority, but extending in large ramifications over the country, through its emissaries and publications.

^b M. Ruge was the friend and coadjutor of Simon of Trèves, of Robert Blum, and others of the Extreme Left in the Frankfort Parliament; that is to say of the really republican party in Germany. He was also among those who attempted to rally the republican remains of that Parliament, at Stuttgardt.

^c Given at page 6 of E. R.

TO THE PEOPLES.

WE have summoned European Democracy to manifest its existence, that is to say, to organize itself. We have indicated the common ground on which organization is possible; our thought has been understood. Let the men of good will, who from all parts of Europe have hastened to give their adhesion to the work of concentration which we have undertaken, accept here our thanks.

As for those who, penetrated by the same idea, ask us by what means they may realize it, this we will endeavour to tell them, having regard to the diverse conditions of liberty in which different countries are placed.

Let us again specify the object:—

Just as in the heart of every state the question is to represent, while harmonizing them, both individuality and association, or, in other terms, liberty and authority, so the question for every general democratic organization is to represent, in harmonizing them, nationality and alliance, Country and Humanity. Without the conciliation of these two elements there can be only despotism and anarchy: we would have neither the one nor the other.

Terrified at the international struggles which mark with blood, at every step, the history of Humanity,—confounding the narrow *nationalism* of royal races with the nationality of free and equal Peoples, there were, in the last century, men who sought to efface the national idea under some sort of vague cosmopolitanism. So they placed the individual feeble and isolated in front of the humanitarian problem, and proclaimed the end while suppressing every means of obtaining it. It was an exaggerated, but inevitable, reaction against a system which falsified the parent-idea of nationality by substituting for it the hostile interests of certain princely families.

The parent-idea of nationality is the organization of Humanity by means of homogenous groups, looking toward the accomplishment of a common duty. Progress of all, development for good of all the forces imparted to the human race.

A workman in the vast workshop of the world, each people represents, by the aptitudes and tendencies which are peculiar to it, a special function in the work,—whose end is identical, whose means are various. It is acknowledged by other peoples, it is loved by them, according to the measure of what it accomplishes for the advantage of all. It is toward Humanity, what the distribution of labour is in production.

The definition of the common duty belongs to all; it is the charter of Humanity; and a day will come in which it shall be elaborated at a congress composed of all the representatives of free peoples. Freedom of choice as to means belongs to each people. This is the charter of nations, and can only be indicated by them. Under the inspiration of the general thought, each will determine for itself the special mission reserved for it in the world.

These are the foundations upon which the organization of Democracy should be based.

Every organization whose object is the conquest of the future ought to represent that future in its essential conditions.

It is necessary then, in order that the organization may be complete, that in the heart of every nation, upon the common ground which we have pointed out, and while at the same time pursuing the study of special questions—economic or social, there should be undertaken a work of bringing together, of fusing the fractions of the democratic party. From this inner labour should proceed a *National Committee*, the veritable and regular expression of the wants, the wishes, and the general tendencies of the country.

It is then that the delegates of the National Committees will constitute the CENTRAL COMMITTEE of the Democracy of Europe.

It must be well understood that the men who at present form this Committee, the men who sign these collective appeals, consider themselves only as precursors. If they have agreed

to take the initiative, it is because it was necessary that some one should commence the work, and because no one was doing it. They will continue it, till the organized national democracies shall be in a position to make known their sovereign will.

To give the same impulse to the great European organization, to found the apostolate of those ideas which should bring together the members of the human family,—to determine the guarantees to be taken in order that no revolution, by isolating itself, may betray or desert the standard of fraternity, in order that no revolution, through fatal ambitions, may violate the rights of the inner life belonging to every people, in order that no revolution may perish, through abandonment, under the concentration of leagued aristocracies,—such are the duties of the present Committee. To it also belongs to prepare men's minds for international brotherhood, until the emancipated nations shall sign their definitive compact.

To it, lastly, to give the signal for the general rising.

The duty of the National Committees will be to elaborate the preparatory measures which may facilitate the internal development of each nation.

Whenever circumstances shall require, the Central Committee will call forth a striking manifestation from the most intelligent and devoted of the men of Democracy.

To form these National Committees two ways are open: in the first the initiative starts from above to embrace the masses, in the second it arises from below to create unity by electing its chiefs. Both ways are good: the choice should depend upon the particular circumstances in which each country finds itself.

Among peoples where organization is already advanced, where the absence of irritating questions and the distinct assertion of a national object render adhesion easy to be foreseen, the first is the most expeditious. Let some known and devoted men personify in themselves the mission of the country; let them boldly make themselves its interpreters. With their hands upon their consciences, and their hearts free from all egotism and personal vanity, let them stand forth as organizers. They will be followed. When authority reveals itself in truth, in sacrifice and resolution, it is acknowledged and obeyed.

Among those, on the contrary, where, the elements being more divided because of the multitude or the rivalry of schools, unification cannot be obtained with sufficient rapidity, let the movement commence from below; let it commence upon every point, whatever it may be, where may be found a germ of devotedness and energy; wherever men desirous of good and holding faith in the future of the cause, as well as in themselves, shall meet together, let this organization have birth. Let them understand each other, let them rally together, let them little by little propagate the gospel of discipline and organization; let regular relations be established between these fraternal groups. Let them recollect the three herdsmen of Switzerland, the twelve apostles of Christ, and let them work as if the whole cause of the people depended on them.

Everything attests that at the present hour there is an immense want of unification in the heart of the democratic masses; the people will draw after it its heads, the army will choose its chiefs.

And let this work of unity be done in public, in the broad light of day, with the calm and resolute courage of faith, in those parts of Europe where, as in France, the legal methods of expression are not all exhausted; let it be done in secret, in countries where silence is the common law: the catacombs or the forum,—every place is good in which to work for the triumph of justice.

The inspiration, the counsel, the brotherly word of the Central Committee will never fail those groups of the church militant who are willing to accept its initiative.

To establish everywhere, unremittingly, close and indissoluble ties between the men of the future, this is what must be done.

Brethren! think of those who suffer, of the peoples who die under the knife; recollect that every day of torpor permits the aristocrats to print a new stain on the noble flag of the Revolution. Let then all distrust, all coldness, disappear before the grand idea of the common duty. So under our united efforts will vanish the accusation of anarchy flung at us from the enemies' camp. They have only interests, but we, we have principles: interests divide, principles alone rally men together. We then are the party of unity.

In three months Europe must know this. On that day we shall have conquered.

London, October 20th, 1850.

For the Central European Democratic Committee.

LEDRU-ROLLIN—JOSEPH MAZZINI—A. DARASZ—ARNOLD RUGE.

The two next addresses were called forth by the late events in Hesse, and the recent congress of the Allied Despots.

TO THE GERMANS.

Germans!—You have proved, by your insurrection of 1848, that your souls could be fired by the great principles of liberty which have illumined the world. You have proved it by the blood of your martyrs shed among all Peoples; and since then the heart of Germany has never ceased to beat with the same pulsations as that of Poland, of Hungary, of Italy, and of France.

You were defeated then because you did not sufficiently understand that the fall of your numerous despots could alone bring forth national unity, that a *Democracy one and indivisible* could alone give you liberty and independence, that the German nation could not obtain existence at the cost of other nations, that it could not be legitimately constituted except by the European union of other peoples, all equally independent and free.

The lesson is, without doubt, cruel: for these despots, whom you have left on their thrones, have sold you to Russia.

Yes, your divisions, the destruction of your liberty, the ruin of your independence, all that oppresses and revolts you, you owe to these despots become the vassals of the Czar.

What are the little armies of your princes but so many divisions of the great Russian army which prepares to invade you? What are these Austrians, these Bavarians, these Prussians who concentrate their forces, but so many Russians in different uniforms and under different flags? Is it not from St. Petersburg that the word of command goes forth?

If you were not ready to attempt a supreme effort, it might be said that Russia has conquered Germany, and that Europe is Cossack, from the Volga to the Rhine, from the Danube to the shores of the Baltic.

Do not indeed deceive yourselves: this question of Schleswig in which so much generous blood has been lavished—this question of Hesse, where has been offered the memorable example of an army sacrificing itself for right,—all this is of serious and vital interest to the Peoples; but for the leagued aristocracies it is nothing but a bloody game, a mere pretext by which to mask other objects, and to authorize them to convoke the van and rear guard of their janissaries the better to overwhelm you.

Behold this King of Prussia, who rises despite himself, at the cry of a whole People, as if to defend the honour of a nation and the remains of a miserable constitutionalism! know you what he meditates? To negotiate, to secure himself a retreat, to appear to yield, under the menace of numbers, to the irresistible forces of Austria, Bavaria, and Russia.

And if, drawn into the current, he is forced to march, do you know whither it will be? To a defeat *prepared and preconcerted*. Before long you will hear the cry of treason. In William of Prussia, Charles Albert of Savoy will be revived. What he seeks is not a

victory which would bring forth a revolution, but a reverse which may preserve his throne.

Let there, then, be no more doubt; it is absolutism and liberty, tyranny and democracy, which stand face to face.

To be Russian or Democratic, this is the alternative; all the rest is but a pretence.

In such a peril, Germans! what must you do?

Free yourselves from your tyrants, who are the servants of Russia—that you may deliver yourselves from Russia.

They would make you slaves of the foreigner; then bless the day which may enable you, in a sublime and terrible impulse, to conquer at once your independence as a nation and your rights as citizens.

To be free, O Germans! you need but remember that you were the free. (the *Franks*.)

‘Your fathers,’ in the words of Tacitus, ‘were invincible because of their union, all their battalions being all formed, as it were, of members of one great family.’

Destroy as they did, all divisions. Have but one family, *Democracy*; have but one name, *the German Republic*. In all your valleys, and from hill to hill, let but one song be heard, the song of National Independence, the old German *Bardit*, and you also shall conquer.

London, November, 13th, 1850.

LEDRU-ROLLIN—JOSEPH MAZZINI—A. DARASZ—ARNOLD RUGE.

THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE

Decrees:

The following proclamation shall be addressed to the armies of the Holy Alliance of Kings, and translated, for that purpose, into all languages.

Each of the *National Committees* shall be charged, so far as concerns it, with the execution of the present decree.

Done, November 27th, 1850.

LEDRU-ROLLIN—JOSEPH MAZZINI—A. DARASZ—ARNOLD RUGE.

TO THE ARMIES OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE OF KINGS.

Soldiers!

The tyrants who oppress you lift again the banner of their wars. Powerless to defend their despotisms against the propagandism of ideas and of rights, they would once more appeal to the fratricidal policy of battles.

Their pretexts,—you know them; their object is this:—

They hope to drown in blood the spirit of freedom which now animates alike the serfs of the Ukraine and the pariahs of western civilization,—they hope, by awakening among you the murderous instincts of the fight, to long postpone the reign of human brotherhood.

Soldiers! will you consent to this? Count yourselves, and count them! How many are they, emperors and kings, valets and accomplices? Scarcely some thousands.

Your division alone makes their strength.

Look at this monarch who, placing his will above eternal reason, thinks himself a God on earth, because he leads, like a vile flock, sixty millions of men, his equals before Humanity. What would become of the power of which he is so proud, if these men would recollect that they owe their blood, some of them to the resurrection of heroic Poland, the martyr-nation, others to the moral rehabilitation of their race, all of them to fraternity and independence?

And the first of his vassals, this emperor of Austria, but yesterday a child, who has steeped his crown in blood, at Vienna as at Pesth, at Milan as at Venice and at Brescia,—would he reign a day, an hour, if every one of you, Poles, Italians, Hungarians, Austrians, should render yourselves to your own flag, the true flag of honour?

They have been careful, we know, to take you to a distance from your hearths. It is Hungary which guards Italy; it is Austria which watches over disarmed Hungary; the Italians front the Germans; and Poland, that feeds the armies of its three oppressors, is cast away upon Siberia and Caucasus. They hope thus to remove you from the memories of your families, of your cradles; they mean thus to make use of your age-long rancours, your prejudices, which these despotisms have nourished, and, one by the other, to insure the subjugation of all.

But as if an invisible hand compelled your tyrants to bring you together, you will soon be separated only by the fires of your bivouacs. You can, you ought then to frustrate their machiavelian combinations. Your Country and Humanity command this, for there is but one duty for men as for peoples, for soldiers as for citizens, whether they groan under foreign oppression or, oppressed themselves, become the instruments of oppression: that duty is to be free and to love one another.

Be then as brothers, all you who bear, with the weight of military servitude, the remembrance of a captive country. Even if you are of races hereto enemies, through communicating together in a hatred for tyranny, in the love of freedom, you ought to unite yourselves against the common enemy. Let your hands be joined, your hearts respond to each other; from the detachment to the battalion, from the tent to the camp, let a mysterious and sympathetic net-work extend itself; and soon the army of despotism shall be the army of freedom.

And if,—the isolation, the pitiless rigours of discipline, thwarting your efforts,—you can not organize the revolution in the camp, nor revolt in broad day, then fearlessly desert, one by one, ten by ten,—What matters?—But above all, desert not without your arms, for they will be needed for the conquest of independence.

Do not be stayed by the disgrace which the doctrine of passive obedience attaches to those who break their military oath. Soldiers of your Country and of Humanity! know you when it is that you desert? It is when you chain your reason and your courage to the orders of an unjust thought. On the contrary, it is a return under the flag of honour, when you break these engagements imposed by force, and sanctioned by falsehood.

If a general insurrection, if desertion in masses, are impossible for you, well then! instead of smiting those whom they call your enemies, but who are your brothers, die rather as martyrs. History will recollect your names and will honour your obscure devotion, equally with the most splendid actions.

German Soldiers!—you who ought to have but one object—that of creating the great German Nation,—will you serve the cause of kings, to betray your common mother? Recollect that, conquerors or conquered, slavery awaits you. Shall it then be in vain that generous Germany has armed all her children? Oh! doubtless, those who, having long cowered under the military yoke, have forgotten their country and their home, to make themselves the janissaries of tyranny, will keep their hearts cold and their hands firm to deal death agreeably to a barbarous order. But now it is the whole nation which is aroused, with its masculine genius, with its invincible horror of slavery. There we meet once more that noble youth which, at Vienna, at Berlin, at Stuttgardt, at Baden, at Rastadt, fought for liberty. Can the homicidal traditions of the barracks prevail against the magnanimous inspirations of so many free and valiant hearts?

There too we meet again the glorious wrecks of the phalanxes of Hungary and of

Poland, with the sons of unhappy Italy. Soldiers of Liberty! will you strike the martyrs?

Ah, rather organize, from camp to camp, the holy conspiracy which we preach to the soldiers assembled under the same flag. Mingle your ranks, and lift from out your hearts fraternally united one vast cry of enfranchisement.

And you, soldiers of the Prussian landwehr! would you trust this king who has been ten times traitor to his oaths, after having knelt before the triumphant revolution, after having bareheaded saluted the corpses of the people fallen under the bullets of his satellites? No! no! Sentence is pronounced against him and against his race; its execution may not be delayed. He and his, have they not always covenanted with the Russian despot, even as they are doing now?

You hold in your hands the destinies of Germany. Do not then lay down your arms till the Republic shall be proclaimed.

Lastly, do you all, Soldiers of the Holy Alliance of kings, remember the sublime example lately given you by the Hessian army, in which there was not to be found one officer to put down the legitimate resistance of a people strong in its right. Do you remember this: every one of them broke his sword in order that he might not fail in his duty as a citizen; and yet there has been no blood shed.

Soldiers of the Holy Alliance! do not forget: your enemies are in the palaces of kings. Know you how to will, and the criminal projects of absolutism shall have served only to found the liberty of all peoples, the universal Republic!

LEDRU-ROLLIN—JOSEPH MAZZINI—A. DARASZ—ARNOLD RUGE.

The following document refers to the loan of £400,000, to furnish material for the renewal of the war of Italian independence.

THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE,

Having examined the documents relative to the loan of ten millions of francs, put forth by the *Italian National Committee*,

Considering that

‘The men of all countries are brothers, and that the several peoples ought to aid each other, according to their ability, even as citizens of the same state;

‘That whoever oppresses a single nation declares himself the enemy of all;

‘That kings, aristocrats, tyrants, whatever they may be, are slaves in revolt against the sovereign of the earth, which is Mankind, and against the lawgiver of the universe, which is Nature; (ROBESPIERRE, *Declaration of Rights*.)

Considering that Italy which has proclaimed and heroically defended her independence, is now attempting a supreme effort to reconquer it;

‘That her cause is doubly holy,—that it interests all the peoples whose sovereignty is already attempted or threatened by the coalition of kings,—that it interests the universal conscience, at which the papacy, that eternal instrument of despotism, has just thrown a new and audacious defiance;

Decrees:

ONE ONLY ARTICLE.—The Italian National Loan is placed under the safeguard of the European democracy.

Until its reimbursement by the Roman Republic, it shall be acknowledged by all the peoples who recover their independence.

In the name of that which is most sacred—Liberty, the men of all countries, who own a free soul, are invited to subscribe to it.

Resolved, November 27th, 1850.

For the Central European Democratic Committee,

LEDRU-ROLLIN—JOSEPH MAZZINI—ALBERT DARASZ—ARNOLD RUGE.

Under the head of Archives and correspondence of the 'Central European Democratic Committee,' in the *Voice of the Proscribed* (Voix du Proscrit) of December 8th, appears the following account of progress already made. 'The Central Committee has already received numerous adhesions,—among which we may mention those of the *Committee of Young Austria*, the *Centralizing Committee of Germany*, the *Polish Democratic Committee*, and the *Central Committee of the Democratic Association of Holland*. It need hardly be said that the *Italian Committee* acts in perfect accord with the CENTRAL COMMITTEE. It will be seen that the Central Committee makes way, that its appeals find a potent echo in Young Europe.' Our last document is the reply of the Committee to these Associations.

TO THE ITALIAN, POLISH, GERMAN, AUSTRIAN AND DUTCH COMMITTEES.

Brothers!

Events have justified your previsions, and ours: the despots understand each other. At the spirit which animated their armies, at the commotion which was manifest in their ranks, at the desertions already commencing, they have comprehended that at the first shock the ground would tremble beneath their feet, and that from its open depths would burst forth Liberty.

But, you have said it, Brothers! terrified at the power which might suddenly explode in their hands, they renounce violence, to ask of craft the accomplishment of their liberticidal pact.

In the phases of this new evolution, it is necessary, then, that the Democracy should be more than ever upon its guard, in order to seize the first propitious moment.

It is, in fact, for the execution of the tyrants' projects against the bourgeoisie that we should wait; and everywhere already, that execution begins.

To speak only of Prussia, is it not known that if the Berlin Assembly is not yet definitively dissolved, it is because they dread the explosion of popular feeling? To-day adjourned, it will a little later be completely driven out. Thus, in the States of Germany, all political compacts will be successively torn. An uniform silence, the silence of death, will overhang this vast land of thought; for it is not only beyond 1848 that the despots desire to retrograde,—it is beyond 1830, and 1815, the epochs of charters and transactions;—it is even to the middle ages that they meditate carrying back the Peoples: under the imbecile domination of priests and kings.

Brothers! you have also said, and with reason, the madness of their projects, the very enormity of their attempts, is the certain pledge of our victory: the Democracy,—that is to say all which tends to equality and which springs toward a better future,—the Democracy henceforth having no more to struggle *alone*.

The tyrants, in their giddiness, have they not set foot upon the bourgeoisie itself, on

that bourgeoisie which had attempted to shelter its egotism and its power under the fragile barriers of a powerless liberalism. They have known how to rally it to us by the imminence of a common peril; they have known how to strengthen our cause in oppressing all at once. Now then, there is on the one side *bu men*, all brothers, combating for Liberty, and on the other tyrants resolved to annihilate it.

Yes, brothers, even as you happily remark, in all parts our idea is propagated and increases. Let us rejoice at this great result, but let us not be dazzled by it. It presents a danger. In fact, seeing progress marching with the rapidity of lightning, how many *men*, assured of its triumph, slumber in an easy and culpable quietude, leaving everything to the future, as if nothing was done, so long as something remains to be done, as if we should only expect from our enemies the success of our holy cause. Ah, no doubt, it is not the idea which is wanting to day; it is virility. What is wanting is that which pushed our fathers into action, the manly courage which multiplies itself in proportion to the resistance,—perseverance, and audacity. Our fathers were less talkers and more soldiers. They felt that the forehead becomes accustomed to bear patiently the yoke which a single effort could break.

Brothers! do not forget: the hand which strikes the bourgeoisie,—that hand which opens the door of revolutions,—already begins to weigh upon it.

Yet a blow, it is the favourable occasion, it is the augury of deliverance; to-morrow, perhaps, we ought to be ready.

In 1847 it was from an imperceptible point of the Mediterranean that the signal went forth. Then, however, all was calm and tranquil; whilst now, in all places, the Revolution boils. Who can point out the elected people among whom it shall first leap forth to open day.

Happy, above all, that which shall be first visited by the Genius of Liberty!

Is it for the North, or for the South, that this honour is reserved? The future alone knows; but that which is in the power of every nation, brothers! is to render itself worthy of this signal fortune, by working, without intermission, for the common deliverance.

LEDRU-ROLLIN—JOSEPH MAZZINI—ALBERT DARASZ—ARNOLD RUGE.

REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION.

ADDRESSED TO ALL ENGLISHMEN WHO CALL THEMSELVES REPUBLICANS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

. . . 'Their hearts were tenanted by faith, they had not merely political calculations in their heads; they aspired to be not simply revolutionary, but also regenerative; they felt that, at bottom, the question was no other than the grand problem of *national education*

. . . Every work of regeneration implies a belief in those who undertake it; every soldier of the revolution who has none is a fomentor of discord, a provoker of anarchy, without having the remedy to still it.

The first step taken, it did not recoil before the difficulties, whatever they were, of its subsequent steps. *A principle and its consequences*,—all its revolutionary logic was comprehended in these words. It felt that the most powerful party was the most consistent party, and it was this. It was not satisfied with simple views of reaction, with vague professions of liberalism; it demanded *his belief* of every one who presented himself, and only accepted those as members who had a belief in conformity with its own. It did not speculate on the number, but on the unity of its forces; it thus made a first experiment on the nation.

Rearing a standard which had never yet been reared by any political association, it felt the necessity of planting it in the midst of new and pure elements; it addressed itself, consequently, more particularly to the young, for amongst them was capacity for enthusiasm, zeal, devotion, and energy. To them it told the whole truth without reserve or disguise. The grand error which had ruined all previous efforts had been the custom of confiding rather to *men* than to *principles*: it was a reaction against this custom; it preached thus—"Have no faith in names, but in yourselves, in the masses, in your right, and in God."

The youth had found its men. The language which was addressed to it expressed all which it had long felt, all the secrets of its hearts. It caught the inspiration; it took its fire. *Organization commenced at every point*; everywhere the principles were preached; everywhere its standard was recognized and hailed. Its members continued to increase. Every day the demand for its publications became louder.

Fear was unknown. There was no doubt of success. ALL THIS WAS THE RESULT OF PRINCIPLES; AND ALL THIS EFFECTED BY SOME YOUNG MEN WITHOUT GREAT MEANS, WITHOUT THE INFLUENCE OF RANK, WITHOUT MATERIAL FORCE

History of Young—

Why not of Young England? Why should not that which is so boastful, but a true and most exact account, of '*La Giovine Italia*,' the association founded by Mazzini in 1831, be also true of the Associated Republicans of England? By what means the history of one association may become a prophecy of the other is what I shall now endeavour to set forth.

Zeal first, and then organization: these are the necessary elements of success. Even in a bad cause these elements but too often procure a triumph: in a good cause they could never fail. Zeal, and then organization.

I count upon the zeal of those who, having listened to my explanation of Republican Principles, responded to my appeal and volunteered to join me in laying the foundation of our English Republic. I will also not doubt the zeal of some who read, but who have not yet openly responded. I may not do other than believe that my brothers in the faith are zealous. That they are ready to devote their most earnest thought and some daily portion of their lives to the propagandism of their faith; that they have accepted '*the principle and its consequences*,'—that they are prepared to incur some toil, some loss, some sacrifice,

some ridicule, some odium, and it may be some danger, without halting from time to time to reckon the amount of their exertions, their sacrifices, or their sufferings, but ever cheerfully saying—‘What is all this? the realization of our faith, the triumph of our hope, is worth even a severer martyrdom.’ For they have declared their belief, and *belief* necessitates action—continual endeavour to accomplish that which is believed. To these zealots for Republicanism, these wooers and truest soldiers of Republican Progress, I now address myself, offering for their consideration the following

PLAN OF REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION.

In whatever place any one of you who hold our republican faith may be, look directly for such of your townsmen or neighbours as you know may be depended on to join you. If you know of none, begin the work of propagandism alone!—labouring like some zealous, indefatigable missionary, till you shall have won some one of those within your reach to a recognition of your creed: not a mere formal recognition, nor the poor assent of one over-persuaded to allow himself to be called a Republican,—but the valuable recognition of the convert, who, having thoroughly examined and maturely weighed the principles of Republicanism, finds himself convinced of their truth; and who, being a true man (one who acts as he thinks, whose life is built upon his conscience), is consequently anxious to carry his principles into practice.

So soon as you can meet with one such man,—whether of your converting or only waiting your inquiry—consider yourselves as the nucleus and provisional Committee of a Republican Association to be formed by you in that town or neighbourhood,—and set zealously to work to add to your number. Be careful that none associate with you except those on whose private character you can depend. A bad man can not make a good republican. Better work slowly and surely than enlist the unfit. But be as persevering as careful, lest the sometime discouragement of great carefulness unduly retard your progress. Take three qualities as essential to the making of good republicans,—sobriety—honesty—self-reliance. If your proposed associate is a man, be sure that he is honest towards women as well as with his fellow-men; if a woman, be sure that she is sufficiently self-reliant to act in virtue of her own humanity, not merely as the creature of another.

When your numbers in any place are such as to require organization,—and the sooner that is set about the better, even so soon as you number ten or twelve,—then let your committee call a meeting of all its members, and constitute yourselves an Association for your locality, with some such rules as these here following.

NAME.

The Plymouth Republicans, or Plymouth Republican Association. *

OBJECT.

To teach the Principles of Republicanism.

MEMBERS.

All persons (men or women) desirous of promoting the object of the Associa-

Or Manchester Republicans, or East London, or Chelsea, etc.

tion shall be eligible as Members, upon signifying their adhesion to the subjoined profession of faith,^b—provided they are well known to some one of the members who will answer for their sobriety, honesty, and self-reliance.^c

ELECTIONS.

Open, and by a simple majority.

DUTIES OF MEMBERS.

I.—To teach themselves the Principles of Republicanism in order to render their own lives thereunto conformable; to teach one another as the best aid they can render; and by precept and practice unceasingly to endeavour to win proselytes.

II.—To regard the members of the Association as brethren in the closest bond, closer than even the brotherhood of blood,^d—and to rule their conduct toward each other by this principle.

MEANS.

Regular, frequent, and friendly communication between the members (perfect equality being observed among them, however different their station in society), the publication of a periodical openly advocating the republican principles of the Association,^e the dissemination of tracts as opportunities occur, and such other means of constant or occasional propagandism as time and circumstances may afford.

GOVERNMENT.

A President and Secretary (either of whom might also be Treasurer), and a Committee (when the Association has so many members as to require it), chosen annually by open voting^f of the Members present at the place of election.

The course of proceeding in the Associations might be much as follows.

First:—The formation of the Association would by no means exonerate any member from active exertion as an individual. As to having ‘nothing to do’ except when at the meetings or when appointed on some special Committee of the Association,^g—that is impossible so long as a man has the use of his limbs to carry him among his fellows, and the use of his tongue to preach to and converse with them. One may lecture; another may write tracts; a third may distribute them; another go out with bills; another collect subscriptions; another, even-

^b The profession of faith would be that given at pages 8-9 of the English Republic: commencing with—‘*We believe in the progressive development of human faculties and forces*’ and ending with ‘*the example of those peoples most loving and most devoted for encouragement on the way.*’

^c Meaning, of course, general integrity. The seducer, or the profligate, is not honest.

^d I would have this fully carried out. Let the Republican aid, associate with, trade with, work for and with, the brother Republican in decided preference to any other, even to the brother of his blood.

^e By this I of course do not intend that each society shall publish a periodical; but that each shall do its utmost to maintain at least one avowed Republican Journal in England. If, however, one could be established in every town, so much the better.

^f The worth of the ballot is as a protection. But in a Republican Association no protection could be needed. And the education of frankness and moral courage would be desirable.

^g An error into which associated men so frequently fall, thinking foolishly that because they are combined they need no longer be self-reliant.

ing after evening, unweariedly endeavour to gain the ear of this or that friend or shopmate; another, less advanced, less able to teach, may be studying in his chamber some yet not thoroughly mastered principle; and another be even better employed, discussing the point of difficulty alongside of some fellow-republican, so helping and being helped at once. 'Nothing to do' will be impossible if men are in earnest. If they are not in earnest, they had better cease talking about the English Republic.

Beyond this individual sphere of duty two courses of combined action would arise: one through the general meetings of the Associations, and one which I will explain here.

In addition to the ordinary general meetings of Associations, it seems to me that it would be well to hold separate meetings, certainly not less often than once a week. For this purpose divide the Association into small parties or knots of four, five, or six members (according to circumstances), which knots might be called *families*. Let these 'families' meet at each other's houses. The object of this method of meeting is to insure a more frequent and a more friendly inter-communication of the members than would take place if there was no regular meeting except of the whole Association. Personal friendships would thus grow up between the members: even between those of different stations in society. The great expense, too, of frequent meetings would be avoided. The classing of the 'families,' the determining how many and who of the members should compose such and such a 'family,' would depend mainly on locality. But the 'family' should never exceed six or seven members—better be only five; and it would be well to change occasionally,—that is to say that at least one old member of each 'family' should be transferred to another, and one new one be admitted in the vacant place, every month: so that the friendship thus formed and the knowledge thus acquired might circulate as speedily as possible throughout the Association, making the whole one band of friends and brothers. The business of these weekly meetings of 'families' would be to hear the accounts of the four or five or six members, of how each had been bestowing himself during the week, what work he had done, what proselytes made,—as it were 'taking stock' of the republican progress of the 'family;' and discussing points of interest or difficulty, perhaps maturing some important question for the general meeting. So the four or five would act as mutual encouragers and advisers, wholesomely inciting each other to persevering action, or checking each other in any false course. At these meetings one would act as 'head'; and it would be his business to condense the individual report and the proceedings of the meetings, and to forward this condensed report to the Secretary of the Association.

At these and, indeed, at all meetings strict punctuality should be observed as a matter of conscience.

The aggregate meetings of the Association should take place at least once in every month. Their principal business would be to hear the reports of the 'heads of families,' and to advise together as to what means might be necessary, either to render their regular operations more effective, or to take any particular course required by the need of the hour.^h At these meetings also would be

^h Let it be always borne in mind that these Republican Associations are by no means intended to supersede other associations for special objects. One portion of their business

discussed and decided any doubtful points of doctrine which had already been debated in the 'families.' Subscriptions would be paid at these meetings, either by individuals or through the 'heads of families.' Special meetings might be called by the Secretary at the bidding of the President, or upon the written requisition of the majorities of any two 'families.'ⁱ

An account of the proceedings of all general and special meetings should be published, for the information and encouragement of the Republicans of other places, in the 'English Republic'^j or any other Journal which may advocate the principles of the Associations.

For matters to be avoided,—beyond the general caution, on which too much stress can not be laid, of associating only with the trustworthy (those of good character),—all that need be pointed out as dangerous will be, firstly *the corresponding of one association with another*,^k which is an offence against the law, *involving every member of the offending association*; and secondly, *any action, overt or secret, or recommendation of action, against the Royal Authority*. Of this last there can be no fear, if the Associations will constantly bear in mind their object, which is not to act, but TO TEACH REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES. The Associations are for mutual instruction and for propagandism. That will be the business of the Associations I am anxious to form. Their aim is not to conspire or rebel for the Republic, but TO MAKE REPUBLICANS.

Action will not depend on them. Of course as independent bodies, they will be able to attempt any kind of action for which they have a mind, without caring to consult similar bodies of their brethren throughout the country: but

would be to throw their weight in favour of any agitation of the day in which their principles were involved, and so indirectly, as well as directly, to work for the Republic. As to the Chartist agitation, they must help that, seeing that it goes for the very first principle of Republicanism, viz.—equal right.

ⁱ I give here only such regulations and arrangements as seem advisable to be common to all the republican associations. Other matters, such as lecturing, calling public meetings, fixing amount of subscription, establishing libraries, reading-rooms and clubs, may all be left for future consideration, and to be then determined on according to the various means of different localities. What I chiefly aim at here, is to put forth ~~something~~ like the model of an association which in its most essential features might be adopted by all localities. Some little difference would of course obtain, in this or that place, necessitated by peculiar circumstances. There could be no need either of retaining the wording of the Rules given here. No circumstances however could overrule the necessity of having one common *profession of faith*, assented to by every member. The object is to found a Republican Church, in harmony with the European Republican Party; not to add to the too great number of Republican sects already existing.

^j For this purpose, so soon as any associations are formed, reports may be sent to me, at *Miteside, near Ravenglass, Cumberland*: such reports to reach me not later than the 17th or 18th of every month. I should have some for next month.

^k Private individuals, or individuals acting in their private capacity, may of course correspond with whomsoever they please. But the officers of a society, *as such, or any persons in the name of a society*, are forbidden to correspond with the officers of any other society, or with any persons acting for it. But it is not illegal to publish the resolutions of associations; nor for me, or any other, as an individual, to make proposals based upon those resolutions.

they will have learned very little of republican devotion (in which word discipline is included), have very poorly comprehended the necessity of republican unity and organization, to be guilty of so gross a blunder. Action should only be determined by a Central Committee chosen by all the Republicans throughout the Country. Any partial action is a treason against the whole.

Through whatever republican journal the proceedings of the Associations are published, the formation of the CENTRAL COMMITTEE can at any time be proposed; and its election take place, so soon as an absolute majority of the enrolled Members of Associations throughout the country can be obtained. That is to say, it will be formed so soon as a majority of the English Republicans require it. Not till then. The Central Committee should consist of as many men as can muster fifty votes in any part of the country.¹ THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE ENGLISH REPUBLICANS would conduct the future organization of the whole party. Up to this time every thing will be merely provisional.

Does all this seem a work of so much time and difficulty that you are disheartened. Take away your hand from the plough! Do not lay hold of it, to halt in mid-furrow. Time!—the veriest weed must have time to grow. Difficulty!—no great work ever was done without it. Difficulty is the seed of triumph, and time its necessary fructifier. Mazzini and his compatriots, and how many of them exiles, wait patiently for twenty years. Recollect again what has already been effected '*by some young men without great means, without the influence of rank, without material force*'! In Italy they are keeping the Eve of the Republic. When shall we do so in England? When we are as brave and as devoted. Three herdsmen made Switzerland a Republic. Twelve poor fishermen and mechanics, unlearned and despised, by the energy of their faith revolutionized the world. Twelve apostolic men in England, be they never so poor in station, one for each of as many of our English towns, working as apostolic men do, without fear, without ceasing, and without counting their own sacrifice,—and in twelve months we would have the strongest party in the country: the strongest because the most zealous and the best organized. Which of you who have declared your readiness to join me, which of you who now read these words, will be the twelve founders of the English Republic?

¹ In any part of the country, because else there might be a very large minority, perhaps nearly half the whole Republican force, without any representatives. As new members were added to the Associations, every fifty would be entitled to send a member to the Central Committee. It would be easy enough to keep accounts of voters (open voters) so that none should vote twice. *Fifty*, or any other number that might be agreed upon; such agreement being very easily obtainable by circular from any private individual, through the pages of a Republican Journal.

HISTORIC SUMMARY :

THE FIRST REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN.

NAPOLEON had fallen; Despotism was triumphant. The Holy-Alliance of Kings, meeting at Vienna, reparcelled out Europe among them,—‘to them and to their heirs for ever.’ One generation passed away; and spite of popular efforts, some called successful, 1847 found the Despots in good heart. The three days of July had been excellently turned to the very advantage of the defeated: it was but a happy change from an imbecile to the very wildest and most unscrupulous of crowned usurpers. Poland had arisen and been crushed: at Cracow the Vultures had gorged their last morsel. Italy, ever struggling in her fetters, seemed everlastingly doomed to partial and useless attempts. As for the new kingdoms of Greece and Belgium, they did not alter the relations of Europe: the ‘Powers’ were undisturbed; there were but two crowned heads the more. But in 1847 Switzerland, that focus of insurrection and republicanism, dared refuse to continue in the impotent state of division to which the Treaties of Vienna had doomed her; and before intervention could be decided on by the diplomatists a rapid march had overthrown the Sonderbund,—the first step toward a real federation of the Republican Cantons.

1848

As if a beacon fire had been lit upon the Alps to rouse the whole of Europe, the New Year sprung to arms. Sicily first. In Palermo, JANUARY 12, the Sicilians proclaimed a provisional government, demanding the Constitution of 1812. FEBRUARY 23, the stones arose in Paris streets: 30,000 barricades. One day’s skirmishing, and the Citizen Dynasty was at an end; the French Republic was proclaimed—for ever. It was the commencement of the European revolutionary era. MARCH 13, Vienna itself followed the example: Metternich was driven out and the Kaiser compelled to grant a constitution. On the 18th the Austrian Viceroy had fled from Milan, barricades were raised, the Italian tricolour floated over Lombardy. On the 19th Berlin too was in full revolt, and the Prussian Monarchy bowed its head to receive sentence.

Three days later Frederic-William assumed the German colours, as leader of the German Revolution. The revolt of Schleswig-Holstein followed. On the 23rd Charles-Albert of Piedmont declared himself the Soldier of Italian Freedom, and crossed the Lombard frontier. The Reaction had begun. The old Governments, recovering from their surprise, considered how they might exploit the improvised revolutions to their own purposes. In Posen the Germans were craftily set against the Poles: desperate conflicts ensued; and in spite of all that heroism could accomplish, the Poles were forced to succumb. Then began the bewildering of Germany with kingly treacherous promises of a dreamy nationality, or royalty, when the only aim should have been the Republic.

In France, though universal suffrage was proclaimed, the elections were deferred till the old parties had time to turn their accustomed organization to account. So at home the Republic was damaged, while abroad the fratricidal non-intervention manifesto of M. de Lamartine flung dismay into the insurrectionary camps. MAY 15th the French people protested against this foreign policy: when some few intriguers, availing themselves of an accidental tumult, thought to overthrow the Assembly and the Government, and afforded the first pretext for the ‘Party of Order.’

On the same day Naples was sacked by the Lazzaroni, by order of their Bourbon King. On the 18th, the German Parliament, elected by universal suffrage, met at Frankfort—to do nothing. On the 29th a provisional government was formed at Prague; and on the 29th and 30th Charles-Albert defeated the Austrians at Goito and Peschiera. JUNE 12th Radetzky bombarded Vicenza; on the 15th Padua surrendered; the whole of the Venetian territory, except Venice, was again at the mercy of the Hun: and by the 19th Prague had been bombarded by Windischgrätz, and the Bohemian insurrection was put down.

Yet more disastrous the course of events in France. Played with by the bourgeoisie, hurried blindly forward by vague hopes excited by competing schools of Socialism, urged by desperate want, and used by political intriguers, 40,000 of the Paris proletarians rose in arms. The enemies of Freedom laughed to see Republican fighting against Republican. 8000 prisoners, and twice that number killed or wounded, evidenced the deadly character of the struggle; and on the ruins of the barricades of St. Antoine the shopkeeping Republicans—Republicans only in name—enthroned themselves.

Meanwhile the Austrian Cabinet, following the course of Prussia in the duchy of Posen, was organizing dissension in Hungary, with Jellachich and his Croats for their tools; and Charles Albert, failing in his ambition, was betraying Italy to save his tarnished crown. AUGUST 4th Milan was sold to Austria, and Radetzky returned in triumph. SEPTEMBER 7th Messina was taken by the Neapolitans, after five days bombardment.

OCTOBER 6th another insurrection broke out in Vienna: the emperor fled. On the 28th Windischgrätz and Jellachich with 75,000 men invested the city. NOVEMBER 1st they were masters. The Hungarian armies, slowly travelling to the assistance of the citizens, arrived too late. NOVEMBER 9th Robert Blum was shot.

Prussian royalty also was again rampant. In the beginning of November, the Constituent Assembly was forcibly ejected from its place of meeting at Berlin; the civic guard was disarmed; Berlin placed in a state of siege; and at length, DECEMBER 5th, the Assembly was altogether dissolved.

Hungary, after too long patience with the House of Hapsburg, was at last goaded to serious resistance. DECEMBER 2nd, Ferdinand, the idiot emperor, abdicated in favour of his nephew, a lad of eighteen. The Hungarian Diet refused to acknowledge him king of Hungary. Their first campaign was disastrous. DECEMBER 18th Windischgrätz entered Presburg; on the 28th Schlick defeated them at Szikszö; on the 29th Jellachich was victorious at Mohr. Almost with the new year the Austrians entered Pesth, Kossuth and the Diet retiring to Debreczin.

One turn of fortune. NOVEMBER 24 the 'reforming' Pope, tired of playing his constitutional game, fled from Rome to his friend, the Sacker of Naples. A provisional government was appointed; and on DECEMBER 28th a Constituent Assembly, to be elected by universal Suffrage, was summoned to meet in the Capitol.

1849

FEBRUARY 5th the Assembly met in Rome; and on the 8th pronounced the deposition of the Pope and proclaimed the Roman Republic. On the 7th the grand duke of Tuscany fled from his states; and a provisional government was proclaimed in Tuscany.

MARCH 12th the old traitor of Carignan, Charles Albert, again interfered to ruin the Italian Cause, and resumed 'hostilities' against Austria. On the 23rd his army was routed at Novara. On the 30th Haynau bombarded Brescia. APRIL 6th Catanea was bombarded by the Neapolitans. On the 8th Syracuse surrendered. On the 12th Genoa, which had flung out its garrison and pro-

claimed a republic, was compelled to yield to General Marmora; the Tuscan Assembly was dissolved, and the grand duke reinstated.

APRIL 14th Hungary declared her independence. Before the end of the month the Imperialists were defeated at Gran, and obliged to raise the siege of Comorn and to evacuate Pesth.

MAY 3rd Dresden was in insurrection. On the 7th it was bombarded by the Prussian and Saxon troops, and the revolt was trampled down. On the 13th an insurrection broke out in Baden, and the grand duke fled.

The German Parliament of Frankfort, playing at constitution-making, hankering after compromise, dreaming of reformed tyrants, and unwilling or afraid to act decidedly for the Nation, had lost its hold upon Germany. It had elected a Regent, who was powerless; it had remonstrated with the Reaction, of course to no effect; it had been backed, but had no purpose worth backing, and it dared not commit itself. Austria and Prussia recalled their members. Its constitution was rejected by the kings. The republican portion of the Assembly at length retired to Stuttgardt, and chose a regency of five to replace the useless Archduke John. JUNE 18th the king of Wurtemberg put an end to their sittings, preventing their meeting by occupying their Hall with his troops.

But the Republic was established at Rome: and toward Rome the combined craft and force of Absolutism were directed. APRIL 26th a French 'republican' army, submitting to be the infamous tool of Jesuitism (the English Government conniving), occupied Civita Vecchia, and by the end of the month invested Rome; the Austrian and Neapolitan armies under their cover advancing into the Roman States. MAY 16th Bologna fell after a sanguinary resistance of eight days. JULY 3rd the Romans abandoned the defence of their city, and yielded to superior force.

MAY 13th the best of the French Republicans endeavoured to rouse France to prevent the outrage upon Rome. Their appeal was unanswered. The men who made it swell the number of the Proscribed.

JUNE 18th the Russians, called in to the help of Austria, entered Hungary by the Dukla Pass. JULY 11th the Austrians were in Ofen and proceeding to bombard Pesth. In the South the Hungarians defeated Jellachich on the 14th; but were defeated under Görgey, on the 17th by the Russians, after a three days' fight, at Waitzen. On the 31st Bem was beaten at Segesvar, and at Temeswar on the 9th of the following month. AUGUST 13th, at Vilagos, the traitor Görgey delivered his army into the hands of Russia: Kossuth escaping into a Turkish prison.

JULY 23rd the Baden insurrection terminated by the surrender of Rastadt to the Prussians. AUGUST 22nd Venice was compelled to yield. The first republican campaign was ended: the party struck down. Almost everywhere victorious at first, everywhere fighting singly, without concert or common policy, everywhere crushed by the coalition of the kings.

1850.

In FRANCE the Reaction has had its full swing. Laws against the Press,—laws of transportation and imprisonment for republicanism—with a ministerial endeavour by M. Baroche to make them retrospective,—four millions and a half of electors disfranchised,—national guards disarmed,—workmen's associations persecuted and prevented,—shabby plots got up by Government after the fashion of the old tyrannies,—this is French history during the third year of the Republic. The Reaction has grown ever bolder with success. And the republicans—it must be confessed, are *more careful*. There is wisdom in their patience, if their party is not strong enough to act, it is a moral course if pacific means of redress are left them: but even if politic and morally right, the continual preaching and practice of forbearance accustom men to the yoke of wrong, till their very souls

become enslaved and release impossible. The year concludes with the ill-blooded jesuit de Montalembert bringing in a bill for the forced observance of the Sabbath, while in the South of France, where in the print shops 'Providence watches over Louis Napoleon,' a painted Christ sweats occasional drops of blood,—it might puzzle Ignatius himself to say to what purpose.

Barbès is ill in his Belleisle prison. Sobrier, it is said, is driven mad. Through the general murkiness one only clear speck is seen in the horizon: the refusal of the electors to use the Suffrage as a privilege,—large majorities abstaining. The moral protest, against the laws which abolished Universal Suffrage, is not to be undervalued. But protests are not revolutions.

That Louis Philippe has gone down into his ignominious grave may be mentioned here, though no part of French history.

In ITALY, the Pope has sneaked back to the Vatican, to bless the infidel bombarders, and to slander as prostitutes the noble women who had nursed the wounded defenders of Rome. A Lie reënthroned by Liars.—In Piedmont the clergy have been deprived of some of their privileges, and the Archbishop of Turin has been condemned to a mild imprisonment for resistance to the civil power. But is not this advance toward heresy amply atoned for by the special providence of two or three miraculous Virgins, at Rimini and elsewhere, who wink their eyes to the admiration of the devout, and the immense discomfiture of impious Republicans.

GERMANY is now a fief of Russia. On the 20th of March Frederic-William opened at Erfurt his parliament of the smaller states,—to play out the last dull act of German Unity under a Hydra-Royalty. May 20th, Austria set up her diet in pretended opposition at Frankfort. Saxony completed her 900 political trials of the insurrectionists of 1849; destroyed (in the beginning of June) her new constitution, and went back to 1831. In Schleswig-Holstein 'success' has varied. The Duchies have been left to combat with the Danes, till it may be convenient for Nicholas, or his lieutenants, to arrange the matter to his liking. Meanwhile the combat fulfils one of the purposes for which it was excited: the getting rid of some troublesome democrats. The other object, of complicating the German Question, was answered long ago.—In Hesse-Cassel, in the beginning of September, the Elector, enraged at his supplies being stopped, attempted to place the Country under martial law. The Burgomasters refused to publish his ordinance; his Ministers were impeached; his General-in-Chief was indicted for a breach of the Constitution; the Supreme Court of Appeal declared his ordinance illegal. National guards, gendarmerie, and troops, all nobly refused to support him. So the baffled tyrant fled, and appealed to Austria. But magnanimous Prussia interfered for the Hessians, called out the Landwehr, would fight to the death for constitutional freedom. It was the last exploit of Prussian humbug. Straight a Conference at Warsaw. The Czar's orders must of course be obeyed, but still Frederic-William is very sorry. The Elector returns to his capital supported by Austrian *and* Prussian bayonets. The moral resistance is overborne.—So the King of Wurtemberg asks the same good offices for the ruin of his Constitution. For such purposes, under pretence of quarrels between Austria and Prussia, a million of men are in arms: a million of men, at the bidding of the Czar and his tools, to keep watch before the tomb of European Freedom, *to prevent the Resurrection*. On the 27th of December the Holy-Alliance met in council at Dresden, to seal the Sepulchre and make it sure.

Other events need not many words. Bosnia, infected by Russia, has long been in a state of intermittent insurrection.—July 18th, commenced a three days' fire at Cracow, the Austrians hoping to destroy the monuments of the Polish capital, and partially succeeding.

1848—1849—1850.

During the three years, SPAIN and PORTUGAL, HOLLAND and BELGIUM have been free from insurrection: Spain apparently too demoralized to make any effort at regeneration; Portuguese liberals perhaps dreading the recurrence of British sympathy; Holland and Belgium too busied in their counting-houses to care for Freedom. Happy Belgium, however, possesses a Coburg, and is Catholic.

An influx of Californian gold, a petty buccaneering attempt to wrest Cuba from Spain, and a new law (whose villainy dims every Star in the Union) for the surrender of fugitive slaves to their *owners*: these are the only prominent events in the great 'Republic' of America.

And the History of the BRITISH EMPIRE for these three stormful years has been—what? *cowardice, impotence, and shame*, both at home and abroad. Let us pass as quickly as possible over the sad and uneventful time.

Abroad:—intrigues with Austria for the betrayal of Italy; similar intrigues, and desertion of the Right, elsewhere; reseating the Pope; abandoning Hungary; bullying Greece; truckling to Russia; playing the false friend and sham humanitarian at Constantinople, pushing Kossuth into his dungeon; while one *British representative* (like a true whig-radical) acts as hangman in the Greek Ionian Islands, and another expels the Italian exiles from Italian Malta. We turn loathingly from the task of filling up the details of 'British' (if it could but be only Palmerstonian) worthlessness and perfidy.

At home:—what might be looked for from a people without aim, or union, or even partial organization, or courage—whether of hope or of despair. The Government ferocious from its very weakness; and the People (of all classes) submitting to a state of siege and horrible starvation in Ireland, and in England to a revival of the edicts of the most disgraceful period of our annals. The hand-workers, who *did petition by the million* for their rights, unable to muster 5000 men—nay, not 300 in any way organized, to defend a pass against Tyranny; and the middle-class traders and gentlemen—heartless, dastardly, and self-seeking, arraying themselves against the people, to make better terms for themselves,—the net amount of *their* contributions to the cause of Freedom being an agitation for the sake of their own pockets, a recommendation to their workmen to buy up all the land of England, as a step toward the franchise, and a plan for 'garrisoning' property (see Mr. Cobden) to insure the continuance of a class of helots. In Ireland, as in England, no lack of words, with this difference, that in Ireland there was an abortive attempt at action. Starved slaves, alas! may not be heroes. The only sign of English courage and care for freedom was given at the Cape, where a handful of determined colonists defeated the Imperial Government,—the only actual evidence of sympathy with the oppressed was the rude impulsive justice of a few hearty London brewers against the Austrian Haynau. All else may be summed up briefly: many stormy words, a few foolish riots, then general apathy and silent stooping to dishonour. On the very day of the fall of heroic Venice, our English 'Statesmen' (the bidders for the future rule of Britain) are frothing at the mouth in a 'Peace'-Congress, 'hoping' to tame the crowned were-wolves with a profusion of cowardly talk. Is it worth chronicling that we have added to the number of our slaves in India? 1850 passes away like an idiot, raving to no purpose at the increase of Papal power in England.

Some little leaven of good. Socialist experiments are helping some few associators. Popular education is beginning to be thought of:—if it may but be begged from unjust Power. In Ireland the Tenant-League drives in the end of the wedge that shall rive the social system of Britain. 1850 has not passed away without giving us one gleam of hope from its sad and hollow eyes.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

1851 begins with the putting down of HESSE-CASSEL: the moral resistance of a noble People overborne by brute force. How could it be otherwise? SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN has yielded to the menaces of the Combined Powers—including England. So the last spark of European freedom is trampled—*not out*. In FRANCE there has been a 'change' of Ministry; and a widening of the breach between the Legislative and the Executive, which may bring forth more serious results than the mere depriving of Changarnier (the General Monk of the Assembly) of his command of the army.—In SPAIN Narvaez has at last retired from power.

In IRELAND the Tenant-League meets in Conference, to provide for the coming war,—and to raise a force in England. In SCOTLAND the beginning (not too soon, when Landlordism is depopulating the Hebrides) is announced in the formation of a 'Tenant Protection Society' in Elgin.

In ENGLAND the ground lies fallow. The agitation against the Taxes on Knowledge is, however, making way. Meetings have been held, at the London Tavern on the 2nd instant, of the Birmingham Town Council on the 7th, and elsewhere.—The Clergy are joining the education movement; had a meeting to propose plans of their own, at Manchester, on the 6th. Is it a good omen?—The Leeds 'Redemption Society' reported favourably at their annual Soirée on the 13th.—The 'Parliamentary and Financial Reformers' have issued their second yearly report. Their appeal for £10,000 has only procured £3060. 223 meetings have been held and 150,000 tracts and addresses issued, without persuading the better half of the people to stir themselves for an *increase of the 'garrison' of privilege*. Mr. Hume, Mr. W. J. Fox, Mr. George Thompson, Mr. Henry Vincent, and other such like men of principle, are to be the persuaders for 1851, at monthly soirées at the London Tavern.—The new Chartist Executive held their first public meeting, at the John St. Institution, London, on the 14th. Agrarian murders in Ireland, incendiary fires in England, frequent robberies, and shocking cases of brutality towards the poor, continue to testify to the worth of the 'government' at home; and from Australia come tidings of a great League forming there, to carry out the example of the sturdy settlers at the Cape, in repudiation of our intolerable convict system. The colonists shame their fellow subjects at home.

We are glad to see announced a plan (proposed by Thomas Cooper, the Chartist) for obtaining a People's Hall in London, to hold 3000 persons. How soon shall we be able to fill it with the associated Republicans?

January 27th.

THE POPE OR THE REPUBLIC:

‘RUSSIAN OR DEMOCRATIC.’

TOWARDS make compromises. Cowards and liars: or say Whigs,—a generic term for the two. The Whig may be characterized as a deliberate untruth: his untruth being the only thing in which he is consistent. He is a political jesuit, without even the poor excuse of fanaticism; a degenerate Tory, base-born and more basely living. Your Tory proper—a race fast dying out—has a leaven of sincerity in him. Although whenever he may look into the slow stream of Time, he may find himself somewhat more monstrous than any ‘strange fowl’ in the Herald’s Office, he yet believes his monstrosity to be of divine origin, prides himself upon his ugliness, esteems it as a privilege, and calls God and man to witness his peculiar gifts. But the poor Whig is ashamed of himself at the best of times: well he may be, you’ll say. But it is not ingenuously; not because he has a conscience which doubts the divinity of pettiness; but because he has not capacity to believe even in the meanest of things. He has only a belly and a villainous brain. The best of the kind (if such a term of comparison may be used) are well described by Carlyle, who speaks of them as being without ‘even a conviction,’ having nothing in the place of conscience but ‘a conjecture and dim puzzle.’ ‘How many poor Girondins’ (anglice Whigs), says he, ‘are sure of but one thing: That a man and Girondin ought to *have* footing somewhere, and to stand firmly’—or, we will say, wriggle—‘on it; keeping well with the Respectable Classes. *This* is what conviction and assurance of faith they have. They must wriggle painfully between their dilemma-horns.’ The Girondins, however, had many noble qualities. Our English mongrel is a far inferior animal.

The real difference between the Tory and the Tory-Whig is this:—The Tory simple, through some mental obliquity, is a bigot in evil, and works accordingly; the other knows what is good, but will not do it,—and at the same time desires evil and dares not be a bold wrong-doer. The height of his ambition is to establish a convention, a mutual agreement between God and the Devil, providing that the Devil shall be constitutional king of the world, and the Whig his prime-minister; and that God, in return for some small liberal allowance, shall be well-behaved and no more troublesome. Not but what he is always on the side of Freedom; and, if he sees it triumphing, will contrive to trip it up while caring for fair play, for fear it should go too far; or if on the other hand Freedom falls among thieves, he will—when men begin to cry shame on him for standing idly by—pick up the falling, secretly stabbing it in the back, that it may not recover. All this he renders yet more rascally by pretending that his real principle is non-intervention.

Nothing but a Whig Government could have played the foul part which has so disgraced England in all honest eyes, for the last three years. Aberdeen with all his divine lions and unicorns could not have dragged us through so much

dirt. Instead of betraying the Sicilians, Aberdeen would have told them from the first that they had no business to rebel against their good king of lazzaroni. He would not have patted the back of that strange hybrid, an unhappy 'reforming' Pope, till he had compromised the poor thing so far that it could not decently escape from liberalism. Nor would Aberdeen have hired French bravos or Cossacks to do his work in Rome and Hungary, and then have come down to an 'honourable House' with a lie in his mouth, exclaiming—'How very deplorable: but indeed I knew nothing about it, had no means of preventing it.' Aberdeen and his gang would have shown us Tyranny as it is, not dressed blasphemously à la Saviour; and so perhaps would have roused even the comfortable atheists on 'Change to take the part of Justice. At the worst we should not have been humbugged. We might have had to shoot our rulers, on finding them (to wit, the aforesaid lions and unicorns) to be veritable wild beasts; or we might have been overrun by them; but one consolation would have remained to us:—that of not being tricked by cowards, of not having to loathe our tyrants as treacherous, which is far worse than brutal.

The English and continental peoples should fully understand that the defeat of Liberty in this last campaign is owing—next to their own disunion—to the meddling of the English Whigs, the 'non-interventionists.' An open Tory Government must have stirred what little spirit yet lurks in English hearts; and even if we had been overcome, the attempt had kept their hands full, and given that advantage to our friends abroad. But we left the Whigs to do their best, which means always their worst; and so they kissed Liberty with their poisoned mouths, and sent out their secret agents to plot against the peoples. From the commencement of the Lombard war they sought how best they could serve Austria,^a sacrificing Italy to their dread of French republican intervention. And when, despite their intrigues, the Republic was proclaimed at Rome, they *agreed for* French intervention (no longer republican) to bring back the Pope. They forbade the Sardinian and Neapolitan fleets to raise the Austrian blockade of Venice; but they left free passage for the French fleet to Civita-Vecchia. Everywhere else their conduct was the same. The Russians were let into Hungary; and when a British fleet passed the Dardanelles, to aid the 'hospitable' Turk, it was but to secure the safe custody of Kossuth in an Asian prison, because they feared to have him slain. And now they have helped the Czar to put down the last remains of German freedom in Schleswig-Holstein.

What have they gained by thus making the English name abominable in Europe? What they sought. They have put off some little while the inevitable advent of Republicanism. And wherever they have seemed to work for Freedom, they have acted on the principle of the cowardly animal who bites off the part

^a How friendly their position with the Gallician murderers we may understand from an Austrian ambassador daring to propose to Lord Palmerston an union of Austria, Piedmont and England, to betray Italy, and oppose republican France. (*See Baron Hummelauer's note to Lord Palmerston, London, 23rd of May, 1847,—published by the House of Commons.*) And what will Englishmen think of *their* Minister at Turin writing home that the cabinet of Vienna had '*unhappily lost* an opportunity against Italy'? (*Abercromby to Palmerston, March 25, 1848.*) Heaps of similar evidence might be added from the same source. And how much has never come to light?

which the hunters want, in order to escape with its miserable life. But the Whigs never bite boldly; they nibble bit by bit, hoping to trick their adversary.

They have done something more, but without intending it. They have made any middle course for the future impossible: for they have proved that the 'Moderates' are never to be trusted. So much the better: but no thanks to them. From end to end of Europe there is now no corner where men will trust to English Whiggism or its like, or to the pretence of compromise in which Whiggism so much delights. The Whigs and their 'constitutional' allies, Prussian, Piedmontese, and French, are now known. The trench is at last dug between the Anarchs and the Republicans. It is no more to be filled up or bridged with the promises of traitors. France, Germany, and Italy, know at length that their worst enemies are the half-friends at home; and the struggle recommences with no further opportunity for the part of the bats in the fable. There is no alternative now but to be Cossack or Republican. So much the better.

But here in England well-meaning people of little wisdom would fain persuade us that things may be different. Here the Whig dodge may still override our salvation,—why not for ever? '*Republicanism does not tempt me,*'—writes a very sincere person and a fair representative of this class;—'*if I were French, or German, or Italian, it might; but we English may, I think, whenever we have made up our minds, obtain all we want without turning Republican.*' The position is worth reconnoitring, for it is the stronghold of all those who, acknowledging the evil of misgovernment, will yet make no endeavour to get a real government: the great and peculiarly English party of political tinkers and darners.

We may get all we want when we have made up our minds to display that amount of combined strength which will terrify the Government, or the governing class, into giving it to us. There can be no doubt of it: their fears will yield us anything. But think well if it is a healthy state of things for a nation to be not organized under a good government to do its work, but in a continual whirl of agitation in order to get from day to day even leave to begin the day's work. Is this increasing fashion of political strife (two hundred and twenty-three meetings in one year for the single matter of financial reform) to become the normal condition of English life? Will some of our quiet friends think of this. Is the work of English reformation and regeneration so light that we can afford time for all this *preliminary* speech-making, agitation, and hubbub of strangely discordant sound? Must we give up all hope of ever being able to set our house in order, to go about our daily work quietly, like sensible men; and are we to be for ever doomed to waste our best energies in 'moving for leave' to begin. At this present time we have Chartist meetings, Socialist meetings, Financial-Reform meetings, Church-Reform meetings, Tenant-League meetings, Education meetings, and how many more? and this perennial babeldom is the very heaven on earth of those who are not to be tempted by Republicanism. Try to form some idea of the amount of time and real energy spent upon all these partial endeavours *to get leave from 'Government'* to begin to work; and then say if you ought to be satisfied with such a state of confused life-wasting, when one combined effort might supersede the necessity of any more leave-asking, by

enthroning, in the place of the present hinderers, the people's own servants, to organize the people's work.

Look again at this education question. The whole nation (saving a few bigots not worth counting) is convinced of the want here. The Government alone is in the way. If there was a republican Government, the wish of the People once uttered would be enough. A session could not pass without a measure of education. There would then also be an organization for ascertaining the most popular view as to the methods of education. But now, till the whole country can be called from its occupations, to crowd round platforms, to pass resolutions, to waste no end of time and energy in vain endeavours to convince an unwilling Ministry, and till at last men lose temper and threaten the Ministry with consequences,—no education shall be commenced. Then the same system of turmoil has to be repeated for the next move. Again and again to the end of the chapter. And this is called orderly government; and we pride ourselves upon our English methods of governmental and popular procedure. Is it because Englishmen are so combative, that their best ideal of a Government is one that like the 'dull ass' will hardly mend its pace for beating? It is as if a man might have his choice of two servants,—one incompetent, perverse, and faithless, and another who would work like himself—and he chose the first for the mere pleasure of being badly served at the cost of much painstaking and bullying. But to expect figs from thistles is the one article of belief ever fondly cherished by the constitutional Englishman who is not to be tempted by Republicanism.

Let him hug his impracticable creed. And yet, even though some miraculous interposition could make the impossible possible, it would not avail him: for whether he like it or not, some form of the Republic is inevitable in England. Inevitable, spite of any amount of sceptical laughter. The deathblow to Monarchy (only struck down by Cromwell) was given when your 'constitution' declared that the monarch could do no wrong, so rendering him equally powerless for good. We have now only the pageantry, without the *reality*: and reality is royalty. The part of Hamlet is left out, and we have only the accessories—after the fact. It is all as false as the sham hind-quarters of the Pope in the procession.^b 'When the assembled crows can pluck up their scarecrow, and say to it, Here shalt thou stand and not there; and can treat with it, and make it, from an infinite, a quite finite *Constitutional Scarecrow*,—what is to be looked for?' The only purposes for which the remains of the said Scarecrow have been galvanized are *to sign state-papers and to spend a certain amount of our hard-earned money*. The first—it was found during the last illness of George the fourth of offensive memory—could be done just as well by a common stamp: and the writing was only the more legible. The last—the tax-eating purpose—is already pronounced intolerable by that influential section, the Financial Reformers. When Mr. Cobden talks of 'garrisoning our present institutions,' be sure he is not pledging himself to maintain an expensive——Scarecrow, Mr. Carlyle calls it. Let the Manchester men come into power, and they will soon

^b I think it is Carlyle who gives the story of the Pope, who, having on certain days to be carried in procession, in a kneeling posture, to bless the people, had a pair of false legs, etc., made to do the reverential half of the ceremony, while he sat comfortably in front.

(may none of their deeds be worse!) scrape down the gilding of the image till the poorest gentleman will be ashamed to stand for 'Sovereign.' And when the new Ministers bring in their recommendation for a president 'to do the puppeting cheaper,' or to get rid of the puppets and pay only for *the stamp*,—what will prolong the last legs of Royalty then? Will my Lords get up a rebellion? They could not raise a troop of horse among them. Will the clergy denounce the sacrilege from their pulpits? They will be busy anointing the trade-president. Has not the English Church always stuck to the dominant power? Will the special-constable class turn out again for their Sovereign? Not they, if saved sovereigns jingle in their consciencious pockets. It was for the shop, and not from any spurring of loyalty, that they rallied behind the police on the tenth of April, their one day of orderly renown. There will be some lamentations from a few old Tory Jeremiahs, some groans from under the red and blue and black cloth of the 'professions,' some lifting up of hands and wagging of sapient heads in the Universities: and so an end. The ROYAL GALVANIC APPARATUS stopping, through a wise economy of oil.

This natural course of things is foreseen plainly enough by the class which has its gain as priests of the image. Lord John Russell knew well enough what he was about when he undertook the dirty work of all the despots in Europe. He was only trying to copy Metternich, to keep up the galvanic batteries for his own term of office. And are you innocent enough to be gulled by his recent gentle pelting of the Pope? He picked the stones out of the mud before he threw it. Here too is a purpose to be answered, at which his good friend and ally on St. Peter's Ottoman will not be too seriously offended. Why not use the occasion to split up the new union in Ireland, to ruin the Tenant-League, already threatening an invasion of our land? Why not try the excellent Prussian policy of getting up a sham-fight to amuse our combative subjects? The more peaceable will have their heads turned at the 'Exhibition of all Nations;' and so we provide for all. And old Leviathan holds out his stupid nose for the hook.

In truth the English people have been sadly at fault in this Pope-and-Russell business. They should have taken his little lordship at his word, struck again the ball he had flung them, and sent it on beyond his overtaking. The bishops, of course, did not want this; neither did the small popes of the dissenting 'persuasions.' The radicals, who dine with Palmerston, who vote against a free press, and who are only careful never to damage the Worst Ministry,—they also were discreet enough not to push the 'unfortunate business' too far. And honest men could only find the time auspicious for reasserting the principle of religious freedom; and saw no further. The matter is to be settled, they say, by a concordat, or some other compromise with Rome. And liberal 'politicians' call that 'judicious.' Judicious enough for Lord John and the Pope, who would no more really quarrel than would Peachum and Lockit. Is there no fear for religious *and political* freedom in the embrace of these two worthies, now their mock squabble has served its turn? O, by all means keep the breach open. Do not lose so good an opportunity for striking down the papacy—the key-stone of the despotic arch.

It is perhaps too late. But the true policy *of the people* was this:—to have joined the anti-papal movement; to have refused to allow the broad political

question to be entangled and lost in the quasi-religious and sectarian one; to have said to their catholic brethren—Your *religion* shall not be interfered with,—but we repeat what even our old catholic monarchs (before there was any question of the religion) have ruled,—*we will have no foreign authority, no SECRET POLITICAL SOCIETY in England*; to have said to the very reverend and savage denouncers of the impudent invasion,—Your sincerity shall be tested—we will have a guarantee for this religious freedom you, and we too, so much desire,—we will strike the ‘scarlet abomination’ (why are your clerical cheeks red too?) in its own den. This blind Authority, which kings openly and whigs underhandedly support, because they know their own divinity is of the same nature, we will put it down. Our arm is long enough to reach the Vatican itself. Our arm,—indeed that is not needed: but our English word, voiced in old heroic style, shall go forth, bidding the French Usurpation recall its Cossacks from the Eternal City, and cheering the Italian Exiles with one hearty, world-rejoicing shout—‘England will stand by you, go in and establish your Republic.’ Then would be no fear of papal aggression upon England, nor opportunity for setting Catholics and Protestants by the ears, to subserve the far-reaching machinations of Jesuitism or the paltrier occasions of its more dastardly accomplices.

Here too, as elsewhere, the golden mean of Whiggism is to be abhorred. There is no decent middle course, no possible half-way resting-place, between Tyranny and Freedom, between Anarchy and Organization, between Wrong and Right. We must make up our minds one way or the other. The present policy, however prettily it may be disguised, will only keep us in a disreputable state of vacillation till it can push us by the fouler way into the arms of Evil. For a limited monarchy is at best a temporary, and withal a very bungling expedient: somewhat over-costly too, in economic days. The rule of the shopkeeper, come when it may, will after all be only a transition state, a trade whiggism, a cheap but intolerable establishment of Chaos, which the ever-during laws of Nature will condemn. We no more than other countries will be able to stop either at the bizarrerie of ‘constitutional monarchy’, or at the anarchical perfection of ‘laissez-faire.’ We must either again revert to the rule of the Few or the One—despotism, even though our Pope should be the best of communist patriarchs; or go forward to the organization of free men, to the progressive rule of the Majority, to the Republic. The time is fast coming in which we shall have no alternative but to be Russian or Free. We cannot stand still amid the revolutions of the world. European Progress must, sooner or later, involve us. It may be well to choose betimes between THE POPE AND THE REPUBLIC.

LET ENGLAND REMEMBER!

Air—Let Erin remember!

LET England remember the days of yore,
 Of her old heroic story,—
 The days of Naseby and Marston-Moor,
 And Worcester's crowning glory:
 When the People's will and the People's right
 Made a traitor monarch heed 'em;
 When the Commons dared or speak or fight
 For the sake of the common freedom.

Let England think of the men of old,
 The chief of her hero story,—
 Of Eliot brave and Hampden bold,
 And Cromwell, England's glory:
 When England's strength was a righteous sword,
 Abroad or at home to defend her;
 When glorious Milton's banner'd word
 Lent farthest lands her splendour.

Is England's heart grown senseless now?
 Or her fame dim-eyed and hoary?
 Or does she repent of the hero vow
 Of the men of the days of glory?
 That the Commonweal is a fearful word
 To the slaves that are trampling on her;
 That a coward's trick is her only sword,
 And a trading lie her honour.

May England retrieve her hero name,
 Resuming the olden story;
 And, true to the pledge of her youthful fame,
 Lead the world again to glory!
 Let her sons advance in the teeth of Time,
 Where their rights or the world's may lead 'em,
 In the track once mark'd by a faith sublime
 In God and in human freedom.

W. J. L.



THE PARTY OF 'ORDER':

TWO OF THEIR HEADS:—SZELA AND METTERNICH.

THE leader of the wretched Galician peasants, to whom the Austrian Minister, METTERNICH, intrusted, in February and March, 1846, the atrocious mission of murdering all of the Polish land-owners who were suspected of patriotism, was SZELA, a monster who had been condemned to imprisonment for setting fire to his father's house and for a horrible crime against a child. He was set at liberty to head some other liberated convicts and disguised soldiers, to excite the peasants against their masters, by false tales, and by promises (guaranteed by the 'Government') of so much a head for every Polish proprietor. A higher price was paid if he was brought in dead.

Theodore and John Bromiski were butchered in their own houses. Theodore had his ribs, arms and legs broken, and was afterwards killed with flails. John had his ears and nose cut off, and his head skinned. His wife was forced to light the ruffians while they tore out his eyes.

Charles Kotarski, often mentioned in the journals as the benefactor of the country-people, had his jaw-bones removed before they killed him.

Sokulski was thrown into a trough, and minced there as food for pigs.

Mrs. Kempinska—born Countess Dembicka—pregnant with twins, was killed with a dungfork. The twins were torn out of the corpse, to get the 'Government' price for each head.

The foregoing are taken from an incomplete list (bearing 1484 names) of the Polish gentry massacred in Galicia, in 1846, to uphold the Austrian Monarchy. Not one Court in Europe protested against the massacres, not one royal or diplomatic person withdrew from companionship with the Murderers. And this is but one page out of the detestable Book of Kings.

Beneath yon unhewn stone, o'er-writ with slime
 Of loathliest vermin, who crawl there to die,—
 Where silent Scorn points till the end of time,
 Szela and Metternich and Görgey lie.

OUR MARTYRS.

I.—SIMON KONARSKI.

SIMON KONARSKI, a Protestant gentleman, born in Poland, was twenty-two years of age at the breaking out of the last Polish revolution. In that holy war he served first as an ensign; but his bravery and military talents soon obtained for him the rank of captain and the cross of honour. After sharing in all the most important battles of that ever glorious campaign, he when compelled, in common with the thousands of his countrymen, to emigrate, took refuge in France. But his soul was too ardent, his need of action too imperious to allow him to remain at rest. In 1833, under a fictitious name, and disguised as a clock-maker, he with thirty-nine of his fellow exiles^a penetrated through Germany, to Poland, with the intention of stirring up a guerilla warfare as the prelude to another national insurrection. This enterprize failed. Most of those who took part in it fell into the hands of the enemy, and were shot, or hanged, or buried in the mines of Siberia or the Austrian dungeons of Kufstein. Konarski had the remarkably good fortune to escape the indefatigable pursuits of the Russian government, in spite of clouds of spies, innumerable hordes of Cossacks, large detachments of the regular army, and even the population of whole villages turned out to get hold of the emigrants. For months the forests were his only shelter, often not knowing how to clothe himself or appease his hunger. Once he owed his safety to a Russian Officer, who called out the

^a Under the leadership of Zalivski. Twenty-nine of them perished in the expedition. Few of them, when they started on this journey of a thousand miles, possessed more than forty shillings each. Most were without passports.

master of the house in which Konarski was concealed, and conjured him to care for his friend's safety, as in a few hours his house was to be rigorously searched. In vain the landlord protested that he had no stranger concealed; the officer repeated his advice, adding the mysterious words—'I am one of the followers of Mouraviëff: ^b you understand me; save your friend!' It need hardly be said the search was unsuccessful. At last, at Prussian-Eylau, when he thought himself out of all danger, his ignorance of the technicalities of clock-making awakened the suspicions of the local police; but they only sent him to Dantzic and put him on shipboard for Antwerp. Mazzini and the Italian patriots were then organizing the expedition into Savoy; and Konarski, quitting Belgium without a passport, hastened to join their standard. Again unsuccessful: but failures could not dishearten him. His holy zeal seemed to be inflamed with new ardour at every obstacle; his courage grew with the danger. He immediately considered of fresh endeavours; and to secure himself against the recurrence of such a dilemma as that at Prussian-Eylau, he set himself seriously to learn, as an ordinary workman, one of the branches of clock-making: so preparing himself for the apostolic mission for which he was destined. As a member of the association of *Young Poland*, which confided to him a most important duty, he proceeded, in 1835, by London, to Cracow, in order to confer with the coreligionists there; and thence, toward the end of the same year, he passed into Russian Poland, traversing, under a variety of disguises, with death ever at his side, Volhynia, Podolia, Lithuania,—in a word, all the Polish provinces subjected to the Muscovite knout. His activity was wonderful: everywhere he spread the writings containing the Gospel of the future and the sacred promises of the faith of which he was the apostle; everywhere he organized subscriptions for the national work; everywhere he knew how, by the fire of his eloquence, to kindle the most apathetic souls. At his voice the believers crowded from far and near; the youth of the Universities of Kiew and Wilna entered into the new holy-alliance, and placed in his hands their solemn oath to undertake everything, to dare and to endure, for the salvation of their unhappy country. At his appeal the magnanimous Polish mothers taught their nurslings the love of liberty and of their country, and inextinguishable hatred of the foreign tyranny. Full of an audacity that despised the dread of death, he penetrated to the very ranks of the Russian army, and even there, in that seemingly sterile soil, so irresistible is the admirable power of a real enthusiasm, he saw the seed which he sowed take root and germinate. If the experience of passed ages is not an illusion, from this grain we shall see arise the beneficent growth of liberty for the slave people of Russia. It is remarkable, as an indication of the spirit which even now animates the Russian army, that among the numbers of soldiers whom Konarski admitted to his confidence, not one betrayed him. Even the consummate spy-system of Russia failed against him, for it had to cope with a man uniting never-failing coolness and presence of mind with a genius always fertile in resources. For

^b One of the Russian Republican Martyrs.

three years he baffled the most skilful of the numbers who continually dogged him, till at last in May 1838, in the neighbourhood of Wilna, he was denounced by a German who had overheard his conversation, and arrested. Conveyed to Wilna, the Governor, before whom he was brought, had the baseness to strike him. Konarski had strength enough to heave up his ponderous fetters and smite his cowardly assailant. ^c For nine months the hero languished in a Russian prison, detained so long in the vain hope of extorting confessions from him, to implicate his friends. All he endured during this terrible period was never known; it was ascertained however, that when found to be mute under the lash, he was fed on salt provisions, and tempted to speak, in the fever of burning thirst, by having liquids placed before him. He was deprived of sleep. Incisions were made in his back, and melted sealing wax dropped in, drop by drop; then spirits of wine poured in and set fire to. In vain. They could draw nothing from him. The Russian governor could not withhold his admiration; called him 'a man of iron.' Two Russian officers successively refused to shoot him. One, a Captain Koravieff, even plotted to set him at liberty; but was discovered. At length sentence of death was passed upon Konarski; that he should be shot. His mother hastened to Wilna to embrace him for the last time. They refused her admittance. Three days before the execution she was brutally driven out of Wilna. The 27th of February, 1839, was a severe winter-day. Konarski, to whom they had only left his summer trousers, intreated the jailer to procure him others. 'My shivering limbs may tremble,' said he, 'and I would not even seem to fear death.' The jailer could do nothing without authority, and contented himself by assuring him that the way was not long. A few hours before his death Konarski received a visit from a monk. Taking his hand, he said—'My good father! I am sure that God will remit my sins, for I have bitterly expiated them;—I have suffered much both for my Country and Humanity. Though I am a Calvinist, your benediction will be as welcome to me as that of a minister of my own faith. Bless me, then, as thy son, one like thyself a believer in the Cross,—and I shall die happy.' The monk wept and blessed him. He had not the heart to try for his 'conversion.' Afterwards a Protestant minister was sent to him. With him he calmly took his tea, and conversed of God and immortality, till he had to mount the sledge, to be carried to the place of execution, beyond the walls. All the streets were densely crowded. Children, strong men, and aged, all were in tears. But he, lifting his fettered arms, cried—'Weep not for my lot, in a little while I shall be free; weep, weep for your own!' Then, turning to the clergyman, he said, 'How many monarchs might envy me a funeral procession, so numerous, and so spontaneous!' His only request was that his eyes might not be bound. And so to the last he looked death in the face, not merely with firmness, but with the assured serenity of one who saw beyond death into the future, and whose unshaken faith prophesied to him of his Country's liberty and certain glory.

^c The Governor died of the consequences of this blow, two years afterwards.

His death, and the manner of it, shook like an earthquake, the souls of friends and enemies. Even the 'Augsbourg Gazette' let slip the phrase—'Konarski has been shot, and has died with a firmness worthy of a better cause.' Ah, if better, holier cause than Poland's regeneration, could be found. A Russian General, present at his execution, cried out in his conviction—'From this moment I abhor the epaulettes that weigh upon my shoulders.' And later, the Russian Officers procured the Martyr's chains, forging them into rings, to be worn in secret—in memory of his sufferings, and of his cause. But the Polish population waited not. Hardly had he fallen, when the agonized crowd burst in, the Russian ranks broken, all eager to touch the body of the Saint, to possess some relic of him who had so loved, and dared, and suffered. Even a handful of the earth upon which he had fallen was a treasure in their eyes. Who will doubt of the resurrection of Poland?

CHARTISM.

I.

A MATTER OF HISTORY.

THE Reform Bill of 1832 was never accepted by the People. Based upon property—'only property to a certain amount,'^a even Lord Brougham did not claim for it the support of the mass of the people; but assured their Lordships that he excepted 'the mob, or the populace.' When he said the People, 'he spoke of the middle-classes.'^b Indeed, from the first, the mechanics, true to the principles of the earlier Whigs, declared against the sham reform. At the close of 1830, a document, drawn up by Henry Hetherington, became the basis of the '*National Union of the Working Classes and Others*,' whose object was to obtain Universal Suffrage. This example, set in London, was soon followed in the country, and unions were extensively formed. The Working Classes were becoming a power. The Whigs saw this with trembling, lest they should be forced to go too far. Every endeavour was made, specially by keeping political knowledge from the People, to prevent their opposition. And when, at the end of 1831, the Lords flung out the Bill, Burdett and Hume,

^a Lord Brougham on the Bill, in the House of Lords.

^b The same.

and other of the Whig-Radicals, started the Political Unions to counteract the working men.^c While the Whig reformers boasted of their 150,000 armed followers to support the ministerial scheme, the working classes were hindered by Government from their peaceable meetings, in order to stifle their protest; were denounced in the House as 'insatiable wild beasts,'^d even the reforming Radicals not caring to rebuke the accuser. In the unstamped newspapers, which the Government could not put down, may be found ample evidence of the real state of popular feeling. Advantage was, however, taken of the universal indignation against the Tory Peers, to smuggle in the half-measure. The People were invited to forget differences, to unite against the common enemy; general resolutions (vague as those of our new Parliamentary Reformers) were proposed for their adoption; the state trick told again, an appearance of combination was obtained, and the Ministers were triumphant. In June, 1832, the Whig Bill became law, and before the year was out, the working-classes, thoroughly awake to the treason of their late allies, were denounced by Attwood and his Union,^e and stigmatized as 'atheists, robbers, and incendiaries.'^f So the Reform Ministry and their friends, with the additional aid of spies and police instigators, prepared for the memorable 13th of May, 1833, when the working men of London were brutally assailed by the Police, at Calthorpe Street, for daring to reiterate their demand for equal justice. Cheated, baffled, and disheartened, however exasperated, the People gave way. From the passing of the Reform Bill their associations declined. Reports of the Committee of the '*National Union*' ascribe the falling off to the dissipated habits of some workmen, the apathy of others—the steadier and more stirring men being occupied with the Trades-Unions, then rapidly arising, with the agitation against the New Poor Law, and the endeavour to obtain a remission of the sentence of the Dorchester labourers. Many, also, seem to have been taken away from endeavour at further change by their exertions in the elections, led by false hopes of some 'practical' good yet to be done with the 'Reformed.' About May, 1834, the '*National Union*' was dying out; and little seems to have been attempted till the formation of the '*London Working Men's Association*' in June, 1836. Early in 1837 this Association convened a Meeting at the Crown and Anchor, where resolutions and a petition for universal suffrage were carried by a crowded audience. The Association next requested a Conference with those Members of Parliament who professed liberal principles, and after a discussion of two nights, at the British Coffee House, the following resolutions were passed on the 7th of June.

1st, That we agree to support any proposition for Universal Suffrage made on the

^c At the meeting in Leicester Square, Lovett and Cleave were refused a hearing; and Burdett retired from the Union when he found that working men were 'inadvertently put upon the Council.'

^d By Mr. Croker in the House of Commons; and no one answered him.

^e On account of a protesting meeting of the Working Classes at Birmingham, October 29th, 1832.

^f In a speech of the Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, 7th of November, 1832.

Petition emanating from the Working Men's Association, when presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Roebuck.

*Proposed by Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.
Seconded by Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P.*

2nd. That we agree to support and vote for a Bill or Bills to be brought into the House of Commons, embodying the principles of Universal Suffrage, Equal Representation, Free Selection of Representatives without reference to Property, the Ballot, and Short Parliaments of fixed duration, the limit not to exceed three years.

*Proposed by Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.
Seconded by Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P.*

3rd. That we agree to support and vote for a Bill or Bills, to be brought into the House of Commons, for such a reform in the House of Lords as shall render it responsible to the People.

*Proposed by Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.
Seconded by Sharman Crawford, Esq., M.P.*

4th. That a Committee of twelve persons be appointed, to draw up a Bill or Bills, in a legal form, embodying the principles agreed to, and that they be submitted to another meeting of the liberal members of Parliament and the Working Men's Association; and that the following be the persons appointed—

DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M.P.	Mr. HENRY HETHERINGTON
JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK Esq., M.P.	Mr. JOHN CLEAVE
JOHN TEMPLE LEADER, Esq.	Mr. JAMES WATSON
CHARLES HINDLEY, Esq., M.P.	Mr. RICHARD MOORE
THOMAS PERRONET THOMPSON, Esq., M.P.	Mr. WILLIAM LOVETT
WILLIAM SHARMAN CRAWFORD, Esq., M.P.	Mr. HENRY VINCENT.

*Proposed by John Temple Leader, Esq.
Seconded by Mr. Robert Hartwell.*

Signed,

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P. for the City of Kilkenny.
CHARLES HINDLEY, M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, except 3rd resolution.
WM. SHARMAN CRAWFORD, M.P. for Dundalk.
JOHN FIELDEN, M.P. for Oldham, except 3rd resolution.
THOMAS WAKLEY, M.P. for Finsbury.
I cordially concur in the 2nd and 4th resolutions, D. W. HARVEY.
T. PERRONET THOMPSON, M.P. for Hull.
J. A. ROEBUCK, M.P. for Bath.
I am friendly to the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th resolutions, JOHN BOWRING, M.P.
for the Clyde Burghs.

The work, however, fell almost entirely upon Mr. Lovett and Mr. Roebuck. Every clause was carefully discussed in the Working-Men's Association, and the Association ultimately submitted the Bill to the Public. This bill was

THE PEOPLES CHARTER;

'Being the *outline of an Act* to provide for the just representation of the People of Great Britain and Ireland in the Commons' House of Parliament: embracing the principles of *Universal Suffrage, No Property Qualification, Annual Parliaments, Equal Representation, Payment of Members, and Vote by Ballot.*'

On the 6th of August, 1838, at a meeting at New-Hall Hill, Birmingham, the People's Charter was formally approved, even, after some reluctance, by the

Household Suffragists of the Whig Birmingham Political Union. Mr. O'Connor also from this time joined the Chartists. At this meeting it was proposed that a Convention of the Working Classes should be summoned, and a National Petition be obtained, and that a National Rent should be collected to defray the necessary expences. On the 17th of the following September, another meeting at the Palace Yard, London, (the High Bailiff of Westminster in the Chair), 'solemnly adopted' the People's Charter and National Petition and recommended meetings throughout the Country to appoint the delegates 'to watch over the Charter and Petition when presented to Parliament.' At this meeting one of the resolutions was moved by Ebenezer Elliott, the 'Corn-Law Rhymer'.

The delegates so appointed met, on the 4th of February, at the British Coffee House^s as the '*General Convention of the Working Classes*.' The Convention—55 members—was elected by show of hands of, it was said, three millions of persons. '450,000 had been assembled at the election on Kersal-Moor, 200,000 at Peep-Green, 250,000 at Birmingham, 200,000 at Glasgow, etc.' Enthusiasm rode high; money was subscribed; meetings were multiplied; the Convention sent out its members as missionaries through the country; Chartist Associations sprung up in the manufacturing districts, and elsewhere. On the 13th of May, the Convention, having deposited the petition of 1,280,000 persons with Mr. Attwood, transferred their sittings, for the consideration of 'ulterior measures,' to Birmingham; whence they dispersed themselves to hold simultaneous meetings throughout the country. The Petition was presented to the 'Commons' on the 14th of June, and on the 12th of July 235 members, against 46, refused to consider its prayer. Meanwhile the Whig Ministers had not been forgetful of their old tactics, the foolish conduct of some members of the Convention playing into their hands. Threats of what the People could do were lightly used; whereupon some sections of them began to arm and train themselves; ill-founded reports of the warlike determination of the masses were given in to, and published by, the Convention; which, moreover, had neither fore-looking purpose, nor unanimity, nor capacity for guidance. Arrests were made, for training and drilling; arrests of members of the Convention for 'seditious' speaking. The Calthorpe Street policy was renewed, and a band of London Police, ordered down to Birmingham, while the Convention was sitting there, attacked the people peaceably meeting in the Bull-Ring. Lovett, the Secretary of the Convention, was arrested for signing an address justifying the resistance of the People. And when the Convention met again in London with very reduced numbers, on the 10th of July, it was but to see their Petition mocked at; to decide, on the 16th of July, upon a 'sacred month'—an abstinence from all work for that period, to commence on the 12th of August throughout the country, for the overthrow of the Government; and to substitute, on the 5th of August, one day's holiday for the impracticable month, and to appeal to the unpolitical Trades, to help a manifestation then. On the 14th of September the Convention dissolved, having utterly failed in everything, except the Petition.

^s On the 6th they removed to the Hall of the Lumber Troop, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

The baseless reports of Chartist power and determination still continued, over-living even the deplorable contradiction furnished by Frost's abortive attempt on Newport, on the 4th of November: an attempt induced by a too-ready credence to the bragging exaggerations of others.^h On the 26th of December a new Convention met in London, with the object of saving Frost and his fellow-victims. But the game was up. All that remained was the popularity of the ever-active O'Connor and the position of his 'Northern Star': both of which should have been turned to account.

Lovett, having come out of prison, founded in 1842 the '*National Association*,' to commence a general organization. He was joined by most of those who had been most active in the Working Men's Association; and virulently opposed by O'Connor and his party,—a party which had been helped by the 'Star' to keep up the agitation since 1839, but which had changed Chartism to O'Connorism, and almost lost sight of the Suffrage through looking for allotments of unprofitable land. But Lovett was impracticable; and his new association, after obtaining a few hundred members, dwindled into a debating club, and their hall became a dancing academy, let occasionally for unobjectionable public meetings. Lukewarmness among the more sensible of the working men, and aimless violence, not without good intention, among the O'Connorites, just kept alive the name of Chartism till the proclamation of the French Republic, in February 1848, awoke old hopes in England.

Then again some efforts were made to resuscitate the movement. Another 'National Convention' met in London, under the auspices of O'Connor, to superintend another Petition. Almost every fault of the first Convention was repeated. Blustering talk led to foolish riots. The Petition with '5,700,000 signatures'ⁱ (afterwards reduced to 2,000,000, including 'fictitious') was presented on the 10th of April; and on the 17th the Convention dissolved to meet again on the 1st of May, as a '*National Assembly*,' to carry the Charter. But all was now confusion. Even the elections (by show of hands) without principle or method: 3000 men electing three members for London, '100,000 at Halifax' electing one. The Assembly simply exhibited its incapacity, and then merged into the '*National Charter Association*,' which pursued the same course: gathering tumultuous crowds of purposeless men, doing little to teach, and nothing to organize, unable even to command regular subscriptions, and mustering throughout the country only some 5000 paying members after the ten years' turmoil. Those of the Chartists still anxious in 1848, to make some attempt at organization found themselves joined by but a few hundreds, by them feebly, and for a little while. Men no longer rallied around the Chartist banner: some few only when it was

^h To use the words of Richard Carlile to Feargus O'Connor, in October, 1839, just before the Newport catastrophe,—the 'Northern Star' (and not only the Star) 'most outrageously exaggerated the popular feeling. Every beer-house was a Chartist Legislature, a minor or local convention, and every expression a resolution to be printed in the Northern Star, the end of which was *nothing done*. Fellows who take things so easy as to smoke tobacco in their political meetings will never be found to be fighting men nor moral-force Reformers,' *Carlile's Political Register*.

ⁱ See O'Connor's Speech on Kennington Common.

dragged in the dirt. Chartism has gone down in the whirlpool of its own folly. What escapes the wreck? A handful of men clinging yet to a forlorn hope, that a Conference among themselves, or a new Convention, may reëstablish the party: some few believers in the impossible, waiting for Opportunity to come back.

II.

WHAT REMAINS?

Such are the broad outward facts of Chartism: not without significance, which he who runs may read. In 1839, 1,280,000 men had made up their minds as to the one thing first and immediately needful for their salvation. They take ten years to talk about it; and at the end of that probation some *four in a thousand* are advanced enough to think it may be possible by shouting a little louder to get the Government to give way. 'Go to Jericho'! politely returns the Government: 'a citadel garrisoned by privileged Reform electors does not topple down at mere sound. So blow your own trumpets as long as you like.'—Something worse than this: for they say a million and a half of men petitioned for equal rights in Cartwright's time, so far back as 1819. Twenty years later, as we saw, it was a million and a quarter. Ten years later still it is two millions,—with some deductions for 'fictitious names'; and, disappointed patriotism being intensified to a white heat, five thousand of the petitioners pay some pence a week toward obtaining a plan of action, to realize the thirty years' conviction. Disappointed intense patriotism purified to an active body of 5000, only asks for a plan of some sort; and gets none. Why, the Freehold-Land scheme, to buy up all England at £40 an acre, out of the savings of the serfs and factory-slaves, looks like a promising affair, in comparison with the chances of Chartist victory.

Meetings of a quarter of a million men swearing lustily to do or die, drilling and training and flourishing of arms,—and ending in a Newport insurrection and a Tenth of April! A sacred month for all England,—and not a tenth of England observing the one day's holiday! A million and a quarter shouting around us to-day,—and, when we would merely call over their names, some five thousand are all that can be found, by dint of ten years' advertizing and sending round of numerous unimpeachable bellmen! Is Chartism then a voice, and nothing more? the mere passionate outcry, and latterly the vituperative complaint, of trampled slaves, just roused enough to acknowledge that they ought to be *men*, and slinking back for fear they should be taken at their word. For *Chartist*, must we read, in our next Dictionary, nothing but *empty braggart*? Matters little now to weigh in exactest scales the incompetence of leaders against the apathy of those 'insatiable wild beasts,' the steady plodding serfs who eschewed politics and looked to trades-unions for at least some personal benefit, or the unsteady whose dissipated habits (there is political dissipation also) unfitted them for patriotic endeavours. To apportion to each his exact amount of blame would serve us little here. Enough, and more than enough, that leaders, led and unled, have been all at fault. From first to last Chartism has never had a real intention—that is to say, *a clear resolve*, TO ACT; and con-

sequently it has never made even an endeavour at the organization which is necessary for successful action. There has been, as in the 'National Union of the Working Classes,' and sometimes since, organization for mutual instruction; there have been not unfrequent efforts to broadcast political knowledge among the People; there have been well-tried arrangements for getting together so many thousand throats to bawl—'the Charter and no Surrender': but from first to last there has been no serious striving to create and weld together a popular power with a determined object, determined means of obtaining it, and determination to act accordingly at whatever risk. The elements of success have been left out of view. Nothing else.

History, giving the meaning of thirty years' Chartism (so long existing, though unnamed), will say—*It was the utterance of a general want, a people's protest: nothing more.* Very necessary the protest; but to stop there——— Let us hope that so much of the business is at last well nigh done with, and that men will soon advise together with what mode of action their protest shall be followed up. Thirty years continual word-pouring and vociferation of a million and a quarter of men may surely be judged sufficient prologue to the work they declare necessary. Spare five quiet, serious minutes to consider whether it is not time to leave off promising and to begin performing; to finish your threats, and to do. Think of one generation of 'especially practical' Englishmen, and logical, hard-headed, economical Scotchmen, wasting their whole lives in merely telling each other what they are going to do. Five minutes may perhaps be enough for bemoaning such a loss of energies and forswearing further bluster. Begin now to prepare for work.

The Chartist 'movement' is as good as dead. It would have been successful if a Whig Jericho could have been shaken by trumpets. But the experiment is unsuccessful, a failure manifest to all. The very brazenest of the wind-instruments are wearing out,—absolutely soundless from long *use*, not to say *abuse*. But the discontent and the occasion for discontent, which gave rise to Chartism, remain still as of old unsatisfied, and the preparation for a remedy, the preparation only, prescribed by Chartism, is yet untried.

While we have been talking, Time has gone on to the threshold of a new Reform Bill. The game of 1832 is to be played over again; and undoubtedly with the same result if the People will, as then, be content with protesting. Nay, it seems not unlikely, in their present distracted state, that when the last moment of the contest between the middle-class and the aristocracy shall be at hand, the foolish generosity of the uncombined People will step in, as in 1832, to carry this new 'Reform,' to lift the rest of the shop-keepers into their thrones, and to retire on the morrow to some new Calthorpe Street, to read over again the moral of popular folly.

'How is this to be prevented?' Only by setting earnestly to work, beginning even from the beginning: for there is just nothing done yet. One might almost say, worse than nothing. There is not one effective political association in the Country. You can not find five hundred,—no, not one hundred men *prepared to act together* to obtain even the preliminary of the Republic—Universal Suffrage. There is but one way to action:—to begin anew in every

place, to organize local associations of men understanding what they aim at, determined to devote their lives to its attainment, and therefore associating,—in order more effectively to propagandize and to advise as to the best methods of procedure. But you have yet to make men understand the object. Chartism has not done this. It has held debate of wrongs; but it has not taught remedies,—only the preparation for remedying. It has spoken of rights; but has not shown to what they *may* lead, nor to what they *should* lead. We need now, not merely Chartist, but Republican Associations.

‘You would, then, oppose the present Chartist Associations?’ Not so: but I would form Republican Associations of the best men among them; and so in time, I hope, supersede the present associations, by a more vital, a further-purposed, and a more powerful organization. No repetition, nor modification, of the old methods of Chartist agitation or action, can avail us anything. They may be tried for thirty generations, and they will not change the Government or regenerate the People. The Freehold-Land scheme may enfranchise us after many centuries; but Chartism—in any shape in which it has hitherto shown itself—never. And if an altogether new organization is to be commenced, what can it be but Republican? Taking the enduring principle of the Charter as its first object, the foundation upon which to build.

REPUBLICAN MEASURES.

PRELIMINARY ARTICLE.

BY W. J. LINTON.

THE readers of the ‘English Republic’ have had laid before them—1, the confession of the republican faith; ^a 2, an exposition of the principles of that faith; ^b and 3, a plan of organization for republican propagandism.^c I am aware that this is not all. To embrace the creed, to be able thoroughly to explain its every article, to be filled with such zeal and to be so wisely active that our preaching draws the whole nation to our side,—this is not enough. It is necessary that the party to be formed should understand not only the theory of republicanism, but how to put republican principles into practice. We must learn through what measures our faith may work, our hopes be consummated. We must aim not only at creating a power, but at endowing that power with intelligence. I would not be the creator of a political Frankenstein, a power

^a At pages 8-9 of the English Republic, in the Address of the Central European Democratic Committee to the Peoples.

^b At page 10. ^c At page 54.

without educated will, a new form of Anarchy, only miscalled republican. Already it is said to us—‘Your theories are beautiful, but impracticable; long years must pass, and much preparation, before even fragments of them can be realized.’ It is for us to demonstrate the practicability of republicanism. The day will come also in which power shall be in our hands, when the men of our own party will ask—‘How now to act?’ To forestall this question I now endeavour to utter something like a republican programme, a scheme of reform, such as I believe to be practicable from the very day of the establishment of the People’s majority.

I put forth the programme, not dogmatically. *The creed,^d indeed, which I have confessed I must hold unaltered.* I do not ask my countrymen merely to consider to what portions of that they can assent, how far they will go with me there; but I ask them to join me *under that banner*, and I ask none to join me unless they can accept *the creed and its consequences, without reserve*. But beyond the principles there is no dogma. My exposition of those principles is open to correction: it should be the first business, of those who join me, to reconsider and maturely weigh that exposition to detect any possible want of exactness in the deductions, and only to subscribe to it when fully convinced that its teachings are true and logically consequent on the confession of our faith. My plan of association and propagandism may be mended or modified or altered, according to circumstances: I did but, since some one must begin, suggest an outline for my brothers utterly without organization. So also the republican measures, which I now attempt to enunciate, are but propositions for the consideration of those with whom I hope to act. I offer them as texts for their debating; and when I come to discourse upon these texts I shall still be only uttering my undogmatic opinion of the business before us. Let all who call themselves Republicans, all who care to establish a real republican party in England, labour earnestly with me to master both the theory and practice of our faith. Without further preface I submit the following measures of reformation as necessary for the government of England as a Republic.

REVOLUTIONARY MEASURES.

Abolition of Monarchy, the House of Lords, the Peerage, and all laws of primogeniture and entail.^e

Severance of the connection between the ‘Church’^f and the State.

Abolition of all restrictions upon the Press, direct or indirect.

^d Pages 8-9.

^e About Monarchy we need scarcely trouble ourselves: it will die out quietly. But the House of Lords is a mischievous impediment to legislation, and, with all its accompaniments, will need extinguishing on the first opportunity.

^f That Church which is no longer the Church of the Nation, but a mere sect. Besides, even if it was the Church of the majority, its present connection with the State would be intolerable. It is indeed a part of the business of the Government to teach the essentials of religion, those essentials which are common to all sects; but never to force particular forms upon the people, or to give one sect (however numerous) a preference to the others. A State Church must be capable of embracing men of all denominations; or its existence is insupportable.

INSTITUTIONAL MEASURES.

Establishment of the republican form of Government; and of Universal Suffrage of men and women, ^s exercised directly, and absolutely in right of their existence as human beings and component parts of the nation.

Adoption of a written Constitution based upon republican principles, unalterable in its fundamental rules even by the majority of the nation. ^h

Unity of power. One single representative Assembly, elected by the majority of the nation, enthroned as the nation's servants, to realize the programme of the Constitution, to work within those prescribed limits. Every project of law to be submitted to the whole people. The Executive chosen by the Assembly and subordinate to it.

Absolute freedom of opinion and the utterance of opinion, whether in the press, the pulpit, the public meeting, or the association.

Inviolability of the right of association, whether for political, religious, or social purposes. Abrogation of all laws against combination or partnership.

Recognition of the right to labour, with a special minister to superintend its realization. Establishment of a system of credit for the assistance of the labourer, specially in times of difficulty. Access to the land to be facilitated. Improved modes of transit and scientific appliances rendered available to the agriculturist and mechanic; agricultural associations and trades-unions encouraged; rewards for inventors and public benefactors, and abolition of all patent and copyright. Freedom of Trade so far as not to contravene the rights of Labour. Establishment of public bazaars and storehouses.

Ample provision, at the cost of the State, for the infirm and aged.

National education, under the superintendence of the Government, for all the children of the nation, obligatory and at the public expense. The noble function of teacher adequately rewarded and elevated to its due rank in the consideration of the people. Establishment of colleges of art, science, and literature, free of charge and accessible to all classes of the nation. Establishment of schools for teachers. Establishment of a general system of religious worship based upon generally acknowledged truths, for the religious teaching of the nation. ⁱ

Marriage and Divorce free.

ADMINISTRATIVE AND JUDICIAL REFORMS.

Simplification of laws. The multitude of present laws to be repealed, and a new code framed, written in plain language.

Simplification of the machinery of law and justice. The public service to be democratically organized: Capacity the only condition of eligibility; every functionary to be utterly independent in all matters not appertaining to his office.

^s Let the monarchist sneer, out of loyalty to his Queen; let the Whig Reformer eat his own words—'Taxation without representation is tyranny.' The Republican can only be true to his principles. Right and Duty are of no sex.

^h There is of course no power to prevent the majority from doing as they like. But after all, the constitution is the compact between the majority and the minority. If the minority breaks that bond, it is rebellion against the State; if a majority breaks it, the minority retires into its right of individuality, and resumes the duty of protest and insurrection.

ⁱ See note f, page 86.

Justice prompt and without cost. Appointment of a public prosecutor; in demnification of the injured. Abolition of death-punishment, of imprisonment for debt, of flogging, and of transportation.

Revision of the Articles of War. The Army, Navy and Marine to be reörganized democratically: merit to be the only qualification for rank. Improvement in the treatment of the lower classes of the service. Abolition of the disgraceful system of flogging.

Formation of a national guard of all men capable of bearing arms; and great reduction of the standing army.

The care of the infirm and aged, the local organizations of labour, local arrangements and improvements, election of district magistrates, police, and all other matters of local administration, to be under local controul, subordinate to the sovereign authority of the nation.^j

FINANCIAL REFORMS.

Simplification of taxation: one single direct tax for all national purposes, supplied by a rental charged on the whole land.^k Abandonment of the present complicated system,—assessed and income taxes, customs, excise, tithes, church and poor rates, highway rates, tolls, and county rates (except for absolutely local purposes).

Appropriation by the State of crown-lands, church-lands, waste-lands,^l streams, and mines; and of all roads, railways, and canals: giving equitable compensation to the present holders.

Centralization and regulation of banks for the benefit of the whole nation.

Reform of the funding system, and settlement of the National Debt.

COLONIAL REFORM.

Self-government guaranteed to every colony: the Home-government only protecting the colony so long as it may require. The independence of every colony looked forward to and promoted.

INTERNATIONAL REFORM.

Abandonment of the foul tricks of diplomacy and solemn denial of the false principle of non-intervention. Foreign policy to be regulated by the principle of republican Duty, based on faith in the harmonization of Humanity.

Respect to every nationality; brotherly alliance with the nations; and ready aid to the oppressed.

^j To get rid of the centralization which now overburdens both the legislative and the executive. In the Republic it is not the business of government to interfere with local management. Every member of the body politic should be as far as possible complete in itself: the government the general superintendant and harmonizer of the whole.

^k So, without confiscation, resuming the nation's property in the land: insisting upon the terms of the landlords' original contract.

^l Not therefore necessarily to enclose those 'waste' lands; but at all events to prevent private encroachments.

Let it be borne in mind that the programme I have here put forth is intended only as subject for republican consideration. Not that I have uttered it unadvisedly. It is the summary (though perhaps incomplete) of my deliberate views, a collection of texts upon which I shall proceed to discourse at length in future numbers of the 'English Republic.' I give them first as a whole, that the relation of each to the rest may be observable as we go on; and now, bespeaking the attention of my readers to the series of articles in explanation of this preliminary, I beg them to 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' them, making them the occasion for debates in their meetings, whether in private or in public, that so, by the elaboration of thought, our plans may become to us as clear as our principles, that when the day of our certain triumph shall arrive, we may be prepared to carry out our professions, to put our theories into practice, to justify our irreconcilable opposition to 'things as they are.'

My object is to create a republican party which shall understand how to act, whether in opposition or in power; which, having ever before its eyes a clear ideal of good government, shall know what course to take with regard to the bit-by-bit reforms for which middle-men of as little foresight as principle bargain with Monarchy; what course to takewhen, Monarchy being no more, the quarrel shall come to an undisguised issue between the 'moderate' Anarchists and the consistent Republicans. Let us study to be so enlightened that the national recognition of our principles may not be unnecessarily deferred, and that we may not be found deficient on the morrow of our victory!

THE LAND QUESTION :

AND THE IRISH TENANT-LEAGUE.

NEXT to the Suffrage, which must ever be our first care, because it is the very foundation of the Republic, and the only key to any sure and thorough reform, the most vital question to both England and Ireland is the Land question. More important to the present moment than even Education: not only because without the material means of life the culture of the mental and moral faculties is impossible, but also because, while anything like a real Education can never be obtained except from the People's Government, this question of the right to the soil may, nay, most likely will, have to be fought out between the yet unenfranchised People and their oppressors. This is the one great question destined, on both sides of the Channel, for some time at least, to supersede all others. In Ireland the war has already commenced; and in the next campaign England also must take part.

The main Principles of the Irish Tenant-League are simply these:—It demands that in all cases of contested valuation between landlord and tenant, the State

shall interfere and compel a fair valuation; that so long as rent at that valuation shall be paid the tenant shall not be disturbed in his holding; and that the tenant shall have the right of selling his interest where he can. The two last provisions are unobjectionable; but the first seems liable to demurrals, inasmuch as it tacitly recognizes the landlord's right to the land. The Tenant-League goes not far enough. It is true that under the special and painful circumstances in which Ireland is placed, it may seem expedient not to push the question of right to its extreme, not to challenge the enemy à outrance; the wreck of the whole country was imminent, and there were at least grounds for thinking it wise rather to aim at what seemed more speedily attainable, and to effect a compromise for a time; it may be, too, that there is little immediate hope, in a land whose people have been decimated by continually recurring famines, to make the question one for the lowest peasant as well as for the farmer. And we might leave to Irish patriotism to judge of these matters, but that the question comes also here; it is becoming our own. Doubly so, if the battle must be fought here before even Ireland can win. And that it must be fought here, that our English contingent is necessary to insure the victory, even the bravest and most sanguine of the Irish party will scarcely venture to deny. That subtle and overbearing tyrant called the Imperial Legislature can only be coerced by the united efforts of both countries. How then shall England be moved to the quarrel?

Not by a Tenant-League (which, it is well to note, would be far more exclusive here than in Ireland), and not by the requirement of a compulsory valuation. The first would fail to enlist either the peasant or the mechanic, the second would insure the desertion of the free-trader. The most aggrieved, the most enlightened, and the most influential, would all be kept out of our ranks.

Why should the labourer move for a Tenant League? It would not help him to the Land, nor materially alter his wages. Does he have his wages raised when rents are lowered? or can he do more than starve when his master is rack-rented? Or what interest has the mechanic in merely adjusting the relations between two classes, or rather two sections of a class, which as a class is uniformly opposed to him, both socially and politically: socially by driving men from the land and so thronging the towns with hungry competitors for the mechanic's insufficient wage, politically by their combination to refuse him his rights of citizenship? And the free-trader,—will the most brazen-faced of those who are hoping to buy the land cheaply, dare to assert the duty of the State to arrange the relations between landlord and tenant, while he denies the right of the State to interfere between employer and employed?

Who would there be to join an English Tenant League? The farmers. But the English farmers are not in the position of the Irish. With no lack of real grievances, they are yet not subject to the rack-rent and eviction system of Ireland. As a class they are better off than the Irish; on better terms too with their lords. As a body they are not yet prepared to move; and they will not move till, compelled to choose between their labourers and their landlords, they shall learn that it is their true interest to join the first against the last. But they have not learned this yet.

The agitation that shall have power to move England in this matter must be one probing the wrong to its veriest depth. It must assail the very 'right' of the landlords. The only men, as a party, in England really alive to the bearings of the question, are the mechanics of our large towns, principally the Chartists. They see that while the Land is monopolized by a few, and access to it prevented, their labour must be at the mercy of the capitalist, their lives must take his price. But they cannot easily commence the movement, partly because enmity has been shrewdly excited between the agricultural and manufacturing labourers for the very purpose of dividing and conquering them, and also because they want time, money, and influence. But a war-cry which should rouse the peasant population, who are beginning to inquire why they may not possess the Land upon which their lives are spent, would also rally to their side the mechanics, and array at once the millions of hand-workers against the landlords. Nor only the hand-workers, though they united would be sufficient for the contest. The farmers would then soon learn the wisdom of making common cause with the oppressed against the general oppressor; and the free-traders, anxious to ruin the old feudal party and unable under any circumstances to join their standard, would be compelled to lend their aid to the popular movement,—even though they might try to pervert it to their own purposes, hoping to step into the vacant thrones of the landed aristocracy.

The only movement to engage the masses here must be one declaring that the State (the Government of the whole People) is the real owner of the Land; that all others hold only as tenants, owing rent to the State; and that free access to the Land shall be secured to all, even the poorest, who may desire to hold it. This free access, secured by the State, would keep down the price of land, and prevent the necessity of any compulsory valuation. On no other terms can the inevitable Land Movement be popular or successful in England.

We point out these things not by any means to discourage our Irish friends. Let them work on manfully, doing the best they may for their direful need,—a need so direful that it may well excuse an honourable capitulation. It is with no leaven of censoriousness that we say—we wish the Tenant-League had planted its standard upon higher ground. They may yet find opportunity of so doing, even though it should be after a defeat. And if that defeat should be to-day, we would not dread it; nor need they. On the morrow the brave men among them would be able to say to their opponents—We have been too easy with you, have offered you too favourable terms; you would not have them, so now we challenge you to the death. That time is not far distant.

The next blow to be struck against Tyranny is upon this question of the Land. Let it be well directed; *strike home!* and the old Feudalism shall be so shattered that it will be our own fault if we do not march through its ruins to a nation's freedom. As to the Monied Interest, which lies in wait to be the next dynasty,—let us not fear it, but be on our guard. It must ally with us to strike down the old aristocracy. On the day of our victory let us wear our armour, and be careful that it does not strike us in the back.

RHYMES AND REASONS

AGAINST

LANDLORDISM.

(THE following series of Rhymes and Reasons is intended as an exposition of the various mischievous phases of Landlordism, and a running commentary thereon, pointing the moral or expounding the remedy. The illustrations will mostly be from Ireland, because there the monster Landlordism shows itself most hideous; but the reader should bear in mind that the evil principle is the same both in Ireland and England, though its results may vary with different circumstances.)

LANDLORDISM.

Landlord Acres nothing needeth,—
 Full his purse and paunch;
 On the grass the peasant feedeth,—
 Famine's dogs are staunch:
 Apoplectic Acres crammeth,—
 How hardwork'd is he;
 Landless Labour ever clammeth:
 Who the cause can see?

'O the Irishman is lazy:
 'Other lands we know
 'Have' no paupers; have no crazy
 Homes of peasant woe;
 Have no toilers fever-stricken,
 Wanting bread to eat;
 Do not see their young men sicken
 'Mid the shocks of wheat.

O 'the lazy Irish peasant'!
 Easily 'tis said:
 Famine's smile is very pleasant,
 Reaping landlords' bread.
 Is it laziness or loathing?—
 Lazy!—Yes, while he,
 Who takes all and gives him nothing,
 Mocketh Industry.

TENANT-RIGHT.

'Idle rascal! on your lands
 'See the rank weed growing;
 'While you sit with folded hands,
 'Weeds more weeds are sowing.
 'Clean the ground, man! till, and sow.'
 But——'Who will have the reaping?'
 Labour's hand is ever slow,
 Tyrants' granaries heaping.

Idler!—Make the land his own,—
 He'll not shirk the weeding;
 Right assured,—'tis that alone,
 Not the lash he's needing.
 Then he'll clean and till and sow,
 Nor need your help in reaping.
 Labour's hand is never slow,
 His own granaries heaping.

OUR HERITAGE.

God's gift, the Land, our common heritage,—
 To Adam and his seed, and not entail'd
 Upon a few!—What 'deed' hath countervail'd
 That tenure handed down from age to age?

God's only curse is labour: with the sweat
 Of honest brows to earn the fruit of toil.
He plagued us not with landlords, to despoil
 The labourer of his God-acknowledged debt.

Parcel the measured ocean; fence the air;
 Claim property in clouds and spray-top'd waves;
 In sun and stars; in heaven, as in our graves:
 If thou art earth-lord, Tyrant! and God's heir.

CONSECRATED LAND.

The consecrated land!—
 Our fathers' and, alas! our childrens' grave:
 Growing from out their hearts the wild flowers wave
 O'er that dear earth, and on it yet doth stand
 The poor man's shrine.
 What prince dare lay his hand
 On this, and say 'Tis mine'?

Is not our martyrs' earth
 Held sacred too?—not merely the low ditch
 Where kings can fling them, but the wide land which
 Should be more than the grave-stone of their worth.

Where noble-soul'd Fitzgerald trod,—
 What 'peer' can own that earth?
 None—none but God.

The 'consecrated' soil!
 Is not the round earth God's?—his sacred field,
 Where Man may learn celestial arms to wield,
 And grow divine through sanctity of toil.
 What landlord dare
 To dispossess God's seed?—what power shall spoil
 Those whom God planted there?

THE SLAVE OF THE SOIL.

The ass is fed, they muzzle not
 The ox that treads the corn:
 But they leave their human labourer
 To starve and die forlorn.
 The rich man's hound hath his kennel, and
 His meat both night and morn:
 'Tis only the human labourer
 Is left to die forlorn.

They tell us we are heirs of heaven,
 Like them God's children born;
 But the power that makes man's law hath laugh'd
 God's holiest law to scorn.
 We toil far worse than the lowest beasts;
 And the beasts when lamed or worn
 Are kill'd: 'tis only the human jade
 Is left to die forlorn.

Our youth is sad, our manhood's strength
 Before its prime is shorn;
 If we marry, we do but curse the day
 Or ever a child is born.
 O God of the weak and sore-oppress'd,
 Look down upon where we mourn;
 And let not Thy human labourers
 Be left to die forlorn!

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

'Too-too-tooIT-tooIT!' On the 4th the Chief Puppet was exhibited at the opening of the Westminster Puppet-show, called Parliament. The Speech of the Man who worked the figure was in the usual form.

Her majesty was 'gratified in being able to inform' her Lords and Gentlemen that her Government had assisted at the interment of German Freedom, 'thereby putting an end to hostilities which at one time appeared full of danger to the peace of *Europe*.' She 'trusted the affairs of Germany would be arranged by mutual agreement' of the *Czar and his Vassals*, 'in such a manner as to preserve the strength of' despotism, and prevent the unity of the German nation. The revenue had been 'satisfactory'; the labouring classes generally employed; she 'deplored the difficulties still felt by the *owners and occupiers* of the land, but 'confidently hoped the prosperous condition of other classes would have a favourable effect in diminishing those difficulties.' As to the papal aggression she had 'resolution' and 'firm determination under God's blessing'; and her ministers would have something to say to them on the matter. With regard to measures of Government, 'the administration of justice would no doubt receive their serious attention'; and 'a measure would be laid before them,' for the better 'registration of deeds and instruments relating to the transfer of property': so 'to combine the progress of improvement with the stability of our institutions.' In conclusion, 'we may esteem ourselves fortunate that we can pursue, without disturbance,' the old anarchical course; 'and *we* have every cause to be thankful to Almighty God for the measure of tranquillity and happiness which has been vouchsafed to *us*.'

Save the information that the Brazilian Government is really endeavouring to suppress the Slave-trade, there is nothing else worth notice in the Speech.

THE HOUSES OF MISRULE

Expressed their 'unmingled congratulations' at the reception of this remarkable historical document: Mr. Peto in the lower Chamber expatiating upon the blessings of peace, the increased importation of sugar, and the abundant happiness of the working men of this country, now dining, 'as working men should dine, upon edibles furnished by the butcher,'—a fact ascertained by exact calculation, 'from the best sources,' of the number of beasts slaughtered in 1850. The prospects of Ireland were equally cheering; and Honourable Gentlemen cheered accordingly.

On the 7th Lord John Russell announced his intention to do something anti-papal. He would make believe to stop ecclesiastical titles or to prevent endowments accruing to the titled. After four nights' palaver, leave was given him by 295 against 63 to bring in his bill, its harmlessness being apparent. The *political* aggression is to remain unchallenged. Is not the Pope our ally,—or say friend, or brother; and did not the Whig Government agree with France for his reinstatement in the Vatican?

A two night's debate on the unjust burthens upon the land, moved by Mr. D'Israeli, resulted in a ministerial majority of 14 in a House of 548 members.

Lord John has announced his determination not to take any steps this session to extend the franchise.

On the 20th Mr. Locke King introduces into the British House of Commons a Bill for extending the £10 Franchise to Counties; the Tories stay away, and the Radicals defeat the Whig Ministry by a Majority of 48.

On the 21st Lord John waits upon his 'Royal Mistress' and presents his

resignation: thus terminates the inglorious existence of the Ministry of Trick, Trade, and Compromise, amidst the rejoicings of the country.

RECRUITING THE GARRISON.

The first monthly *soirée* for 1851, of the 'National' Reform Association for extending *the privilege* of the franchise, took place on the 3rd, at the London Tavern. After tea Mr. HUME addressed the company.

He began by thanking the Association for their patriotic exertions. He held it to be the business of every man to see that his fellow men (*that was to say, all above a certain station*) should not be deprived of their rights, that they be placed in that position as members of society and as freemen to which they are entitled, and not left to suffer a species of slavery. He thought in a free country EVERY MAN ought to have a voice in the choosing of representatives, not only of those who are to tax the people, but of those who make laws to affect life and property (*and therefore he was the staunch advocate of an association for limiting the franchise to 3,000,000 persons, or less*). He valued the 'constitution,' consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, whose rights were most accurately defined by law, a matter which had been obtained at no slight cost. He found the people's rights were very ancient: parliament—Blackstone said—was 'coeval with the kingdom itself.' Parishes too, were a very old institution. From time immemorial ratepayers had been entitled to attend and vote at vestries. In his opinion the man who paid only sixpence was as much interested, perhaps more so than the man who had £10,000. The office of coroner, also, was ancient, and every ratepayer had a right to vote in his election. Referring again to Parliament, he found that Blackstone went further than he did,—viz.: that upon the true theory and genuine principles (*not whig-radical principles*) of liberty, EVERY MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY, HOWEVER POOR, SHOULD HAVE A VOTE. He had also a number of other authorities (*all equally condemnatory of his own partial measure*). Were they such dolts as to say that every man is now represented in Parliament? (*Sublime effrontery of whiggism! would they be such dolts as to say that every man would be represented in Mr. Hume's reformed Parliament?*) What then did they seek more than Blackstone and other authorities had told them was the right of the People? (*Not more, but less.*) With these observations he came to consider whether the right is now enjoyed or not. He found that in 1834 only one in seven had the vote. He believed the proportion was now one in six (*which he wished altered to one of two, or perhaps three, to strengthen the garrison*). Surely no man could lie down on his pillow with a clear conscience that it was right he, one in seven, should possess a power of taxation over life and property, while others were denied. (*But his conscience was easy when denying only two*). Was it reasonable that the five or six should be satisfied? (*As reasonable as that one should.*) It was impossible. He went further and said that the refusal of this right was actually holding out a temptation to men to do evil (*but he thought they would be strong enough to keep down the tempted, when the garrison was recruited*). He owned the Reform Bill had failed, for want of the Ballot and short reckonings. Quoting the Daily News, accusing the House of Commons of being a 'hell' of political *rouge-et-noir* players, he pointed out the present necessity of a repeated agitation for every special grievance. The amount of agitation to remove a single grievance was sufficient to get rid of every abuse. He said put the public into power at once. Therefore he urged them to join the National Reform Association (*whose object is to prevent the People from ever obtaining power*). The Hon. Gentleman resumed his seat amid enthusiastic cheering.

Meetings have been rife. The papal aggression ferment seems however to be subsiding: the sound and fury signifying nothing. More practical breeches-pocket valour is concentrating itself against the Window-Tax: which is at last announced to come off, a House-tax being substituted as a relief. Other agitations claim their share of the public time and energy:—meetings against the duty on soap, the duty on carriages, county-rate meetings, meetings for parliamentary and for chancery reform, for ‘national’ education, for repeal of taxes on knowledge. On the 13th a society was formed for getting rid of the whole of the last obnoxious impost, including the penny newspaper-stamp, which certain ‘moderate’ reformers would retain.—Mr. and Mrs. Sloane, convicted of worse than brutal treatment of their servant, have been punished for an assault,—the cruellest part of their conduct being unpunishable because the girl was not of ‘tender years.’ Excellent English law! In a poor-house near Ipswich there has been a revolt of the paupers, most worth noticing from the attendant fact that neither the Home-Secretary nor the Chief of the Poor-Law Board had any tidings of the occurrence till after all the world had learned it from the newspapers. So perfect is the machinery of our Government! And for consistent practice, the Authorities who refuse to interfere for the protection of injured workmen, interfere so vexatiously between seamen and their employers that the merchant service is on strike from Newcastle to Hull.—The ‘Established’ Church is coming out strong. The *Worcester Chronicle* gives a touching proof of episcopal zeal, the bishop of that diocese condescending to christen a black infant. Whether the African mother had been christened does not appear; but if not, she must have been edified by the imposing ceremony: two thousand spectators thronged the sacred edifice, clambering over the monuments for a sight of the Little Nigger and the Bishop, hustling each other as in a theatre, chorussing the responses with catcalls and other reverential manifestations. In the same *Chronicle* appears the account of a woman of the cathedral neighbourhood cutting out the heart of a living cat, for a superstitious charm: perhaps as she was not black, the Bishop had neglected to christen her. Most apostolic Church, so zealous in its home missions that even the Book of Mormon finds ready believers:—400 of these ‘deluded wretches’ from all parts of England leaving in one vessel for the Mormon settlement. So even Joe Smith rebukes the Christian Bishops.

In INDIA the retiring General, Sir Charles Napier, finds it necessary to reprehend the prevalent dishonesty of the officers of the Indian army, to teach them that it is not gentlemanly to run into debt. The *Trader’s Oracle*, the *Daily News*, rates him for appealing to a low standard of morality, in referring them to gentlemanly honour; but the trader’s moral notions do not seem of much higher quality, if we may judge by the samples occasionally exposed,—such, for instance, as the fining (frequent in the last few days) of respectable coal-merchants for selling short weight.

In FRANCE the factious Authorities widen their quarrel. The Assembly has refused to increase what that great financial reformer, the *Daily News*, calls ‘the miserable stipend’ of the Prince-President. It is only £120,000 a year. The French ‘Mountain’ continues to parade its feebleness, in virtue of its false position as part of an unconstitutional Assembly.

In GERMANY the Dresden Conference restores the Diet of 1815, only absorbing the lesser sovereigns so far as may be convenient. Austria and Prussia are to be joint despots: the monstrous double-headed Vulture is a reality at last. Only, as the king of Prussia is not trusted even by his accomplices, Austria will be paramount. Austria is lieutenant of the Czar. The Russian territory now

extends to the French frontier, and to the Danish sea-board *that flanks the 'British' Seas*. Already Austrian troops occupy the 'free' city of Hamburg.

From ITALY—also a part of the Russo-Austrian Empire—come rumours of the intended abdication of Pius IX. He can not sit comfortably even on French bayonets. Now that, thanks to the Russell Cabinet, peace is restored to the Roman States, the anarchy is so great that a brigand force dares to take possession of a whole town (Forlini-Popoli, a suburb of Forli), holding the chief inhabitants as hostages in the theatre, while they ransack their houses. The brigands are improving; but will hardly out-brigand the priests. The brigand king of Naples continues to sentence the Sicilian Patriots to the dungeons and the galleys. Of 140 deputies of the Sicilian Parliament 80 are either in prison or in exile.

In SWITZERLAND there has been an 'insurrection': that is to say, a popular manifestation in favour of a proscribed republican, which it was hoped might become an insurrection, and so give a pretext for the interference of the Powers. Police plotters acting as forerunners of military intervention. In these liberal days it is better that Wrong should have a colour.

Round POLAND bristles a hedge of bayonets: a military station at every eighth of a mile, sentinels, mounted and on foot, continually patrolling the spaces between. *Soon* they hope that a continental coast-guard will be all that may be needed; and if a Whig Government will then drive forth the exiles to seek an asylum beyond the Atlantic, European Peace will be established, and the temple of the two-faced Janus may be closed, to commence the universal service—the 'Te Deum' to the Czar.

While we write these lines a vessel nears our shores bearing 270 of those heroic Poles who fought for Hungary: the last remains of 1034 who took refuge in Turkey in 1849. Staunch Republicans, they have kept together spite of every endeavour to scatter them to a distance from the coming European War: spite of flatteries, threats, bribes, lies and calumnies, of diplomatic and police agents,—spite of struggles and sufferings in a foreign and semi-barbarous land. They have at last succeeded in obtaining a passage to England. Shall we not make much of them when they arrive? Alas! before these words are read, they may have landed at Liverpool—they are pennyless and friendless. Yet not friendless, for already Committees of relief are forming. Let our Republican readers hasten to assist their endeavours! It is a sacred debt we owe to the Martyrs who have endured not only for Hungary and Poland, but for the world; it is a duty to Humanity, and to our own republican conscience. Let us show that we really understand the republican unity of Human Life, the brotherhood of nations, by helping to our utmost these heroes cast naked upon our coast.

Let our readers immediately form committees; where they can not do that, let them individually subscribe: sending their subscriptions to

STANISLAUS WORCELL,

44, Thanet Street, Burton Crescent,

LONDON.

February 22nd.

OUR MARTYRS.

II.—ATTILIO AND EMILIO BANDIERA.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

THE NAME of the brothers Bandiera has been often pronounced; but very few know anything of them beyond the simple fact of their adventurous enterprise and tragical end. *What they were*, what a life of virtues and of noble thoughts they could have devoted to their country, and through their country to Humanity, if a Country had not been denied them, is not known. And yet, this is most important to the cause for which they are dead; this it is which elevates their enterprise to the importance of a symptom of the state of things and of minds in Italy.

ATTILIO AND EMILIO BANDIERA sprung from one of the old patrician families of Venice, and—sons of the Baron Bandiera, rear-admiral of the Austrian marine,—had followed the paternal career, and held high rank in the fleet, when they began to be known in the ranks of those secretly devoted to the success of the National Italian Cause. ‘I am an Italian,’ wrote Attilio, the elder of the two brothers, in the first letter I received from him, dated August 15th, 1842.—‘I am an Italian, a soldier, and not proscribed. I am rather feeble in body; ardent at heart; very often cold in appearance. I seek to temper my soul in the practice of stoical maxims. I believe in God, in a future life, in human progress; from Humanity, taken as a point of departure, I descend in my thoughts to country, to one’s family, to the individual. I hold as certain that justice is the base of all right; I have long concluded that the Italian cause is but a dependence upon that of mankind; and I console myself for all the difficulties of the present by thinking that to serve Italy, is to serve Humanity altogether. I have therefore decided to devote all my being to the practical development of these principles.’

And in a later letter, Emilio, in his turn, said to me, ‘We wish for a country free, united, republican. We propose to ourselves, to have no faith but in the national means, not to count upon foreign succour, and to throw down the gauntlet of defiance when we shall be sufficiently strong.’

How did they arrive at this? they, soldiers, bound by all the exigencies of discipline, deprived of all contact with the patriots of the Peninsula, living on ship-board, now at Smyrna, now at Constantinople, another time in Syria, where they distinguished themselves in the action of the combined English and Austrian forces, scarcely greeting with their eyes the vanishing shores of their country. ‘I have never been able to read till the other day,’ said Attilio in the letter I have quoted, ‘a single writing of Young Italy.’ And yet they had already, at this period, organized an important work on the identical bases. The Italian

spirit fermented in them in virtue of thier origin. The Austrian uniform weighed upon their breasts; the Austrian flag, floating over vessels manned almost exclusively by Italians, appeared to them an outrage. And the name which they bore, devoted to the universal reprobation of Italy, in consequence of the arrest by the father, at sea, in 1831, and in contempt of the capitulation of Ancona, of the patriots who were leaving for France, gave to their desire of action an additional impulse. In their most private talk they avoided all allusion to their father; but one saw in the fire of their sad and sombre regards that they felt the want of rehabilitating this tarnished name. For the rest they fulfilled all their domestic duties. They passionately loved their mother. Attilio was both husband and father; but the duty of raising a young soul to the worship of the Just and the True, reinforced his duties towards his country, and his wife, since dead of grief, was worthy of him.

I am not able to state here either what the two brothers wished to do, or the causes which nullified the results of the Italian agitation of 1844. But, as in all prolonged preparations, treason was already, in the commencement of that year, creeping into our ranks. Denounced first to their father, then to the Austrian government, by a man who had feigned to enter their ranks, they were compelled to fly, towards the end of February, 1844, during the night, in a little boat, to two different points; Emilio alone, Attilio with an old soldier, Mariano, who desired to follow him, and who now expiates his fidelity in the dungeons of Santo Stefano, in the kingdom of Naples. 'How will they support this ruin?' wrote Attilio, at the end of the letter which announced to me the treason and their flight,—'my poor mother and my wife, frail creatures, perhaps incapable of resisting such great griefs? Ah! to serve Humanity and one's country has been, and will be always, I hope, my first desire, but I must confess that it costs me much.' His wife had been informed by Emilio, at Venice, of their projected flight; she had kept the secret from the family, without letting them a single instant divine what she suffered. But when she knew *him* out of reach, grief got the better. She died a short time after. She was fair, good, and brave. And if I had not long firmly believed that the woman and the man, who, loving each other, die of suffering, must one day be re-united as angels in some holy mystery of eternal love; the sole thought of this woman dying of a broken heart, without unjust irritation, and without complaint, for the man, who himself some months after was to die in his turn, in bearing witness for his faith, and doubtless thinking of *her*—this sole thought would be sufficient to give me such belief.

Emilio had repaired directly to Corfu. The Austrian government, afraid of the moral effect which the flight of the two officers must produce in Italy, in revealing to all how the Italian spirit was at work even in their army, endeavoured to make them appear as mutinous children, and to prevail on them to accept a pardon. 'The Archduke Rainieri,' wrote Emilio to me on the 22nd of April, 'Viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, sent one of his people to my mother, to tell her that if she could succeed in bringing me back to Venice, he would engage his *sacred* word of honour, that, not only I should be acquitted, but restored to my rank, to my nobility, to my honours. He added, that my brother,

older than I, had not the same right to hope, but that the clemency of the Emperor Ferdinand was so great, that he would end very probably by obtaining the same conditions. My mother believes, hopes, departs on the instant, and arrives here. I leave you to imagine what I suffer at the moment I am writing to you. It is in vain that I endeavour to make her comprehend that *duty* orders me to remain here, that I should be happy to see my country again, but that when I shall direct my steps toward it, it will not be to live an ignominious life, but to die there a glorious death; that my safe conduct in Italy rests henceforward on the point of my sword; that no affection ought to be able to detach me from the flag which I have embraced; and that the flag of a king can be abandoned,—that of a country never. My mother, agitated, blinded by passion, cannot comprehend me, calls me impious, unnatural, assassin, and her tears rend my heart; her reproaches, well as I feel not to merit them, are to me as so many strokes of a poniard; but the desolation does not deprive me of mind; I know that these tears and this anger fall upon our tyrants, whose ambition condemns families to such struggles. Write me a word of consolation.’ I know not what others will think of the refusal of Emilio; but to me, Emilio appears yet greater at this moment than when he fell calm and cool under the fire at Cosenza. Many men think they *love* when they aspire to happiness, and in following the shadow here below, even in betraying their duty; many women, alas! educated in the selfish habits of despotism, preach, without knowing it, in the name of *love*, to their children or their husbands, the abandonment of the Law of God, the eternal worship of the Just and True. And *love*, the purification of two souls, the one through the other, loses itself in the personal or sensual instinct of the brute. But when Faith, to-day extinct in men’s souls, shall have rebuilt its temple of Love, the saintliness of the affection of Emilio for his mother, and his refusal, will be, I repeat, in the eyes of all, the fairest flower in his martyr-crown.

Attilio rejoined his brother at Corfu. They were no more separated. They received a citation to appear before the Austrian court-martial, to which they replied together by a refusal, expressed in some lines which were published in the Maltese Journals. War was thus declared; and another young officer, their friend from infancy, handsome as an angel, pure as a child, brave as a lion, DOMENICO MORO, quitted then the *Adria*, which happened to touch at Malta, and went to say to them: *we have lived, loved, and suffered together; together we will die.*

For it was their clear purpose to die. The two Bandieras, open as they were to all great thoughts, were, above all, men of action. They respired it at every pore. Impatient to bear witness, they sought on all sides to find the arena upon which to fling themselves. Ignorant of detail, they comprehended instinctively Italy, such as she is to-day; full of national aspirations, but backward, uncertain in her knowledge of the means which compass great things; rich in individual devotedness; weak in anything like collective action: fretted by the common evil, a difference between theory and practice. The Italians, said they, need to learn that life is but the realization, the incarnation of thought; that they only *believe* who feel the necessity of translating, come what may, into acts that which

they think to be the True. Italy will live when Italians shall have learned to die. And for that there is no teaching but by example.

Thus they were determined to die. The severe carriage of Attilio, the serene piety of Emilio, betrayed the reflection of the same thought; the first had the air of meditating the accomplishment of the mission he had imposed upon himself; the second had bidden adieu to the things of earth, and waited tranquilly till the hour should sound upon the watch of his brother. They were consecrated victims. *Hearts devoted unto death.*

We all knew that. And jealous of preserving for better combined efforts two such precious lives, we struggled desperately against the fatality of the idea which dragged them on. But they were too strong for us. During a brief time while we had only to struggle against the sombre rapture of their sacrifice, we hoped to conquer. Later, the Italian government, alarmed by informations to which I will not return, but which Englishmen will do well not to forget, began to throw the weight of all their scoundrelism into the scale, and we were lost. In June, the agents of the Neapolitan government poured into their ears the most encouraging reports: Calabria was in flames; bands of insurgents overran the mountains; they only waited for chiefs to develop their action; and those chiefs were expected from among the Italian exiles. They believed them; they sold all they had of jewels, of souvenirs of any value; they converted them into arms, and set forth.

‘In a few hours,’—said the last letter I received from Attilio, written the 11th of June, ‘we set out for Calabria. If we arrive safe and sound, we shall do our best, militarily and politically. Seventeen other Italians follow us, exiles for the most part; we have a Calabrian guide. Remember us, and believe that if we are able to set foot in Italy we shall be firm in sustaining those principles which we have preached together. If we fall, tell our countrymen that they imitate our example. Life has only been given to us to employ it usefully and nobly; and the cause for which we shall combat, and shall die, is the purest, the holiest, that has ever warmed human breasts.’

The rest is better known. A traitor had been placed among them; he quitted them on the 16th, as soon as they disembarked. He went by Cotrone, to declare to the government the direction they took, their plan, their force; they wandered three days in the mountains, till at last, reaching the villiage of San Giovanni in Fiore, usually ungarrisoned, they found themselves surrounded by forces twenty times superior. They struggled, however: one of them, *Miller*, fell dead; another, *Moro*, riddled with wounds; two contrived to save themselves in the mountains; the rest were taken.

The 25th of July, at 5 in the morning, *Attilio* and *Emilio Bandiera*, with seven of their companions, *Nicola Ricciotti*, *Domenico Moro*, *Anacarsi Nardi*, *Giovanni Venerucci*, *Giacomo Rocca*, *Francesco Berti*, and *Domenico Lupatelli*, were shot to death at Cosenza. Their last moments were worthy of them. They were awakened, the morning of the day, from a tranquil sleep; they dressed themselves with care, with even a sort of elegance, as if they prepared for a religious solemnity. A catholic priest, who presented himself, was mildly repulsed. *We*

have sought, said they, to practice the law of the gospel, and to make it triumph at the price even of our blood. We hope that our works will recommend us to God, better than your words. Go and preach to our oppressed brothers! Arrived at the place of execution, they entreated the soldiers *to spare the face, made in the image of God.* They cried out: *Viva l'Italia*; and all was said.

Some months after, a letter reached one of our friends at Corfu, written twelve hours before the fatal moment, by one of those who fell with them. The calm, solemn tone in which it is written, reminds me of the heroes of Plutarch; and I bring it forward here, because it must suffice to prove what men accompanied the two brothers in their enterprise.

To Signor Tito Savelli, Exoria,^a Corfu.

Dear Friend,—I write to you for the last time: within twelve hours I shall be no more. My companions in misfortune are the two brothers Bandiera, Ricciotti, Moro, Venerucci, Rocca, Lupatelli, and Berti. Your brother-in-law is exempted from this fate, nor do I know to how many years he will be sentenced. Remember me to your family, and all friends, as often as possible. If it be granted me, I will, before ascending to the Eternal, revisit the Exoria. Kiss for my Dante^b and all your children. When you think proper you may make known this my fate at Modena and to my brother. Receive the affectionate remembrances of all my companions. I embrace you.

And am yours,

NARDI.

From the condemned cell at Cosenza,

24th of the 7th month, 1844.

P.S.—I write with handcuffs, and therefore my writing will appear as if written with a trembling hand; but I am tranquil, because I die in my own country, and for a sacred cause. The friend who used to come on horseback was our ruin. Once more, farewell.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS OF COSENZA,^c JULY 25TH, 1844.

When I received from you, O young men! the charge to pronounce in this temple a few words sacred to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their martyr companions at Cosenza, I thought that perhaps some one of those who heard me might exclaim with noble indignation, 'To what end are these laments for the dead? The martyrs of Liberty can only be worthily honoured by winning

^a Exoria (a Greek word, signifying exile, banishment) is the name of the house erected by the exiled Dr. Savelli, in the district of Covacciana, and where Nardi, too, was living.

^b Dante is a boy, the first-born of Dr. Savelli, to whom Nardi was godfather.

^c [THIS sublimest funeral-song is extracted from a supplementary number of the 'Italia del Popolo' (Italy of the People), a daily paper, published by Mazzini, in Milan, from the 20th of May to the 4th of August, 1848, the day before Charles Albert's shameful capitulation. The address was intended to be spoken in some church.]

the battle they have begun. Cosenza, the land where they died, is a slave; Venice, the city which gave them birth, hemmed in by foreigners. Let us emancipate them, and from this moment no sound be on our lips but that of war.' But another thought arose and said to me, why are we not victorious? Why is it that, while the north of Italy combats for independence, Liberty perishes in the south? Why is it that a war which ought to have leaped with a lion's bound to the Alps, drags along for four months slowly and uncertainly as the crawl of a scorpion girt by a circle of fire? Why is it that the rapid, powerful intuition of the genius of a People risen again to life has sunk into the weary and incapable fancy of a sick man turning in his bed? Ah! if we all had risen in the holiness of that *idea* for which our martyrs died,—if the Standard of their faith had gone before our young men in their battles,—if with that collected unity of life which was so powerful in them we had made of every thought an action, of every action a thought,—if their last words, devotedly harvested in our minds, had taught us that liberty and independence are one and the same thing; that God and the People, that Country and Humanity are inseparable terms in any undertaking of people who wish to become a Nation—that Italy cannot be unless she be One, holy through the equality and love of all her sons, and great through her worship of the Eternal Truth, by her consecration to a high mission, to a moral priesthood among the Peoples of Europe,—we should to-day have victory, not war; Cosenza would not be condemned to venerate in secret the memory of the martyrs; the dread of seeing them profaned by the insults of the foreigner would not withhold Venice from honouring them with a monument; and we, assembled here, might without uncertainty as to our fate, without any cloud of sadness upon our front, gladly invoke their sacred names, and say to those fore-running souls—Rejoice, because your brethren have incarnated your ideal, and are worthy of you!

Not yet, O young men! is their adored conception resplendent, pure and perfect, upon your banners. The sublime programme which they dying bequeathed to the nascent Italian generation, is not yours so mutilated and torn to fragments by false doctrines that, elsewhere overthrown, have taken refuge amongst us. I look and see an agitation of separate populations; an alternation of generous raging and of unworthy quiet, of free cries and formulas of servitude, in all parts of our Peninsula: but where is the heart of the Peninsula? Where is the unity of this unequal, manifold movement?—where is the dominating Word of these hundred voices of ministers of divers counsels, ever crossing each other, misleading and seducing the multitude? I hear talk, usurping the national omnipotence, of a Northern Italy, of a League of States, of a Federal Pact among princes;—but where is ITALY? Where is the common country which the Banderas saluted as the initiator, for the third time, of an era of European civilization? Intoxicated by the first victories, improvident of the future, we bore not in mind the idea revealed by God to those who suffered; and God punishes the forgetfulness by deferring the triumph. The movement of Italy, brothers! is by the decree of providence, the movement of Europe. We rising become sureties of moral progress for the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandisements, nor theories of opportunity, can transform and renew

the life of the People. Humanity lives and moves only in one faith. Only great principles are the stars which guide Europe to the Future. Let us, O young men! turn to the sepulchres of our martyrs, to ask from the inspiration of those who died for us all, the secret of victory, the adoration of a Principle—even Faith. The Angel of Martyrdom and the Angel of Victory are brothers; but the one looks towards the heavens, the other towards the earth, and only when, from epoch to epoch, their regards encounter each between earth and heaven, creation beautifies itself with new life, and a People arises from the cradle or from the tomb,—Evangelist or Prophet.

I will in few words tell you, O young men! what was the faith of the martyrs. As to the externals of their life, they are to-day a part of history well known to you; I need but remind you of it.

The faith of the Brothers Bandiera, which was and is ever ours, rests upon a few simple and incontestible truths, which scarcely any one attempts to declare false, but which yet are betrayed or forgotten by almost every one.

God and the People: God at the pinnacle of the social edifice; the People, the universality of our brethren, at the base; God, the Father and Educator; the People, the progressive Interpreter of his law.

There is no real society without a common faith and a common purpose. Religion declares the faith and the purpose; Policy (the political) orders society toward a practical interpretation of this faith and prepares the means for attaining this purpose. Religion represents the *principle*: policy its *application*.

There is only one sun in heaven for the whole earth; there is only one law for all who people earth. It is the law of human being, the law of the life of Humanity. We are here not to exercise our individual faculties according to our caprice—faculties and freedom are *means* and not *ends*,—not merely to labour for our own happiness on earth—happiness can only be elsewhere obtained, and there God works for us,—but for this, to consecrate ourselves to the discovering as much as possible of the Divine Law, to practise it as far as our individual faculties and the times allow, and so shed forth knowledge and love among our brethren. We are here to labour to found fraternally the unity of the human family, so that it may one day present but *one fold and one shepherd*, the spirit of God—his Law. To attain the True, God has given us Tradition,—the life of the preceding generations of Humanity, and the voice of our own conscience. Where these are in accord with each other, there is the True; where they stand in opposition, there is Error. To conquer this harmony, this accord between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of the human race, no sacrifice can be too great. The Family, the City, the Country, Humanity—are but different spheres in which our activity and our power of sacrifice should be exercised for the attainment of that supreme purpose. God watches from on high to ordain the inevitability of human progress, and to sustain those priests of his truth and guides of the many in their pilgrimage, the powers of Genius and of Love, of Thought and of Action.

From these principles, pointed to in their letters, in their proclamations, in their discourse, from the conscience they so deeply felt of a mission confided by

God to the Individual and to Humanity, the brothers Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and their fellow martyrs at Cosenza, derived the rule and the consolation of their most laborious and serene lives, a religious cheerfulness in death, and the security of an immortal hope, even when men and circumstances betrayed them, in the future of Italy. The immense energy of their souls gushed forth through the immense and intensest love with which their faith informed them. And could they now arise from their graves and speak to you, they would address to you, O young men! with that high power which has not been given to me, counsels not dissimilar to those I now utter.

Love! Love is the soul's wing towards God, and towards the Great, the Beautiful, the Sublime, which are God's shadows upon the earth. Love your family, the companion of your life, the men ready to share with you your sorrows and your joys, the departed who were so dear to you and who will be ever dear. But let your love be the love which Dante taught you, and which we have taught you: the love of souls advancing together, and not raking the soil in search of a peace which is not given to the creature on earth, a delusion that inevitably sinks into egotism. To love is to promise and to receive promises for the future. God has given love here as a sign of heaven, that the wearied soul may have on whom to lean and whom to lift in the path of life: as a flower sown on the way of Duty, but which does not alter Duty. Purify, fortify yourselves by better loving. Do, albeit under bond of increase of earthly sorrows, so that the sister soul may never here or elsewhere blush either for you or through you. The time will come when from the height the of new life, embracing the past and understanding the secret, you will smile together upon past griefs and trials well-endured.

Love your country! Country is the land where sleep the ashes of your parents, where also is spoken the language in which the lady of your heart murmured, blushing, the first word of love. It is the dwelling-place which God has given you, wherein, working and perfectionating, you may prepare to ascend to him; it is your name, your glory, your sign among the Peoples. Give it your thought, your counsel, and your blood. Build it up beautiful and grand as our heights present it to you. But beware of leaving on it the trace of a lie, or the slavery which would contaminate it; beware not to profane it by dismembering it. Let it be one even as the thought of God. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; you have traditions of glory which the nations of Europe envy; before you stands an immense future; your eyes behold the fairest sky which is known to Europe, and around you smiles the loveliest nature that Europe can admire; and you are encircled by the Alps and by the sea, those outlines drawn by the finger of God for a giant people. And such you ought to be, or else not be at all. Not one single man of these twenty-four millions shall remain excluded from the fraternal Pact which you will frame, not one glance which is not free shall be raised to contemplate this heaven. Be Rome the sacred Ark of your redemption; the Temple of your Nation: has it not already twice been the Temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome two extinct worlds, the Pagan and the world of the Popes, lie super-

posed one on the other like a double jewel in a diadem. Create a third world vaster than the two! From Rome, from the Holy City, from the City of Love (Amor—Roma), the purest, the wisest among you, elected by the vote and strengthened by the inspiration of a whole People, shall dictate the Pact by which you shall be bound as one, and represented in the future alliance of Peoples. Until then you have no country, or you have it contaminated.

Love Humanity! You cannot separate your mission from the end proposed by God to Humanity. God has given you your Country for your cradle, and Humanity for your mother; and you cannot love your cradle-brothers, if you do not love your common country. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, stand other Peoples fighting, or making ready to fight with you, the sacred battles of Independence, of Nationality, of Liberty: other Peoples who tend by different ways to the selfsame end—perfectibility, association, the foundation of an Authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy, which shall re-knit earth and heaven, and which men may love and follow unblushingly and without remorse. League yourselves with them as they also unite with you. Invoke them not if your own arms can vanquish; but tell them that the hour is about to strike for a terrible conflict between Right and blind Force, and that at that hour you will be with all who advance under the same banner.

Love, O young men! and revere Ideas. Ideas are the words of God. Superior to all of Country, superior to Humanity, is the country of the Intellectual, the city of the Spirit; in which the believers in the inviolability of Thought, in the dignity of our immortal soul, are brothers. And the baptism of this brotherhood is Martyrdom. From this high sphere descend PRINCIPLES, which alone can redeem the Peoples. Let your insurrection be through them, and not from the mere insupportableness of suffering, or the fear of the wicked. Wrath, pride, ambition, the desire of material prosperity, are weapons common to both the Peoples and their oppressors; and besides, should you by their aid conquer to-day, you would fall back again to-morrow. But PRINCIPLES belong to the Peoples alone, and their oppressors will not find arms wherewith to oppose them. Reverence enthusiasm! Adore the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of the first days of youth, because these dreams of earliest youth are the fragrance of paradise, which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, before all things, your own conscience; have on your lips that truth which God has placed in your heart; and, harmoniously uniting in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who dissent from you, bear ever erect your banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

These words, O young men! the martyrs of Cosenza would tell you, were they still living among you. And here, where, perhaps, invoked by our love, their holy souls are appeased, I call upon you to receive them into your breasts, keeping them as treasures, against storms which still await us, but which, with the names of the martyrs upon our lips, and their faith within our hearts, we yet shall overcome.

God be with you and bless our Italy!

July 25, 1848.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

THE ATHEISTS ON 'CHANGE:

OUR LIBERAL LEADERS.

THERE are two political parties in England. One avowedly despotic, which openly sympathizes with and abets the Czars, the Szelas, and the Metternichs; one professedly liberal, the ignominious-peace party, composed of all those who either think it wiser to assume a sympathy with Freedom, or who, having only a sneaking regard for Right, are too cowardly, or too insane, to *act* in accordance with what they call their convictions. There are yet but two parties in England: the despots and the 'non-interventionists,' the idolaters and the atheists, the believers in Wrong and those who do not believe in Right.

The *Express* (or *Daily News*), the organ of the English Counterfeits, uttered, on the 20th of February last, an argument on the condition of Europe, called forth by the plea of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he could not reduce the cost of our armies on account of the present unsettled state of Europe. Says the *Express*:

'Now, as Europe has not offered so settled an aspect for this great number of years, we cannot admit either the truth or speciousness of the CHANCELLOR'S allegation. Europe, indeed, is far from being settled to the mind or satisfaction of any liberal man. But pacified it is, the people quiet, the authorities in full and uncontrolled sway, the principle of absolute and military government unquestioned and uncontradicted, every attempt at revolution hopeless, whilst any possibility of the sovereigns or powers of Europe quarreling amongst each other is out of the question, since they must know that in such a case their people would rise, not to fight for either or any sovereign, but to put them down. Whatever dissatisfaction, therefore, we may feel as to the state of Europe, no fears need be entertained of its peace.'

And thereupon the *Express* takes the *Times* and the *Chronicle* to task for having brought about such a state of things, by abetting, with 'true Tory instinct, the continental reaction.

'As long as this work of despotism was in progress, as long as there was a single free state to be subdued or free principle to be extinguished; as long, in fact, as there was a single link in the chain of European despotism remaining to be riveted, so long the *Times* and *Chronicle* kept applauding and encouraging, and crying down with insolence any attempts to commiserate German or Italian, or to doubt the justice or wisdom of despotic reaction.

'Now, however, that the work has been accomplished—that the Austrian eagle floats supreme from the Baltic to the Black Sea, those organs of the British press which acted as jackals for the devouring maw of Austria, turn of a sudden to declare that there is

reason for alarm in what has been achieved. Austria, they tell us *now*, is an ambitious power. She has half a million of men in arms; she seeks to include North Italy in the German empire, which she has recomposed under the feet of her armies and at the dictation of her scribes; she is garrisoning Hamburg as well as Frankfort, and threatens to make a Cracow of both.

'Nay but my good gentlemen, ye ought to have thought of this before. When you were hallooing on RADETSZKI against Milan, and HAYNAU against Hungary, and telling us how beneficial their success would be to the cause of order and peace, you ought to have foreseen the result. When but a few weeks ago you still supported the claim of Austria to dominate in the Diet, and to march her troops into Hesse, what face have you now to come and complain of Austrian ambition? You affect to be disgusted because Austrian troops have garrisoned Hamburg, Why then did you so fiercely insist on their right to send an expedition to North Germany? You have acted fugleman and trumpeter to every march, every advance, and every conquest of the Austrians, and do you now pretend to use the same trumpet in order to recall and drive them out again? Why, you must take the people of England, at least such as are your readers, to be the most arrant fools and unprincipled men that the world ever produced, thus to preach to them in February facts, principles, and hopes diametrically the reverse of those which you preached in December.

'*We* knew, indeed, that all which the *Times* and *Chronicle* had been arguing and asserting respecting Austria for the last two years was from beginning to end, a falsehood. *We* knew, and we said, that the putting down of Italian and Hungarian, and Prussian, and German resistance, would terminate neither in solid institutions, settled liberty, commercial prosperity, nor popular content. *We knew it would result in a brute military tyranny*, and nothing more. And *we* knew, and said moreover, that this brute military tyranny, not contented with the enslavement of the centre of Europe, would, the instant that enslavement was accomplished, proceed to dictate to, and press upon, the states of the west, till they excited antagonism and war. What we said, has turned out correct. Not a week has elapsed since the complete subjugation of Germany, before we find France and England, in despite of their past acquiescence, obliged to protest against what they consider to be an aggression and an infraction of the treaty of Vienna.'

Nay but, my good gentlemen of the *Express*, if you knew all this, what have *you* done to prevent it? Our business, just now, is not with the idolatrous Tories, but with the unprincipled Cheats, who call themselves, if not actual worshippers, at least well-meaning friends of Freedom. The *Express* knew to what the putting down of Italy and Hungary and Germany would lead; '*knew it would result in a brute military tyranny*,' which brute Tyranny would instantly '*proceed to press upon the states of the West*'—including France and England. The *Express* and its party *knew it*,—appreciated the wrong, 'foresaw' its brood of mischief: and did what to prevent it? *Did?* they *did* nothing. But they *said* —Take their own confession, following immediately the paragraph last quoted.

'We have been all along for resistance, moral resistance to the advance of the military and despotic principle, and of the powers which upheld it. There was a time when we might have rescued Sicily, and might have saved Rome. Had we done so, we should not have WISEMAN and CULLEN strangling us at home, and we should not now be entering protests against Austrians swallowing Italy into a new German empire. We did none of

these things, however. We allowed Italy to be reconquered and its liberties to be extinguished. In Germany we took no active or efficient part on behalf of the constitutional states against the despotic ones. We silently assisted, and applauded the progress of that reaction which has swept constitutional government from Europe.'

It is exactly true: the Devil comes sometimes to confession. Quite true. The *Express* counselled '*moral resistance* all along,' and its party carried it out. They knew the value of their resistance; and foresaw the consequences of their morality. The *Express* and its party (the party of financial and parliamentary reformers, the infamous-peace party, the free-traders *in labour*, the mill-owning evaders of the factory-relief bill, the money lords, the comfortable Atheists on 'Change), they 'silently assisted and applauded' the progress of the reaction, while they were all along for '*moral resistance*,'—the *moral resistance* of making believe to prevent Austrian and Russian loans, the *moral resistance* of sham peace-congresses of unprincipled duellists and men who murder the poor, sitting cheek by jowl on the ruins of heroic Venice,^a the *moral resistance* of men who could not even condemn the assassins of the Bandiera, because they were *occupied with the duties on Sugar*.^b

And again, my good gentlemen of the moral^{*}resistance party, 'you must take the people of England to be the most arrant fools and unprincipled men that the world ever produced, thus to preach to them in February,' 1851, *even as you preached to them in September*, 1849, and to think that no man can yet see through your rascally drift. Here is the *Express* of September 21, 1849.

'The days of Quixotism are in fact over. We can no longer feed armies or spend millions for the sake of either European liberty or independence.

'We may safely leave European liberty to take care of itself.

'It is a glorious English characteristic to be impatient of ill. But we cannot prevent the Austrians from bastinadoing Italian women on the stomach till they die.

'Our minds are pretty well made up with respect to European politics, that we cannot go to war from motives of either sentiment or humanity.'

It is Quixotic to help the cause of liberty and national independence, the cause of Right. Let European liberty take care of itself: 'what on earth is it to us?' We can not remedy all ill: so let us not even attempt to remedy a part. We can not go to war *for the sake of humanity*.—This is '*moral resistance*.' The moral resistance of him who says very blandly to his fellow-ruffian—*My good fellow, it is really wicked of you to rob and murder this man; but I shall not interfere to prevent you*.

You, the moral accomplices of the *Times* and *Chronicle*, have indeed 'silently assisted' the progress of the reaction: well-knowing in what it would result.

^a Moral Richard Cobden beside Emile de Girardin, the unscrupulous intriguer, the murderer of Carrel. And later at Frankfort the peace congress could sit in the same hall with Haynau, and not one of these moral resisters rebuked the presence of the homicide.

^b The excuse made by one of the Corn-Law Leaguers for breaking his promise to take part in the debate on the Opening of Exiles' Letters in the English Post Office.

Do you repent now? Not a whit. Here is the future policy of the MORAL PARTY. See again the *Express* of February 20, 1850.

'We silently assisted and applauded the progress of that reaction which has swept constitutional government from Europe; *and having done so, there is no longer a policy or a necessity for our caviling and quarreling with the mass of allied despotism*, that new Holy Alliance, which we permitted to be formed.

'The despotic alliance is now master of Europe. We have not interfered to prevent it obtaining that mastery, and the best thing we can do is now not to interfere with their retention of it.

'Of all the absurdities that we could possibly commit, the greatest would certainly be that of keeping up armaments in maritime or military force, which we otherwise did not require, merely because of the unsatisfactory state of the continent. The continent has nothing to say to us, nor we to the continent.

'Let us avoid all contact, and their rulers can have no cause of quarrel with us.

'The cause that is now alleged for entangling England in the politics of Europe, is that Austria, our pet Austria, has had the audacity to propose including Lombardy in the Germanic empire. Now, what on earth is it to us whether she does or not?

'We can see, therefore no cause for England interfering in anything that it may please the good people at Frankfort to devise touching the connexion of North Italy with Germany.

'The French may feel nettled at this, and may remonstrate, if it so please them. But we maintain that *England, especially after the quiet and submissive part England has played of late, has no claim nor right now to become remonstrant*. Neither do we see that JOHN BULL can be called upon to pay one more pound to the sum of military estimates, because it pleases Prince SCHWARZENBERG that Lombardy should appear as part of the German confederation in the next edition of the Almanac of Gotha.'

And who taught this quiet submission except the *Express*' own party? You have designedly (for you acknowledge the foresight) led, or morally left us, to a position in which '*there is no longer a policy or a necessity for our caviling or quarreling with the mass of allied despotism*.' It is a breeches-pocket homily after all. The murder is out: moral resistance meant money in the till. There is no use in further *caviling*. What, not even the colour of a Whig protest?

'England has no claim nor right now to become remonstrant, *especially after the quiet and submissive part England has played of late*.' The quiet and submissive part having been got up to justify the *especially*. The part played by England under the liberal leadership of Russel, Hume, Cobden, and the rest of the Palmerstonian non-intervention gang. To this they have led us: through the moral resistance of the bargainers for the fall of Rome and Hungary, to the infamous acquiescence of slaves who are *to be accustomed* to let the world wag as it will. 'What on earth is it to us?' It is only a question of more or less tax. We have given up all claim or right to consider the *morality* of the matter. The degrading process has been well devised: the descent is easy. First 'moral resistance' against despotism (morally including the plotting of masked liberalism in the service of every despot); then silent acquiescence in the consequences (what on earth is it to us?); now complicity (for the sake of the shop,) to protect our own pockets—'we have lost all except our pockets,'—since we can not recall the past, and repentance might be unprofitable.

The last stage (for which we are being prepared) will be the open partnership of the 'brute Tyranny' with the 'moral' Trader; and the People will find in its helotism the just reward of its beastly submission to the leadership of Dishonesty.

There are two political parties in England: the party of Despotism, and the party of Dishonesty which, Jacob-like, covets its brother's inheritance; but which would not object to bargain with him for a secure half. Where is the third party,—the party of Right, of Justice and of Order, opposed alike to the wrongfulness of Despotism and to the anarchical knavery of the Golden-Mean? Where is the party of THE PEOPLE?

Where are those who, believing in God and his law, will gird themselves to smite down both the Idolator and the Atheist?

THE BROTHERS.

[*From an Old Book.*]

THERE were three brothers: Cain and Abel and one unnamed.

Cain arose against Abel, and slew him.

Their brother looked on.

And when Abel cried unto him for help, he refused.

For he said—he loved peace and abhorred all manner of violence: but peradventure Cain might stay to reason with him.

In process of time the children of the three brothers increased, so that they overspread the earth.

To this hour, when the sons of the first Murderer would slay the seed of the Righteous, the descendants of him who abhorred all manner of violence refuse their interference to prevent the wrong.

Verily the crime of Cain shall be expiated sooner than the crime of these.

Art not thou too thy brother's keeper?

PEACE AND HOPE.

(*Cromwell's charging-cry at Waisby-Field.*)

For 'Peace and Hope' our Heroes bared their swords:
Our Whigs slay Peace and Hope with peaceful words.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

Dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Wherein England's Shame may sleep!
Englishmen! haste, one and all,
To Dishonour's burial!

Dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Wherein England's Shame may sleep.

Openly, in front of day,
In the broadest public way,
Dig that grave!—the ground will be
Hallow'd by its own ministry.

Dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Wherein England's Shame may sleep.

Dig the grave with freemen's swords,
Keen thoughts and determined words!
Let the realmless tyrant's pall
Be upborne by each and all,
To the caverns of the deep
Where oblivion sealeth sleep!

English Shame hath travel'd far
On the wheels of Trade and War;
Late hath he returned home;
Lay the Weary in his tomb!
Dig his grave, and dig it deep:
English shame hath need of sleep.

Lower him to his grave with ropes
Closely twined of ages' hopes!
Leaves and blossoms blight-forbid
Drop upon the coffin-lid!
Dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Wherein England's Shame may sleep!

Let no priestly hireling dare
Mock the Dead with soul-less prayer!
Be its requiem one wide word—
Peace!—none other sound be heard,
Save the rush of earth to heap
Infamy's appointed sleep!

But, when ye are wending thence,
 On the way of innocence,
 Let one song burst forth from ye;
 And be its burthen—Liberty!
 One strong hymn whose waves shall leap
 The living dens where tyrants sleep.

Europe's throned Injustices
 In their gilded palaces
 Shall despair, when they behold
 England shameless, as of old.
 Dig a grave, and dig it deep,
 Wherein England's Shame may sleep,

Build a during monument
 Of high deeds of pure intent;
 Free and light, that o'er the grave
 Nature's simple flowers may wave!
 Let no living creature weep!
 Break not Shame's eternal sleep!

SPARTACUS.

THE SLOANES:

OR THE MEANING OF ANARCHY.

(' Our Social Chaos.'—*John Bull*.)

WHAT public indignation should be roused against the Sloanes was natural. Now they are punished. Perhaps not as less respectable people had been punished; but let that pass. If there is further wrath to expend, let it be bestowed upon *the system* which connives at, encourages, occasions such abominations. Leaving these particular malefactors in their ignominy, let us examine the system which engendered them.

Jane Wilbred was a pauper. So long as landlords and capitalists exploit the labourer, there must be paupers; so long as injustice rules, the poor 'shall never cease out of the earth.' But a wise and paternal government, even a weak government endeavouring to be wise and paternal, would, if unable to prevent the impoverishment of the worker, at least care to lighten his sufferings. Nay, in its judicious kindness it might contrive to rescue some few of the rising generation from the curse of poverty. It would bring up its paupers tenderly.

In the poor-house, under the special supervision of the central authority, the burdensome pauper would be nurtured till it became a thriving and useful member of society. The child would be carefully nursed, properly educated, and reared to its full strength that it might buffet bravely with a hard world. Even when it left the parent house, the sheltering wings of the parochial guardians would brood over it, like angel watchers over—a ward in chancery. A very pleasant theory, but not tallying with the practice toward Jane Wilbred. She left the poor house, ignorant as a brute, to be the drudge of hard task-masters; and the parish, rid of their burthen, cared for her no more. So ignorant was she, so imbruted and spirit-broken (by what? by what but her pauper education under the parish guardianship?), that she at once bowed unresistingly to the yoke of the new tyranny, and never lifted her thoughts to the hope of redress from her old guardians. How the poor dumb wretch was abused we know but too well. Her tyrants, too, are smarting for it. But is the evil remedied? The law that punished them, volunteered to inform them, how gratuitously they had incurred the risk of punishment. Barring the assault, they might have abused her at their pleasure. She, forsooth, was old enough to take care of herself. The law that permitted her ignorance, denies protection to the ignorant. They might have starved her, tormented her to madness or death, and been beyond the law, had they kept their hands off her. The law had no protection for her, because she was not of ‘tender years.’ How had her tender years been protected? No protection or compensation. By an accident she has escaped the Sloanes. So soon as she leaves the hospital, she may return to similar service, or, having none to give her a character, seek a living *in the streets*. She *may* not come to this, for private charity may interpose; but her only dependence is on this chance of bounty. The Law ignores her. The Law, that permitted her childhood to be neglected, her girlhood to be starved and cruelly maltreated, will leave her womanhood to abuse, worse than neglect or starvation. She stands alone in the world, unfitted to cope with it—unprotected—uncared for. If no passing Samaritan will step out of his way to speak comfort to her,—let her die; trample her to death in her abandonment, and impanel twelve respectable householders to record a verdict of *Died by the Visitation of God*—a natural death.

This is law—government—social order. Dare to assail a system of things to which Jane Wilbred’s case is not the exception, but of which it is the example,—of which such cases as her’s are logical and inevitable consequences: and from the senate-house, and from the pulpit, and from the rich man’s comfortable fire-side, will proceed a chorus of denunciation, cursing you as a disturber of ‘society.’ A ‘society,’ which has neither law (if law is rule of justice), nor government (if government means social regulation), nor order; which is not society, but anarchy, a vicious anarchy far worse than savage nature. There are no paupers among the savages.

‘But it is unjust to argue from a solitary instance.’ No solitary instance. Paupers are not educated, either, physically, intellectually, or morally.^a No solitary instance: ‘next to governesses,’ says Harriet Martineau, ‘the largest

class of female patients in lunatic asylums is maids of all work.' No solitary instance: the law never protects those whom it has neglected in their 'tender years.' No solitary instance: for the law has no provision for compensating the injured, no means of securing employment even to the most willing, no refuge for the destitute woman except the City of Prostitution. This a solitary instance of the misgovernment, the disorder, the lawlessness of what we are fools enough to call *society*? Ask of the thousands of children brought up to theft and obscenity!^b Ask of the thousands of the 'street-folk'—costermongers and others—who know not even the rudiments of morality! Ask the nurseries from which, O blameless fathers and mothers of families! your children's brothels are supplied! Ask the needlewomen who clothe so cheaply their virtuous sisters, while they eke out 'a living' in disease and horror! Call above ground the fearful populations of your mines! Examine the physical and moral condition of the factory slave, and of the serf of the soil! Ask the prosperous and highly-honoured 'sweater,' ask in the gin-palaces or of some burial society,—whether there is any need for one to pick out an exaggerated case to condemn the present 'ordering' of 'society'!^c Your ordering is anarchy. One week's record of your disorders, if brought home even to the heart of a sordid, a cowardly, and an unprincipled race, would compel them to revolution.

Step out of your shop into the crowded street. Take the first ten human beings you meet, so that they are below the grade of a respectable householder. Question them of their lives: and if you have a heart in your bosom, if your conscience has outlived the overlaying of a trader's selfishness, you will ask yourself *what manner of social government is this which so orders the lives of its subjects*; you will crimson with shame at your long acquiescence in its iniquity; and your wrath will convert you, from something worse than a slave, to an honest man,—and you will put down the Evil—though it be to the loss of your best customers through the overthrow of a tyranny whose roots have spread into all classes.

If indeed, it is to be called government,—this misrule under which the Sloanes and the Wilbreds have become types of classes,—will some admirer of the present system of 'society,' some one of the 'party of order,' tell us what is misgovernment or disorder, inform us as to the real meaning of Anarchy.

^a THE SORT OF EDUCATION ALLOWED BY LAW TO PAUPERS:

(From the Times of October 15, 1850.)

'These starving and almost mouldering relics of humanity are penned by hundreds within yards and lofts, and subjected to the dreadful experiment,—on how little human life may be prolonged. Of the most meagre quality of food the smallest possible quantity is administered. When the victims of the experiment begin to drop rather too fast a little more is added, to be checked again when it is found to do more than keep body and soul together. Tottering in a balance between just alive and actually dead, or rather, to use a common Irish ejaculation, 'dead alive,' the human subject rapidly and fearfully deteriorates. He becomes dwarfish, stooping, and contracted. His arms are thin and pendant; his fingers long and bloodless. His eye becomes dim. His jaws and cheek-bones become brutishly prominent. *His face is covered with a down suggestive of a more terrible degradation.* A boy at fourteen acquires the sodden and careworn look of an old man. Smiles are unknown in this form of humanity. Even hope is not always

there, and the natural affections are liable to be displaced by animal cravings. Witnesses assure us that as they beheld hundreds of these beings herded together, listless, unemployed, incapable of instruction, of religion, or of any human office, except those which are common to the lowest ranks of animal life, they were possessed with a fearful foreboding as to the new generation of men thus sent upon the earth. In whose image have these been created? Into what image have they been transformed?’

^b HOW GOVERNMENT TAKES CARE OF THOSE OF TENDER YEARS.

As a sample of that Government, of that ordering and regulation of society, which only ‘wicked and seditious persons’ assail, take the following from the report of the *Morning Chronicle’s* Commissioner. He is speaking of the ‘Penny Gaff’—the penny theatre at which the children of the London street-folk are *educated*.

‘It is impossible to contemplate the ignorance and immorality of so numerous a class as that of the costermongers, without wishing to discover the cause of their degradation. Let any one curious on this point visit one of these penny shows, and he will wonder that *any* trace of virtue and honesty should remain among the people. Here the stage, instead of being the means of illustrating a moral precept, is turned into a platform to teach the cruellest debauchery. The audience is usually composed of children so young, that these dens become the school-rooms where the guiding morals of a life are picked up (*under a Government that cares for tender years*); and so precocious are the little things that the *girl of nine* will, from constant attendance at such places, have learned *to understand* the filthiest sayings, and laugh at them as loudly as the grown-up lads around her. What notions can the young female form of marriage and chastity, when the penny theatre rings with applause at the performance of a scene whose sole point turns upon the pantomimic imitation of the most corrupt appetites of our nature? * * The men who preside (under Government) over these infamous places know too well the failings of their audiences. * * The show that will provide the most unrestrained debauchery will have the most crowded benches; and to gain this point things are acted and spoken that it is criminal even to allude to.’—*Mayhew’s London Labour and the London Poor*.

That he might not exaggerate, Mr. Mayhew visited one of these obscene dens. We need not describe the whole entertainment. ‘There was one scene that was perfect in its wickedness.’

‘A ballet began between a man dressed up as a woman, and a country clown. The most disgusting attitudes were struck, the most immoral acts represented. If there had been any feat of agility, any grimacing, or, in fact, anything with which the laughter of the uneducated classes is usually associated, the applause might have been accounted for; but here were two ruffians degrading themselves each time they stirred a limb, and forcing into the brains of the childish audience before them (boys and girls from eight years of age) thoughts that must embitter a life-time, *and descend from father to child like some bodily infirmity*. * * The crowd without (of children waiting their turn) was so numerous that a *policeman was in attendance* TO PRESERVE ORDER.’

The number of the London Costermongers is estimated at 35,000. They ‘have no religion at all.’ ‘Very few of the children receive the least education.’ ‘This is what the party of ‘Order’ call the ‘government of society.’ Their ‘order’ is that of the Policeman at the door.

^c WHAT SOCIETY IS.

The following sample of ‘society’ is from the *Westminster Review* for July, 1850.

‘Mr. Mayne, one of the Commissioners of Police, states the number of regular Prostitutes, at from 8000 to 10,000 in the Metropolis, *exclusive of the City*. * * Mr. Talbot states that the number in Edinburgh is about 800; in Glasgow 1,800; in Liverpool 2,900; etc., etc. * * The number who live by prostitution, *whose sole profession it may be said to be*, cannot be under 50,000 in Great Britain.’

‘Most of the higher class of brothels are supplied by means of regularly employed and

highly paid procuresses, whose occupation it is to entice to their houses (many of those houses church-property) female servants and governesses applying in answer to advertisements, and young women—frequently young ladies—who come up to London for employment, and do not know where to fix their lodgings. Sometimes by cajolery, sometimes by force, sometimes by drugs, they are kept close prisoners till their ruin is effected; when they are handed over to the brothel-keepers, and their place supplied by fresh victims.

‘One of the most painful facts connected with the whole subject, is the *tender age* (the law cares for tender years) at which thousands of these poor creatures are seduced. On no point is the evidence more clear than this. *Not only is a vast proportion of existing prostitutes under twenty, but the number who become prostitutes at the age of fifteen, twelve, and even ten years, is such as almost to exceed credibility.* This is known from the testimony of the hospitals into which they are brought to be treated for syphilitic diseases. Mr. Laing tells us of one child *who died of a worn-out constitution at the age of thirteen.* It is for the old and withered *débauché* that these youngest victims are ordinarily selected.’

Such is ‘society.’ Sodom and Gomorrah had also their ‘Party of Order,’ sworn to prevent any radical alteration, to crush, or at least defame, any who dared to challenge their sacred institutions. Will any patching reform our modern Sodom? Is it not a revolution that we require?

RHYMES AND REASONS AGAINST LANDLORDISM.

TENANT-FARMING.

Rackrent field, and rent the moor:
 Such is Landlord's law, man!
 ‘He lends God who gives the poor’—
 Seems an idle saw, man!
 Rob the labourer of the sod;
 Say your warrant comes from God:
 Dare them find a flaw, man!
 Eat the harvest he has sown:
 All in right of law, man!
 Steal his bread, nor give him stone—
 Improving on the saw, man!
 Curse him! when potatoes fail,
 Press him for a double gale:
 There's in his lease a flaw, man!
 Hunt him from his naked home,
 With cunning dogs of law, man!
 Bid him to the poor-house come,
 If winter winds are raw, man!
 Raze his cottage: should it stand,
 For an eyesore, on your land?
 Your's!—Who finds a flaw? man!

If he houses in your ditch,
 'Tis against the law, man!
 Drive him to your neighbour's: which—
 Matters not a straw, man!
 Let his wife and children there
 Starve and rot: what need you care
 For slaves you never saw? man!
 Feed your beasts where peasants fed:
 Such is Famine's law, man!
 Which would fetch you most a head?
 Truth cuts like a saw, man!
 Alone, upon the bloody sod,
 Thou read'st thy warrant: is't from God?
 Canst *thou* find a flaw? man!

THE SHIRLEYS.

'Twas a splendid morn for the hunt indeed,
 And the Devil look'd grimly glad,
 As he whistled his hounds of the Shirley breed,—
 The savagest pack he had.
 And I saw him lead them to cover there:
 How the deep-mouth'd hounds they grin'd,
 As a peasant fled from his wretched lair,
 And they drove him against the wind.
 Ho, Rapine! Rackrent! follow him close;
 See, Famine has pull'd him down:
 Though the sport be brief, yet heaven knows
 That fault is not our own.
 Another! Another! And dam and young!—
 And the hell-hounds bark amain.
 O the bursting heart and the fever'd tongue
 And the failing, desperate strain.
 Men and women and babes they slew,
 Till the very Fiend grew sick;
 But the savager hounds, no rest they knew
 While blood remain'd to lick.—
 My ears yet ring with their horrid yell,
 My heart beats fast with fear.
 Would God it was only a dream of Hell!
 But the Shirleys hunt us here. ^a

^a Irish landlords, according to Captain Larcom's official report, in 1848 and 1849 turned out 117, 178 families, to die of starvation; and if we take five as the usual average number of each family, the total number of persons evicted would be 585, 890.

‘FROM THE CENTRE UPWARDS.’

If Puddledock can vomit truth,
 Or truth be venom’d lies,—
 If Russell-Castlereagh know ruth,
 Whig ‘statesmanship’ be wise,—
 If butcher’s meat grow wholesomer
 By dint of carrion flies,—
 King Property owns earth and air,
 From the centre to the skies.

So pursy Athol swears he doth,—
 ‘Keep off the waste!’ he cries;
 And sky and moor, he’ll fence them both
 From depredating eyes.
 While Minos in a Highland kilt
 Guards Eden from surprise,
 There’s scarce a doubt his Grace of Tilt
 May own both earth and skies.

No urchin his red lips shall smear
 With Autumn’s luscious prize;
 No milkmaid stint her song to hear
 The lark that heavenward hies:
 ’Tis theft, sir! theft; wild fruit, wild tones,
 And wild flowers’ varied dyes,
 Are grown on Lordling’s land, who owns
 From the centre to the skies.

When starvelings tire of fattening drones—
 ‘Why then,’ his Grace replies,
 ‘We’ll clear our lands, nor let your bones
 Manure our Paradise;
 ‘We’ll have Steam-power for helot then.’
 But what if Labour rise,
 And land you, scarecrow gentlemen,
 Somewhere ’twixt earth and skies?

EXTERMINATION.

Why not, says Shirley, clear my land?
 The land is all my own,
 To use or waste as likes me, and
 To be gainsaid by none.
 I’ll have no peasant-holdings here,
 But meadow, park, or moor,—
 Such is my will; the land I’ll clear:
 What care I for the poor?

And since thy land is also thine—
 By grace of God, we'll say,—
 And since poor rogues may not combine,
 Though rich and strong ones may,—
 Why not, my Lords! join hand to hand
 To rid us of our fear,
 And all conspire to clear the land
 From the Causeway to Cape Clear?

Root out the serfs; perhaps transplant:
 Too costly that would be.
 Evict them! Need they die of want
 While there's the Irish Sea?
 Which is the cheapest Negro breed,
 To stock our farms?—'O fie!
 'Hill-Coolies now; the Blacks are freed:'
 Says sleek Philanthropy.

REPUBLICAN MEASURES.

I.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR ON THE LAND.

BETWEEN the Capitalist' (land-lord or money-lord) 'and the proletarian the same actual relations subsist as were between the master and the slave of old. The very name remains: we say, the *master* and the workman; we speak but too exactly.

'What was the slave in relation to his master? A tool,—a part, and the most valuable part of his property. The received law originally branded the slave with this character of property, or thing possessed; and brute force compelled his obedience. Chains and rods were the sanction of this monstrous claim of man over his fellow man.

'And now, what is the proletarian in relation to the capitalist? A tool. Freed by the recognition of his right, personally free by law, it is true he is not the purchaseable and saleable property of his employer. But this liberty is a fiction. His body is not enslaved but his will is. Has he indeed a will, who can only choose between inevitable, frightful death and acceptance of an imposed law? The chain, the rod, of the modern slave is hunger.'—*Lamennais' Modern Slavery.*

'The weight of chains, number of stripes, hardness of labour, and other effects of a master's cruelty, may make one servitude more miserable than another; but he is a slave who serves the best and gentlest man in the world, as well as he who serves the worst,—and he does serve him if he must obey his commands and depend upon his will.'—*Algernon Sidney.*

'But first it is necessary to explain oneself as to a word of vague import, a sort of neutral ground where each, on entering, gives up his own name, to mingle under a common appellation with the crowd who are rushing thither. We have been asked—Are you or are you not a *Socialist*?

'If by *socialism* is understood some one of the systems which, since Saint Simon and Fourier, have sprung up on all sides, and of which the general character is *the negation, explicit or implied, of property and family*, no, we are not *Socialist*.

'If by *Socialism* is understood, on the one hand, the principle of association admitted as one of the principal foundations of that order which ought to be established, and, on the other hand, the firm belief that, under the immutable conditions of life itself, physical and moral, this order will constitute a new society, with which nothing in the past shall be comparable,—yes, we are *Socialist*, and more than *Socialist*.

'The ancients had a system of organization of labour: this organization was called Slavery. The characteristic of slavery is *forced labour rewarded according to the pleasure of him who imposes it*. Such was slavery among the ancient nations. The realization of the Communist system would bring it back under worse conditions. What, in fact, does Communism propose? What would it have? *Forced labour, rewarded according to the pleasure of the State which imposes it*. Between this and the ancient system where is the difference? Instead of private masters, Communism would substitute one single master, abstract, inflexible, insensible, without any direct relation to the slave, deprived henceforth of the protection which man always finds in what of humanity remains at the bottom of the heart of man. The mastership of the State is the sum of all masterships: something similar to what the universal and absolute coalition of masters would be in the present condition of society. Among the ancients the slave might be enfranchised, and often was; here no enfranchisement would be possible.

'Right alone does not enfranchise. . . . *To be independent, master of one's-self, completely free,—one must have possession of that which is necessary for the life of the body.* PROPERTY IS THE MATERIAL CONDITION OF FREEDOM.

'The problem to resolve is to reach such a state that thenceforth men should labour for themselves and not for others.'

Lamennais on Labour, in 'Le Peuple Constituant.'

The sovereignty of the People is not consistent with individual misery. The first once established, not an hour should be lost without proceeding for the extinction of the last. For misery is slavery. This is why I place the Organization of Labour first among the Republican Measures of which I have to treat. The first step toward that organization is to provide for our 'surplus' labourers, our unemployed population. This I believe can only be done by giving them free access to the Land. Any other 'provision for the poor' is a mockery. I propose, therefore, now to consider of

THE LAND, AND HOW TO RECLAIM IT.

At this present (it is said) the whole land of England is monopolized by 30,000 persons, that of Scotland by 3000, that of Ireland by 6000.^a These per-

^a In 1780 the number of English landed proprietors was 250,000. At this rate, in another two centuries some fifty persons might own all England, and of course have the right of *clearing their estates*.

sons have acquired possession by purchase or inheritance from a race who held the land not as absolute owners, but only as tenants of the State, under condition of paying rent or service to the State. That is to say—the feudal landholder—not owner—bore the burthens of the Nation as the price of his *lease* of the Nation's land. It was his rent. And he was only a tenant.

In the course of time the land-holders (being sole legislators) shifted the national burthens from their own shoulders, and voted themselves absolute proprietors. The present holders, who have bought or inherited of them, are precisely in the position of men who have bought or inherited stolen property. They hold their lands with a faulty title. Men who were *only tenants* have sold or given them the freehold: sold or given what never was theirs. And the buyers or receivers knew it.

But even if the Nation (instead of a partial Parliament) had, formally or tacitly, sanctioned the absolute proprietorship of a few landlords, the title of these holders would not be good. For the land may not be alienated even by the Nation. It is not the absolute property of any one generation, but is entailed for the benefit of all generations. The Nation, then, must resume its proprietorship: not confiscating the estates, but compelling the observance of the tenants' original contract,—in some such terms as the following:—

WHEREAS the Nation is the sole proprietor of the Land and none hold rightfully except as tenants of the Nation; and WHEREAS every Member of the Nation has an equal right to support from the Land upon which he was born:

BE IT THEREFORE ENACTED

1—*That, in lieu of all Taxes hitherto collected for national purposes,^b there shall be charged one uniform rental for every acre of cultivated or cultivable land,^c—in acknowledgement of the Nation's sovereignty, and to meet all national expenses;*

2—*That the payment of such rental shall constitute the only legal title to the possession of land;^d*

3—*That such national expenses shall specially include the cost of a sufficient maintenance for the infirm and the unemployed.*

I consider such a measure as the necessary preliminary to any real Organization of Labour.

The first step in that organization is to provide for our unemployed labourers, —what is called our 'surplus population.'

I find that there are *thirty-two millions of acres of uncultivated land* in the British Isles. *Fifteen millions of these acres are cultivable.*

A large portion of these fifteen millions would fall into the hands of the State,

^b Including tithes, church-rates, and poor-rates, and (except for absolutely local purposes) highway and county rates and tolls. This will be explained at large under the head of Taxation.

^c One uniform rental, because the improvements which have made the main difference in value of land are the work of individuals; and to charge a higher rental on account of such improvements would be spoliation, and a virtual premium upon non-improval.

^d The method of collection and other details will be given under the head of Taxation: The amount would be decided by each successive Parliament, according to circumstances.

so soon as the State began to enforce its rental. This is certain: because men would not pay for immense tracts of land which they could not use. ^e

Upon the lands thus accruing to the State, and upon what are now called Crown-lands, I would plant colonies of agricultural labourers, under officers appointed by Government, furnished with sufficient capital and empowered to farm the land on the following terms:—That after payment of the State-rental, the salary of the superintendant, and such portion of the capital as might be ordered, *the remaining proceeds of the land should be divided among the labourers.*

The proportion of capital to be paid back, year by year, would vary with circumstances. The poorer the land, the longer should be the time allowed for payment. There should be no interest charged. ^f

So soon as the Capital should be paid back, the labourers would be the landholders,—their own masters, subject to no supervision, to no burthen except the rental of their land. They would form a new race of independent peasant freeholders. ^g

Thus I would provide for the ‘surplus’ agricultural population: enabling them to support themselves upon the *waste lands*. I take this to be the first step in the Organization of Labour.

But it will be found not only that this first step would provide for the unemployed agricultural population; but also that it would greatly diminish the numbers of the unemployed artizans, and radically alter the position of the employed labourers, whether field-labourer or mechanic.

It would alter the position of the field-labourer thus:—

At present the competition of numbers places him at the mercy of the farmer. He must be content with the lowest possible wage,—or the punishment of the poor-house. But the state-farmer, the superintendant of the agricultural colonies, at once placing the labourers in those colonies on the footing of partnership, laying accounts before them, and giving them their just *share* of the produce of *his and their* united exertion,—this would soon put a stop to the competition of numbers for mere wages.

The competition would now be for the State freeholds; and the private farmer, instead of beating down his labourers, would have to offer them, as an inducement to work for him, an equitable share of the proceeds of his and their united exertion. ^h

^e Such as thirty-thousand acres for a deer-park. If men would still hold uncultivated land, to the hinderance of others needing access to that land for their maintenance, it would become necessary for the State to prohibit the holding of more than a certain number of acres by one person. But this extreme would not be probable, when every acre was charged with the rent.

^f To demand interest would be to continue the disadvantage of poverty. Some compensation is due, too, to those who have been hitherto the victims of an unjust system. And the State cannot need usury. Of this when we come to the question of Credit.

^g Bear in mind that education and material reform would be progressing with equal pace: and so the most ignorant of our population would be fitted for a far higher sphere than they could now occupy.

^h This would force the masters to terms. And why not, as well as the masters force the men? But the master would not lose unfairly. He has skill, for which his men would gladly give him value. Nothing certainly for his capital, seeing that capital could be had from the State. This shall be cleared as we go on.

The end, and no very distant end, and an end beneficial to all parties, would be that farms would be worked by friendly associations of those who are now in the false, antagonistic position of master and slave,—but who would then form free and fair partnerships of *head and hands*, skill and manual labour. This would be the natural effect of our first step—our home-colonies of the unemployed—on the rest of the agricultural population.

It would also alter the position of the mechanic thus.

At present it is the unemployed population of the rural districts which is driven or attracted into the towns, and there crowds the labour-market, reducing to the lowest fraction the wage of the mechanic. But with our home-colonies, there would be no unemployed agricultural population. So much less would be the number of the unemployed mechanics. And so much of competition would be at an end: for none would choose to leave the soil unless the promise held out to them exceeded the certain advantage of their agricultural position.¹

By so far the condition of the mechanics would be improved. Still would remain the tyranny of Capital and the fluctuations of Trade, always affecting the mere wages-slaves, however limited their numbers. Agricultural colonies would be but an insufficient remedy here: the mechanic could not readily change from in-door to out-door work; still less easily could he alternate between the two.

How the tyranny of Capital and the uncertainty of Trade may be met and provided against, I shall endeavour to show in considering the question of Credit.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

(From February 22nd to March 22nd.)

REPUBLICAN CHRONICLE.

ALREADY we may report a beginning in London. The '*Bethnal-Green Republican Propagandist Society*,' is the first republican association in England, based upon the European Faith, and following the plan of organization laid down in the '*English Republic*.' In Cambridge and Liverpool similar associations are forming. And friendly letters respond to our appeal, from all parts of the country,—from Plymouth, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, etc., etc. The foundations are being laid.

The Press has not left us quite unnoticed. The *Voix du Proscrit* warmly greets our endeavours; the Belgian *Réforme* has a kindly mention. At home the *John Bull* is the only one of our enemies who has the courage to attack us; while the *Standard* and the *Liverpool Journal* misrepresent. The whiggish press of course burkes us; some of the more 'friendly' journals merely damn us with faint praise. Among the cordial notices we may particularize those in the

¹ Fifteen millions of acres (not reckoning Crown Lands, and allowing that the seventeen millions called irreclaimable are strictly so) leaves us a wide margin for increase of population. It is one fourth of the cultivable soil of the country, yet without a spade in it.

Sheffield Free-Press, the *Glasgow Freeman*, the *Nation*, the *Friend of the People*, the *Northern Star*, and the *Leeds Times*. The *Nation*, disagreeing with some 'developments of doctrine,' says—

'But there is a hearty, pious, human love running through these pages, and a trustful faith in the destiny of mankind, worthy of a true servant of liberty and the people. It is the creed of youth, genius, and enthusiasm of all time, to-day and for ever.'

And the *John Bull*, denouncing the editor's notions as 'crude and visionary' reassures us with the comfortable statement—

'His plan of operation is as practical as his theories are the reverse.—Let Monarchy take heed to itself.'

THE POLISH REFUGEES.

English History, recording the beginnings of our Republic, will not forget to recount the following:—

March 4th, 1851, 261 Refugees arrived at Liverpool: 9 Hungarians, 3 Germans, 1 Bohemian, 1 Italian, and 247 Poles,—the remnant of the Polish Legion which fought, under the command of General Joseph Wysocki, in Hungary. On their reaching Liverpool they were boarded by an emigration clerk, one Mr. Diosy, a Hungarian, also the agent of the 'Literary Society of the Friends of Poland.' His object was to persuade the Hungarians, and perhaps through them the Poles, to allow themselves to be immediately shipped to America: the English Government offering them a free passage and some trifle of money as an inducement. The Refugees, however, actuated by a high sense of patriotic duty, and refusing to look upon the question of remaining here or going to America as a question of personal interest, had long resolved to stay in England; and communicated their intention to the Liverpool authorities, through their friend and countryman, Mr. Worcell, the delegate of the Polish Democratic Committee, with whom they had been in constant correspondence in Turkey, and whom they had invited to meet them at Liverpool. Finding this, coercive measures were resorted to by the Authorities. The Refugees were informed that in three days (a grace of two days further was afterwards added) all who refused to be transported would be turned out of the House in which the Authorities had hospitably located them; their sole friend and agent, Mr. Worcell, was forcibly ejected from among them; and, to prevent public sympathy in their behalf, false accounts were circulated, privately and through the whole of the Liverpool Press, stating that they had at Constantinople agreed to go to America. There were none to see English fair play allowed to these strangers, except a few working men. They called a public meeting; with great difficulty found one true-hearted gentleman to attend and take the Chair; one other to assist them in finding a shelter against the expiration of the five days' threat. The meeting was held in the Concert Hall, Liverpool, on the 10th, a resolution to assist those of the Refugees remaining in England was unanimously carried by a crowded meeting, and £11 was collected, chiefly from working-men, at the doors. On the following day (the 11th,) the Literary Society of the Aristocratic Friends of Poland openly interfered—not to protect, but to 'persuade' the Refugees to leave. 230 determinedly refused. They knew their advisers. They were ready to endure any misery rather than be beyond the reach of their country in the coming war. On the 12th the Authorities, who had not hesitated to subtract one tenth of their provision (ten per cent was the duty demanded and paid upon the remains of the exiles' bread), turned the 230 into the streets to find a shelter where they could. Liverpool merchants (some of them very liberal men—Parliamentary

Reformers, and the like) closed their doors and their 'hearts.' Some few working men obtained for them the room of a large soapery, and procured sufficient straw for beds. So in the centre of wealthy Liverpool lodged 230 of the bravest and noblest men in Europe (never so badly housed in Turkey) whose only offence was that they were Republicans, that they would not for the sake of their own 'interests' abandon the Cause of Humanity.

A Committee is now formed in Liverpool for their relief. Let other Committees follow throughout the Country. If the respectable classes will not subscribe, let poor men club their mites. These noble exiles shall not be driven from our shores; shall not be famished in our streets. Which among our readers, fulfilling a republican duty, will guarantee the support of any of these our hero-guests, till such time as they can learn our language and maintain themselves?

The best way, perhaps, to accomplish this, will be to form separate clubs, or committees, each for the support of one man.

THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE

Has issued the two following proclamations, commemorating the triumphs of 1848.

THE 24TH OF FEBRUARY.

BROTHERS!—If from the midst of punishments, of dungeon-tortures, and the miseries of proscription,—if, notwithstanding the tears of so many families in mourning,—if, notwithstanding so many oppressed populations,—we now throw you a word of hope, it is because this year which has just opened, the fourth of the Republic, cannot be other than a year of justice and of reparation.

Brothers! have confidence: nothing could hinder its providential mission; for the idea, which we have everywhere sounded, has immeasurably increased under compression and violence.

Vainly, in France, they have redoubled the vigour of their laws; vainly has the voice of the people been stifled by the mutilation of universal suffrage; vainly, in Europe, have the peoples been trampled on more than ever, and the armies of the coalition converge toward the Alps and the Rhine: light has entered into men's souls; and every heart has become a sanctuary of the new faith.

They can no more re-make the past than they can resuscitate the dead; the Revolution of February could not be long interrupted in its formidable course, because its right of existence was in the march of time and of the human mind.

Result as marvellous as unexpected! Three years of the Saturnalia of power have been sufficient to reduce our enemies to this avowal of their impotence: *the Republic alone is possible!*

Why? brothers!

It is because the Republic—that sacred arch of the imprescriptible rights of the human race,—slumbered, unknown to themselves, in the depths of the consciences of even those who blasphemed it. Striking homage rendered to the eternity of right.

To shake, to overturn thrones was easy; the inspiration of past revolts was all that was necessary for this: but this was only half the work, and see why we have succumbed.

To do so that the People, in their triumph, should not allow their rights to be stolen, that all the freed Peoples should be consolidated,—this was the science and the secret of the future. This secret February did not find. It had to spring out of excesses and persecution; your enemies have sufficed for the work. The destinies willed it thus, in order that the Revolution, filled with mercies, from its cradle, might live always pure.

The second half of the work is then finished. And now that the task of the persecutors is fulfilled,—that task which consisted in sprinkling the idea with blood, to render its growth more rapid,—what henceforth will be their part in the world? Like all God's scourges they have only to disappear. What matters, then, their apparent triumph? Like that knight of the middle-ages, of whom the legend speaks, they march, they fight still, and yet they are dead.

Adieu to kings and aristocracies; the People stands upon their ruins, and will reign to-morrow. Yet again, its only thought should henceforth be that it let not itself be despoiled amidst its triumph. France, that mother of revolutions, is about to utter this first cry—'GOVERNMENT DIRECT OF THE PEOPLE;' may it be heard!

To her also to lift up again the principle of the fraternity of nations, the dogma of human solidarity, so unworthily trampled underfoot by the tricksters of her government, by all those shadows which are conducting the funeral of the past.

But if—which God forbid—France, forgetful of her glory and of her first duties, could stoop yet longer beneath the yoke, and abdicate the initiative which thrice in sixty years has gone forth from her, still liberty would not die in Europe. When ideas are ripe, they everywhere find instruments; and let us remember that, often, it is to the most feeble, the most overwhelmed of the Peoples, that they trust the sword and the strength.

For us, brothers, let us not complain that we have seen mournful days, since they have served the triumph of the truth; and soon our hearts will be rejoiced by the sublimest of spectacles,—that of two hundred millions of men marching in their independence to the realization of the universal Republic.

As for those who found death in those festal days when victory sounded the charge for that improvized soldier, the People, let them rest in their glory, beside the martyrs who, less happy, but not less brave, have spent in punishment their last efforts in favour of Liberty.

Humanity, closing for ever the temple of war, will recollect her debt to those heroes, whose devotion during their lives, and whose example after their death, have traced the right path for us.

Brothers in prison, brothers in exile, brothers in grief, in tears, and in misery, all who suffer and who confess the Republican faith, hail to the 24th of February!

Hail to the anniversary of regeneration!

May its remembrance animate the peoples in their struggle; may it serve us all for a lesson in our success!

For the Central European Democratic Committee:

LEDRU ROLLIN—JOSEPH MAZZINI—ALBERT DARASZ—ARNOLD RUGE.

TO THE PATRIOTS OF LOMBARDY AND VIENNA.

Brothers!

Three years since you did noble and great things in this month.

You, men of the Lombardo-Venetian countries! proved your title to life and liberty. You valiantly resumed your glorious traditions of the 12th century. Without organization, without chiefs, and almost without arms, you fought five great battles with the foreign army which camps in your plains. You chose, to begin your struggle, the very day on which imperial concessions sought to lull you to sleep. You were mighty in combat, generous in victory. Glory to you, to your improvized soldiers, to your proscribed, to your martyrs. Your five days have reconquered your country. Do what they will, it is so.

And you, Viennese! have proved to Europe that there exists no despotism so corrupting, so enervating, as to be able to kill the human soul and its eternal protest in favour of progress. You raised the banner of democratic liberty on the very heart of temporal authority. You, waking from your sleep of ages, with a single bound reached almost to the end of the career, and proclaimed that the empire is the Peoples. Glory also to you, to your Academic legion, to the blouses of your working-men. You have brought back Vienna to the crusade of European progress, from which the House of Hapsburg had kept her exeluded.

Men of Milan and Vienna! your insurrections have succumbed, but they have given the programme of the revolution to come. Ripen the fruit of your movements, in exile, in prison, in the depth of that slavery which, we now know, is but the slavery of a day. Bind more and more closely your alliance; hold forth to each other a loyal hand: you can do so without weakness, for you both have been brave. Make yourselves ready: this is but the night-watch of the camp. The fourth anniversary of your movements must find you at your posts, conquered again, conquerers for ever.

Then, instructed by the past, you will recollect that henceforth every revolution is but an émente if it is not an European revolution. You will, will repulse far from you, as a crime, every dynastic thought, every idea of aggrandizement, every tendency to isolation or to usurpation, that would substitute itself for the holy idea—ALL NATIONS FOR THE WHOLE OF HUMANITY. You will acknowledge but one force—the People; but one method—the logical deduction of all the consequences of your principle; but one end—association in freedom; but one guide—genius and virtue expressed in love; but one religion—human solidarity in progress.

Children of two races too long in enmity, you will arise as brothers; as brothers you will conquer. Together you will accomplish a world-wide mission, one needing your united strengths. You will efface from Europe that tyranny which has divided itself into two, one seizing the body, and one the soul. For you, Italians! the Pope; you, Viennese! the Emperor.

For the Central European Democratic Committee,

LEDRU-ROLLIN—JOSEPH MAZZINI—ALBERT DARASZ—ARNOLD RUGE.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

Ministers have resumed their places after leaving the Country for ten days without even the pretence of a Government. This is one of the blessings of a limited Monarchy. In a Republic, the People's Representatives, so soon as a Ministry lost its confidence, would replace it by another. Now Government stands still because the aristocratical jockeys can not agree in what livery they shall ride the nation. If that poor Jockey-ridden beast, John Bull, may be called a Nation. The middle-classes are not yet prepared to take the reins. After all the crisis appears to have been only an intrigue, to show the incapacity of the Tories, and so insure a longer toleration for the imbecile Whigs. To serve as an excuse, too, for manufacturing a new budget, the first being too unpopular; and to compromise with the papal party. Beyond the 'Crisis' the month's 'Parliament' has nothing to record.

THE RECRUITING SERGEANTS.

Last month we analyzed the speech of Mr. Hume, the veteran Sham, who under pretence of liberalism from the days of the Reform Bill has striven to con-

fine the franchise to the respectable classes. The spokesman at this month's parliamentary soirée was Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P. for Oldham, and post-mortem 'Publicola' of the Dispatch. The reverend gentleman is one of those who in their degradation use the fire of genius to light themselves and their patrons to their luxurious dinners. Mr. Fox might have been the leader of the English democracy: he will be remembered only as one of the wordiest of the 'Free-Trade' Monopolists, as one of the more elegant of the sophists who tried to swindle a nation out of its right to freedom. He dares (for he has some little daring when well backed) to lecture on the True Spirit of Reform in the following unhappy fashion.

'He did not profess entire satisfaction with Mr. Hume's measure,—*it would leave unenfranchised half-a-million who had a perfect right to the suffrage; but it would add 3,000,000 to the constituency, AND WHAT POWER COULD STAND AGAINST THAT?* He called on Reformers from one end of the country to the other, to make an end of differences, and to unite in the common object of obtaining a wider representation.'

Mr. Hume says he would exclude a million. Mr. Hume reckons three millions of freemen *including* the present constituency. Mr. Hume's figures are certainly *nearer* to the truth. The honest Fox, in the true spirit of the Reform of 1832, calls upon all men to forget their differences, and to unite in *the common object of excluding* at least a million of the working men. Ay, what power will they have against a garrison of three millions? Let them be the slaves of the enfranchised, their hewers of wood and drawers of water for ever. This is the '*common object*' of Mr. Fox and his worthy allies of the Parliamentary Reform Association. And it is not only *one million* who would be excluded.

OTHER NEWS OF THE MONTH are without much interest. The Council of the 'National' Parliamentary and Financial Reform Association has issued a manifesto to the People, re-announcing their '*great and sacred ends.*'

1—'*Free Trade in all its integrity*' (of low wages and starvation for the workers).

2—'*Parliamentary Reform, immediate and complete*' (excluding not less than a million of the working classes).

3—'*Financial Amelioration, economical and equitable.*'

'*This is the British Reformers' Bill of Rights. Fellow countrymen! etc. etc.—By order of the Council,—Joshua Walmsley, President.*'

'Free-Trade' and Financial Reform—their Alpha and Omega; and sufficient Parliamentary reform to insure the same in all their *integrity*.

Meetings, of the usual character have been held,—the most prominent against the substitution of a house-tax (for the window tax.) Our pocket-patriots are always active.—The Sailors' Strike seems at an end in the Eastern Coast: but continues in Liverpool. All parties appear convinced of the justice of the men's cause: but it does not at all follow that they should get any redress from 'Government.'—From the Cape comes intelligence of a fierce Kaffir war, threatening serious consequences.

The only foreign news are some disturbances at Stockholm, chiefly important as an indication that even there the people are not quite content with the advantages of monarchy.

OUR CAUSE

So, FREEDOM! thy great quarrel may we serve,
 With truest zeal that, sensitive of blame,
 Ever thy holy banner would preserve
 As pure as woman's love or knightly fame!

And though detraction's flood we proudly breast,
 Or, weakening, sink in that unfathom'd sea,
 Ever we'll keep aloft our banner, lest
 Even the black spray soil its purity.

My life be branded and my name be flung
 To infamy;—Belovèd, I will wear
 Thy beauty on my shield, till even the tongue
 Of Falsehood echo Truth, and own THEE fair.

W J. L.

THE WORTH OF ONE MAN.

'WE have lying before us the two first numbers of a periodical which openly professes its aim to be the abrogation of the Monarchy, and the establishment of a pure democracy upon its ruins; and which bears on its title-page a new tricolour, "blue, white, and green," the national flag of the would-be "English Republic." Now it may be, we believe it is, very true, that the colour of the nethermost stripe of this new flag is not the greenest part of this affair; that the notions advanced by the editor, a Mr. W. J. Linton, are too crude and visionary to lead to any immediate practical result. A very small detachment of Division A would, we doubt not, be sufficient to stop the army likely to march this spring, or within the next seven or ten years, under the "blue, white, and green" banner.'

JOHN BULL, of February 15th.

O hopeful sneerer, whose scepticism will be echoed by the fears of many a timorous well-wisher to our endeavour. Let it be seven, or ten, or seventeen years, before the single seed shall increase into a nation's harvest, shall we grumble at the slow procession of time? Only let the one man persevere, and the end is certain. Thou who would'st faint in the seed-time, read the following by way of answer to the sceptic's lying prophecy. It is the history of one of these 'green and crude and visionary' beginnings which lead to no 'immediate practical result.'

'He spoke of his Doctrine to this man and that: but the most treated it with ridicule, with indifference: in three years, I think, he had gained but thirteen followers. . . . After some three years of small success, he invited forty of his chief kindred to an entertainment; and there stood up and told them what his pretension was: that he had this thing to promulgate abroad to all men, that it was the highest thing, the one thing: which of them would second him in that? Amid the doubt and silence of all, young Ali, as yet a lad of sixteen, impatient of the silence, started up, and exclaimed in passionate fierce language, That he would! The assembly, among whom was Abu Thaleb, Ali's Father, could not be unfriendly to Mahomet; yet the sight there, of one unlettered elderly man, with a lad of sixteen, deciding on such an enterprize against all mankind, appeared ridiculous to them; the assembly broke up in laughter. . . .

'Mahomet naturally gave offence to the Koreish, Keepers of the Caabah, superintendents the Idols' (by his crude and visionary notions, whose greenness was so *unpalatable* to the hoary superintendents). 'One or two men of influence had joined him: the thing spread slowly, but it was spreading. . . .

'He went on speaking to who would listen to him; . . . gaining adherents in this place and that. Continual contradiction, hatred, open or secret danger, attended him. . . . By and bye all his adherents had to quit Mecca, and seek refuge in Abyssinia, over the sea. The Koreish grew ever angrier; laid plots, and swore oaths among them, to put Mahomet to death with their own hands. . . . But it was not to end so.

'In the thirteenth year of his mission, finding his enemies all banded against him, forty sworn men, one out of every tribe, waiting to take his life, and no continuance possible at Mecca for him any longer, Mahomet fled to the place then called Yathreb, where he had gained some adherents: the place they now call Medina, or "*Medinat al Nabi*, the City of the Prophet," from that circumstance. It lay some 200 miles off, through rocks and deserts; not without great difficulty, in such mood as we may fancy, he escaped thither and found welcome. The whole East dates its era from this Flight, *Hegira*, as they name it: the year 1 of this Hegira is 622 of our era, the fifty-third of Mahomet's life. He was now becoming an old man; his friends sinking around him one by one; his path desolate, encompassed with danger: unless he could find hope in his own heart, the outward face of things was but hopeless for him. It is so with all men in the like case. Hitherto Mahomet had professed to publish his Religion by the way of preaching and persuasion alone. But now, driven foully from his native country, since unjust men had not only given no ear to his earnest Heaven's message, the deep cry of his heart, but would not even let him live if he kept speaking it,—the wild Son of the Desert resolved to defend himself like a man and Arab. If the Koreish will have it so, they shall have it. Tidings, felt to be of infinite moment to them and all men, they would not listen to these; would trample them down by sheer violence, steel, and murder: well, let steel try it then! Ten years more this Mahomet had; all of fighting, of breathless impetuous toil and struggle; with what result we know. . . .

'The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years.' ^a

Should we say, it is an instance of the spread of what is called false doctrine; and the tares grow faster than the wheat? Believe that never. Is falsehood

^a Carlyle's Lectures on Heroes.

then stronger than truth? But need we have gone to Islam for an example of what one man can accomplish. Does the modern Keeper of the monarchical Caabah, the superintendent of the Idol, know nothing of Him who after three years' teaching expiated his 'crude and visionary notions' upon a Cross, and left a few poor illiterate men to revolutionize the world in his name?

So rapidly a religion spreads. But will you move men for a mere political opinion? Our republican faith is a religion too; and something nearer to the teaching of the Galilean Carpenter, the divine Man of Nazareth, than anything that can be learned in the Church of Rathcormac. Yet doubtless the *John Bull* of Jewry, whose motto was '*God, KING HEROD, and the People,*' would have stigmatized that 'green' Christian doctrine of HUMAN EQUALITY as 'too crude and visionary to lead to any immediate practical result.' It has laid the foundation of the Universal Republic, upon that rock will we build. And even the *John Bull* shall acknowledge our consummate masonry, and prophecy, despite himself, of our ultimate success. We may easily forgive him the 'crude and visionary' and the 'immediate practical result.' Hear the old gentleman again, upon our method of organization!

'His plan of operation is as practical as his theories are the reverse. Each convert to his creed is to constitute himself the centre of a small knot or "family," not exceeding six, of his neighbours and acquaintances, men or women, whom he is to inoculate with republicanism, the whole of these "families"—whose mutual ties are to be "closer than even the brotherhood of blood"—in any given locality, forming a distinct republican Association. The "families" are to meet at each others' houses, for discussion and conference, and to sow the seed of fresh "families" by making proselytes within the reach of their influence. There is to be, in fact, a kind of Methodism of Republicanism, *the "family meetings" of "the English Republic" answering to the "class meetings" BY MEANS OF WHICH JOHN WESLEY EFFECTED THE EXTENSION AND RAPID SPREAD OF HIS PRINCIPLES among the multitude.* By means of this system the dangerous notions which it is the object of Mr. Linton's publication to inculcate, *might be propagated far and wide among the lower classes, especially among workmen or artisans, and forces collected, available for any movement determined on by the leaders, without any of those formalities of initiation and association, which bring their promoters at once and expressly under the provisions of the Statute law.*

'It should be borne in mind (also) that there are too many among *the male portion* of the labouring and even of the middle classes, both in town and country, who are . . . in a state of mind *predisposed to catch the infection of this republican propagandism.*'

Was I not right in saying what twelve apostolic men might do in England. Let our friends understand the matter as well as our enemies do. After all it is not so visionary. We have not to wait three years for our twelve or thirteen missionaries. We have our thirteen now. And for the seven or ten years of the *John Bull's* prophecy we will not dread to wait, even if our organization be poorer than his fears esteem it. Ten years!—if each convert will make one other convert in a year, we shall meet the A Division, in 1861, with a force of 6656 men. Estimate the difference of power between 5000 unorganized Chartists, and even the same number of banded Republicans: is it not worth a ten years waiting for? Or working for? And though we begin not with an

idle muster of a million and a quarter, yet in twenty years time our earnest nucleus of thirteen may swell to three millions. It is simply a question of earnestness: the earnestness of each man finding a convert in a year. But even our six or seven thousand (the ten years well-bestowed in raising them), distributed throughout the country, and bound together by *one common faith well-understood, by an efficient organization, and by a brotherhood closer than the brotherhood of blood*, would be a stronger party than any that has been seen in England since the days of Cromwell.

How shall we obtain this power? By individual exertion. It is no harder matter than the spread of Mahomedanism or Christianity. Let us see how we must proceed. Say we are but thirteen men, standing alone, each in some English town. Let us consider the worth, the *power of work*, of each of these thirteen.

One is a poor working-man. He has his weekly wage, which, small as it is, suffices to keep him; out of which too he will spare some little toward the realization of his faith. His first care will be to render his life worthy of his principles. He will be true and just in all his dealings, whether toward his employer or his fellow-workers, whether towards man or woman. By the exactness of his conduct in even the most trivial things he will compel the most unfriendly to notice and acknowledge *the probity, the integrity of the Republican*. He will be temperate, not merely out of a wise economy, because the time and money spent in drink might serve his cause, but because soberness, or self-possession, is a virtue, and he knows he cannot be a true Republican unless he is virtuous. But what need to say more than that he will endeavour to perfect his life so that all men shall honour him and have faith in him. So that men shall say—We need no oath, no written bond from this man: he is a Republican, and his lightest word is true. So that men shall say—What faith is this which builds up such a life? But he will do more than this. This even the lowest, the poorest can do. He will educate himself. His political faith will be ever influencing him even as a religion. What else is it but a religion? *the Harmonization of this Human Life, the establishment of God's realm upon earth*. He will inquire diligently how this may be hastened; he will seek to forward it, not only by example but by precept. And the precept which coincides with example is mighty. He will become a preacher of the Word: explaining to all within his reach the faith through which the world shall obtain salvation. In order that he may preach effectually, he will strain every thought *to know*. He will study the various bearings of his faith. He will master the tools of knowledge that he may teach others. Has he never read, he will learn now. Has he been unable to write, he will learn now. He will make himself capable to teach others. What time will the daily worker have for this? Has he not one day in seven? Let him give that to his religion: not to the mere ceremony of uttering certain formal prayers; but to the active worship whose first prayer is an endeavour for more knowledge, whose second prayer is not a careless repetition of '*Thy will be done*,' but a zealous endeavour to teach what that will is—the effectual, *actual*, prayer of the righteous man. And if he cares for the formal too, the little time which the sects have set apart for 'divine worship' will leave him not without

many hours for the diviner worship which is real and not formal. And will it be only on the one day in seven, be he never so hard-worked, that he will find time for this religious service? If he is in a workshop among his fellows, will he not find plenty of occasion for the active service of propagandism? If he works alone, may not his thoughts be employed? Only let him have the zeal of faith, and whether on holidays or work-days, in the workshop or in the fields, on his way to and fro, at his meals, and in his briefest moments of relaxation, he will find or make opportunity of bearing witness to his faith. Will not such a man have hearers? Will he not make converts, aye! if it be only one in a year? Will this one overpowering thought render him a fanatic and uncompanionable; and so men shall shun him? Let him not care for the fanaticism; let him be wise enough and healthy enough to be cheerful and friendly, and good men will not long continue to shun him because he is virtuous and a Republican.

Perhaps our one man has a wife and children. Let him bear in mind that *the family* is the inner sphere, the first circle of the Republic. Let him reflect on the power which here is his. Let him strive so that not only he, but his whole household, may be an example and an argument of republican worth. Beyond his family lie other duties: toward his fellow-workmen, his country, and Humanity. Let him ascertain the relative bearings and importance of these, and act accordingly. Let him so build up his life, in private and in public, in prosperity or in poverty, that even calumny shall pass him by, afraid to meet his gaze. Above all, let him be open as the day. While he has that tolerance, and good-taste, which thrusts not forward offensively even the truest dogma, let him at the same time never be ashamed of his party, never hesitate to confess his faith, never fear to join or singly to uplift the Banner of his Cause, never lose an opportunity to serve and glorify it. Without that virtuous openness, how shall his good character help the Cause? It is possible his frankness may lead to sacrifice, to martyrdom? What then? Is he not prepared for that? His devotion will not count the cost of Truth. And there would be less of martyrdom if men were fearless. But martyrdom is not the question. We follow the standard of our faith. Openly, uprightly, and without fear.

Such is the worth of one man. Say we are but thirteen so devoted. Will the A Division of police stop our course? Neither police nor politicians. The victory is in our own hands. Our triumph depends not upon our opponents, but only upon ourselves. Let us be staunch, faithful, and unfaltering, and the result is certain. We may count the years which shall bring in the Republic. But then, every man must work as if he was the one man on whom the future was dependent. Little by little our republican net-work shall overspread society; our numbers known only to ourselves, our determination and constancy evident to all; when the time shall come for decisive action there will be no power capable of standing against us, no party that will dare to say us nay. Set well about it, the English Republic is but the work of a few zealous years.

Recollect the success of Wesley! Think of Mahomet, the 'unlettered elderly man' with no follower but a youth of sixteen! Think of Christ and the poor fishermen of Judæa!

And above all,—'Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string.'

THE GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE:

A STORM-SONG.

GATHER ye silently,
 Even as the snow
 Heapeth the avalanche :
 Gather ye so !

Gather ye so,
 In the wide glare of day,
 Sternly and tranquilly ;
 Melt not away !

Flake by flake gather ;
 Bind ye the whole
 Firmly together—
 One form and one soul !

Are ye all gather'd ?
 Welded in one ?
 Hark to the thunder-shout !
 Now roll ye on !

Roll ye on steadily ;
 Steadily grow ;
 Swifter and swifter roll !
 Who stays you now ?

Leap from your hill of right ;
 Burst on the plain !
 Ye were born in those valleys ;
 There shall ye reign.

Roll on in thunder !
 Man's buildings are there :
 Lo ! they mock'd at your movement :
 Now hide their despair !

Roll, roll, world-whelmingly !—
 Calm in your path
 Glory walks harvest-ward :
 God rules your wrath.

'It is accomplished :'
Melt we away !
The phoenix To-morrow
Is child of To-day.

Gather ye silently !
Even as the snow
Buildeth the avalanche,
Gather ye, now !

SPARTACUS.

OUR MARTYRS.

3.—PESTEL AND THE RUSSIAN REPUBLICANS.

AT the close of 1825, the throne upon which the emperor Nicholas had scarcely sat, was stained with republican blood. That blood was the baptism of the Russian revolutionary movement, begun by the formation of secret societies so far back as 1817. The first of these societies bore the name of the '*Alliance of Faithful Sons of the Fatherland*' under the leadership of the brothers Mooravieff and the prince Trubetskoy. This in 1818 gave way to that of the '*Commonweal*' or '*Fraternity of the Green Book*,' of which after 1821 Pestel and Reeleyeff were the chiefs. Their object was a thorough political reform of Russia, and the restoration of the conquered provinces to Poland. In 1823 they extended their aims to contemplating the creation of a Slavonic Alliance, under which Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Servia, were to form a Federation of independent Republics. Their plans also included the enfranchisement of the serfs, and the deposition of the reigning family of the Romanoffs.

These societies originated in the army, among the more educated of the officers, who even in the campaigns of 1813, '14, and '15 had found opportunity for some commencement of free thought, with which to disturb the excellent peace of Europe, established at Vienna. The opinions of these men soon began to leaven the degraded nobility of Russia, and to inspire them with the hope of overturning the despotism under which they groaned. The Russian government has since endeavoured to spread abroad the impression that this disaffection was partial; but in fact it pervaded a whole class of society. The Government, for

nine years aware of the existence of a wide-spread conspiracy, was yet unable to suppress it, and even when with extreme difficulty one society was dissolved, it did but spring up again immediately in another form.

The chief and most zealous of the leaders of the movement were Colonel *Pestel*, Lieutenant Colonel *Sergius Mooravieff-Apostol*, and Lieutenants *Reeleyeff*, *Bestuzeff-Roomin*, and *Kakhowski*. Of these *Pestel* appears to have been the most skilful and practical; admitted, even by his adversaries, to have been a man of remarkable talent, though no pains have been spared to blacken and vilify his name. All the rules and regulations which he proposed bear the stamp of a widely comprehensive benevolence, joined with that immediate applicability which argues the work of a man who is more than a dreaming theorist. He also compiled a code of Russian jurisprudence, from which the Czar himself was fain to borrow; though under the corrupt system of Russian administration his subjects could be but little benefited.

There are two remarkable features in the history of this conspiracy: the one, that during nine years it was never betrayed by any fully initiated member, till the treason of the two princes *Jablonovski* and *Oginski*, in 1825; and the other, that during its proceedings the existence of three other similar societies—the ‘Russian Knights,’ the ‘Society for the Independence of Poland,’ and the ‘United Slavonians’—was discovered. These societies all merged into the main Union, which, divided into a northern and southern department, spread over the whole country. The members of this extensive association appear to have consisted of three very distinct classes of men. The least numerous, but at the same time the most active, was the republican party, composed principally of young men, acting under the most generous and disinterested convictions, and desirous of raising the whole of the Russian nation to a position of freedom. Some of these were men of the highest aristocracy, possessed of large fortunes, which they were prepared to sacrifice, by emancipating their serfs, the sole source of their wealth. The greatest majority, however, of the conspirators were the oligarchists, who were only anxious to overthrow the tyranny which weighed upon themselves. These were so numerous that the government, after the explosion of the conspiracy, found it impossible to punish all concerned in it; the committee of inquiry finding that there was not one noble family of note in the empire guiltless of participation. There was also a third class who might be said rather to approve of the conspiracy than to join in it, who waited to take advantage of its results. These two last parties, jealous of the genius and activity of *Pestel*, opposed his influence by the appointment of creatures of their own as chiefs of the movement, and so prepared for failure.

On the accession of *Nicholas*, the incarnation of that despotism against which they were banded, the conspirators were called upon to act. The Northern Circle was summoned together, but the majority, the oligarchists, only proposed to abandon their designs and to dissolve the association. *Kakhowski* and the more determined minority (*Pestel* was then in the South) indignantly opposed this, and apparently succeeded in inspiring even the majority, who thereupon chose one of themselves, *Prince Trubetskoy*, as the Dictator of the movement.

On the news of *Alexander's* death *Constantine* had been proclaimed, and many

regiments actually took the oath to him. The conspirators determined to contradict the announcement of his resignation, and to persuade the army that Nicholas was usurping; and the 26th of December (the day appointed for administering the oath of fidelity to the new emperor, to the troops, and authorities) was fixed for the outbreak of the revolution in St. Petersburg. The Dictator was to take the command of the insurrection, and to appear for that purpose with all the influential unionists in the Isaac's Plain, whither the conspirators were to repair with such regiments as they could gain over.

On the morning of the 26th, no sooner were the troops ordered under arms to take the oath, than they were addressed by the conspirators in their ranks. At first the marines of the guard, under the command of their general, laid hands on the haranguers, but the eloquence of the brothers Bestuzeff was persuasive, and the whole battalion followed them. The regiment of Finland also declared for Constantine; the grenadiers of the guard were gained over; a part of the regiment of Moscow followed. But here a check was given. Their Generals had gathered round them the grenadier company, with the standard of the regiment, and exhorted the troops to obedience. But the Bestuzeffs and Prince Rostovski, unhesitatingly pushed aside the bayonets directed against them, and dashed sword in hand into the midst of the grenadiers. After a fierce but momentary conflict they possessed themselves of the standard, and then all resistance vanished. The two generals, the colonel, and several soldiers, lay bleeding on the ground; the conspirators were unharmed. The regiment no longer hesitated, but with loud acclamations followed these daring leaders to the place of meeting. On their way they were joined by some few of the conspirators in plain clothes; but upon reaching the Isaac's Plain they found none of the leaders awaiting them. During the whole day they saw nothing of the chiefs, the elect of the oligarchical majority, whose province it was to direct the insurrection which had been so successfully begun. As for Prince Trubetskoy, the Dictator, at the very hour on which he had appointed for the outbreak, *he was taking the oath to Nicholas.*

The revolted regiments were formed in line with their backs to the Senate House. They stood there passive and irresolute, unknowing how to act, and awaiting their confederates. The Czar sent to summon them to take the oath of allegiance, but they answered with fierce cries of 'Constantine and the Constitution.' Count Miloradovitch, the favorite veteran of the army, in vain attempted to harangue them. He was reproached with a former act of treachery, and his efforts to obtain a hearing cut short by a pistol bullet, fired, it is said, by Kakhowski. Colonel Surler, who followed on the same errand, met a similar fate. The regiments who had not revolted were then ordered to fire upon the insurgents. Some refused, others fired over their heads. Artillery was then brought, and round after round of grape and canister poured from a murderous distance on the patient mass which still waited for their chiefs. Before evening the revolt had been ended by the massacre of the revolvers.

Whilst this was taking place in the North, Pestel, betrayed by his own adjutant, was arrested at Toolchin, in Podolia. Too suddenly surprized to be able to make any resistance, he, when overpowered, evinced no anxiety for any thing

but his work on Russian jurisprudence.^a His equanimity never deserted him, even to the gallows; and he died with sealed lips, though tortured, to wring out his secret.

In the South the brothers Mooravieff were arrested at the same time that Pestel was secured Toolchin; but they were speedily delivered by Bestuzeff and Kouzmin, and raising boldly the standard of revolt, they entered the town of Vasilkof. Some troops were gained over; but it was in vain that they sought to appeal to their reason or religious feeling. In vain Bestuzeff's Republican Catechism was read to them. They answered only to the promise of double pay, and the cry of 'Constantine.' In the south as in the north, the great mass of the conspirators hung back, and the insurgents, yet too feeble to undertake anything, were overtaken on their march to Telessie by the vanguard of the imperial forces. Conscious of how much depends upon the first onset, the Mooravieffs charged right upon the artillery, but the elder brother was desperately wounded by a grape-shot, and Hyppolyte, the younger, fell dead at his side, by the first discharge. Their soldiers fled: in vain the devoted leaders strove to rally them. Mooravieff and Bestuzeff, both wounded,—Matthew, Mooravieff's second brother,—and Kouzmin, were given up by their own men. Kouzmin, unwilling to survive the wreck of their hopes, snatched a pistol from one of his captors and discharged it at his own head, splashing the Mooravieffs with his blood and brains. So terminated this vast conspiracy. In the north, in the centre and in the south, the same devoted courage was displayed by the few who had conspired from patriotic motives, the same pusillanimity exhibited by the majority, whose narrow and contracted views were bounded by mere interest of caste, or that miserable self-interest which is the very root of caste.

One hundred and twenty-one conspirators, for their share in these events, were sentenced to death, or to banishment to Siberia for life, or for periods of from 20 to 50 years. Only five, however, were executed, the death-sentences of the remainder being commuted to transportation for life. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 25th of July, 1826, Pestel, Reeleyeff, Mooravieff, Bestuzeff, and Kakhowski were dragged to the place of execution on the glacis of the fortress of St. Petersburg, and compelled to watch the crection of their gibbets. They were all hanged together; but the ropes broke or slipped over the heads of three of them—Reeleyeff, Mooravieff, and Bestuzeff, and they fell, breaking the scaffolding beneath them. Two of them coolly re-ascended the fatal ladder; but the third was nearly dead and obliged to be carried up. Reeleyeff merely observed that he had been exposed to the agony of a second death; and Bestuzeff exclaimed—'Nothing succeeds with me, even here I meet with disappointment.' Pestel died with the firm conviction that the Constitution he had prepared would, sooner or later, be the only refuge for Russia against a violent dismemberment. So perished the Russian martyrs,—their holy sacrifice

^a He had written a great deal; but nothing was ever printed. He is said to have buried his manuscripts somewhere near Illintse, in the province of Kiihoff. When asked by his friends what he was writing he used always to answer that he was treating of the wretched condition of the Russian soldiery; but it was understood that he wrote about the organization of the future Russia.

ascending like a beacon-fire to light at no distant time the whole of that vast plain which now cowers beneath the brutality of the Czar.

None sympathized more deeply with these Russian Martyrs than the Poles; and when they shook off the Muscovite yoke, they celebrated their memory, on the 25th of January, 1831, by a solemn procession through the principal streets of Warsaw. Five coffins, on which shone the names of the martyrs, were borne amidst flags on which was seen the inscription, in Polish and Russian—‘*For our and your Liberty.*’ The whole population of Warsaw accompanied the procession; and on that same day the Polish Diet pronounced the deposition of the Czar from the Polish throne. This was the only public commemoration possible in Poland; but in foreign lands the Polish exiles were not forgetful. On the 25th of July, 1841, they rendered homage to the memory of the Martyrs, by a public meeting, in London, to which they invited the Democrats of all Nations.^b An Englishman moved the following resolution:—

‘The Democrats of different nations assembled to render homage to the Martyrs for Russian liberty—Pestel, Mooravieff, Bestuzeff, Reeleyeff, and Kakhowski,—believing in the solidarity of Nations, and hence in the duty which binds all to assist with all their might whichever amongst them arises for the recovery of its rights,—declare:

‘1—That, the memory of the Russian Martyrs murdered on the 25th of July, 1826,¹ is sacred to every friend of Liberty, Equality, and Progress, no matter to what nation he belongs;

‘2—That, the cause for which they suffered martyrdom is a part of the cause of Humanity.

‘They moreover declare that, they reject as selfish and diametrically opposed to the Fraternity of Peoples (which God has ordered them to observe as their most sacred duty) the doctrine of national non-intervention, proclaimed in 1831 by both the English and French Parliaments.’

On this same occasion the following address was spoken by Mazzini;^c the still applicable argument on

THE NECESSITY OF ORGANIZATION.

Brethren—When we, a few days ago received from the Polish Exiles the invitation which assembled us here, I thought,—we all thought,^d—that it was a praiseworthy and noble act on their part. Behold, I said to myself, these men, children of a betrayed and dismembered nation, who,—being themselves banished, the prey of misfortune, misery, and those prolonged and withering griefs peculiar to the condition of exile,—have picked out from the ranks of their executioners five martyr-names, names almost forgotten, calling upon us to bless in them the future of the nation that oppresses them. It is a word of love escaped from lips quivering with pain, lips which, we thought, could only open to give utterance to a cry of reaction and hatred. They have fought like heroes; they love like saints. Ten years of exile have not weakened the faith which

^b Amongst those present was the Spanish bishop Del Riego, brother of the martyr who died in 1823.

^c The address was in French.

^d He spoke in the name of the Italian National Association.

bade them, in 1831, inscribe on their banners—‘*For our and your Liberty.*’ They struggle against that which now is, without being unjust toward that which is to be. They suffer without cursing. Glory to them and to their faith! In that faith lies our strength, our moral superiority over our adversaries. Whilst they only know how to hate, we know how to love. We possess the sentiment of collectiveness, whilst they have no notion but of their own narrow, egotistical individuality. They perceive with rage and terror that the circle in which they move is gradually contracting itself around them: while we, on the contrary, instinctively spread ourselves more and more in the heart of Humanity,—that holy mother of all countries, through whom we advance toward the conquest of the dogma that shall save us.

Instinctively, did I say? Yes! instinctively; and it is not inconsiderately, but with the profoundest conviction, and with far more sorrow than you can feel in hearing it, that I utter that word. Democracy, as it now is, suggests no other to me. We do advance, doubtless; we advance unconsciously; and we should advance even in spite of ourselves. The hour of the People has struck, and we all advance, impelled onward by the breath of God, carried along on the stream of the age toward the epoch which is to realize the accession of the new Principle. There is at certain epochs a fatality for good: the only fatality I admit. We are now under its dominion. The cause of mankind is not dubious. God turns to its advantage even our faults. But although it is so, can we say that they are not faults? Are we not individually answerable for them?

Listen to me! Listen calmly as beseems brethren! The few words that I am going to utter sum up sentiments which are but strengthened by the sad aspect our party has presented during the last ten years,^e and every firm conviction has a right to frank manifestation among us. The object of the present meeting would not, I think, be attained, if we were to limit it to a barren commemoration of those who have perished. *Why did they perish? what have we conquered since?* are questions which we may leave to those who will come after us, when the world, now shaken, shall have regained its equilibrium, and rest upon the axis whose poles are Country and Humanity,—when the banner of triumph shall have replaced the cross of martyrdom,—when there shall be on earth but one race, one family of Equals, freely associated in one single faith of Duty and Love, in order that by common action, those moral faculties, whose germs God has deposited in our souls, may wing their highest possible flight, and that the greatest possible development may be given to every productive power the globe contains, by distributing its results according to want, labour, and merit. To them every act will be a commemoration. But we,—we are living in a period of contest and crisis: we are the children of struggle. We must march on, march without rest, we must march to the very end of our earthly being. We shall repose elsewhere. They who died for our sakes, they all ask us for deeds, not for praises or complaints. Wherever two or three of us meet together, there a progressive thought should manifest itself; every brotherly contact ought to render us more active, stronger, and better. It would be a strange illusion to imagine that we have fulfilled our duty, because

^e Add also another ten years since these words were spoken.

we have honoured by a few speeches the memory of those who shed their blood for the holy cause we serve.

We are all, without exception, below our mission. The idea that leads us is grand and sacred; but we do not yet represent either its grandeur or its sacredness. Our souls are all penetrated with the presentiment of a creed higher than all which up to the present moment have been formulized: but we do not embody that creed in ourselves; we are not its apostles; our actions frequently deny our faith.

Lay your hands upon your hearts and tell me: has the thought never struck you, as it has me,—that we do not fulfil all that we are bound to do? Have you never perceived that we ourselves have many of our enemies' faults? That our life is not *one*, that *duality* still overpowers us,—that we advocate association without being ourselves thoroughly and really associated? That we unceasingly accuse the world of disorganization, of anarchy; whilst anarchy and disorganization reign among us?

I look around me. We, who are here assembled, are in comparison with our brethren but an almost imperceptible fraction,—and yet into how many infinitely smaller ones are we divided? How many societies do you represent? All these societies, you will tell me, express a distinct idea, a distinct shade of an idea. Be it so: but above all these shades are there not parent-ideas enough, common to us all, to require a common ground, to demand one common tie to represent them? And where is that tie? What is our fraternity at this very moment but a fraternity of vague and unrealized aspirations? Where are our common colours? where is our compact, the flag of our faith?

Everywhere it is the same. Let us not dissimulate: we are everywhere dismembered, divided into fractions. I look for a social creed, and I encounter but political parties. I look for a democratic religion; and I am lost in a protestant labyrinth of hundreds of little sects, every one of which pursues a different path, whenever they are not contending with one another. I invoke were it only the nucleus of the grand and holy Church of Humanity; and my sight becomes perplexed with counting all the petty chapels, the small nomadic tents that shelter us. The banner of the age,—is it hoisted amongst us? No! we rushed upon it like savages, tore it into rags, and round each rag we have formed a little group. With the word of unity upon our lips we have founded a polytheism, condemning ourselves to impotency, and exposing ourselves to the derision of our enemies.

I will not here enumerate the nuclei which assign different solutions to the social problem: solutions which, having no right whatever to pretend to impose themselves by force, ought to be but objects of intellectual, brotherly speculation, without being obstacles to that general, unitarian organization which, with all my soul, I invoke. Fearing in any way to violate the sacred memory of those to whom we are rendering homage, I will abstain from speaking of those little conflicts between individualities, those narrow jealousies and unreasonable distrusts, which, I fear, are but too rife amongst us. But I see men of thought who—though above these narrow jealousies—are writing, discussing, systematizing, without ever entering the arena of action, without ever attempting to realize among their brethren the association they preach of in their works: as if

men ought not to be both *thought* and *action*, as if their intelligence were any thing rather than an additional obligation and responsibility for them, as if we ought not to serve the cause of Truth by all the means within the reach of human activity. I see men of action more and more detaching themselves from men of thought, distrusting them, groping along by themselves as well as they can: as if intelligence had not been given by God as a torch for the People's guidance, as if anything good and permanent could be done in this world while the head and the arm are divorced. On the one hand I meet men systematically preaching inaction: men who expect to arrive at social reorganization by means of God knows what sort of political 'reform,' by the aid of powers worn out and tainted with privilege, which they themselves are branding every day: men who subalternize the action of the People to some accident, to some caprice of a coup d'état, to some governmental initiative,—not reflecting that by so doing they degrade Right to a mere reaction, not considering that by being thus constrained to combat on the enemy's ground, they risk falling into the snare which ruined the revolution of 1830,^f and to pervert the principle for which they struggle. On the other hand I meet men preaching violence everywhere, and at all times: violence where the ground is not prepared, violence in the name of some utopia inconsiderably adopted, and destructive of the tradition of Humanity, which it is our mission to continue. National associations are, it is true, at work somewhere: I boast of belonging to one of them. But if, in my opinion, and in that of others (whether they confess it or not), the Nation is inviolable and sacred, Humanity is not less so: and indeed, wherefrom can the nations derive their charter, their plan, their mission in the world, if not from the humanitarian idea,—if not from a common belief in the origin, the object, and the law of the collective, universal life—that flower whose germ God has confided to us, but which is only to blossom in Him? Where is association amongst us, where the power which represents that conception, which represents one collective mission, which paves the road to the future organization?

We have nothing of the kind amongst us. Attempts have been made;^g a participation in them has been proposed to the different emigrations, to those 9000 exiles, belonging to all nations, whom God has sent, not without design, into the heart of Europe, there to meet each other. The emigrations have mistaken their mission. The attempts were unsuccessful. And we have experienced a common chastisement, an increase of anarchy in our democratic camp.

There are democrats: there are many. Their number increases; every day they gain ground in public opinion. But there is no democracy. It is not constituted. It has neither association nor the power to represent it. We may flatter and delude ourselves as much as we like; we may strive against the fact, but in vain: it overwhelms us. It condemns, and will always condemn, all our efforts to nought, until we shall have overcome it.

This is what I had to tell you. I can here but simply point out to you the radical evil which undermines us. It is not for me, especially here, to indicate

^f Which also ruined us in 1832, and threatens to ruin us again in 1852.

^g Referring to the first endeavours in Switzerland, in 1834, to form an 'European party.'

the remedy. It exists, I think. Indeed, were it not so, what should we have gained by the hidden contest of ages, by the open, manifest struggles of fifty years, by the immolation of hundreds of thousands of martyrs,—if the republican faith, Democracy, had not yet conquered a ground upon which the believers could assemble, rally, and so organize themselves as to create that strength of which, alas! we are still in want? Such a ground does exist. We all agree upon a sufficient number of points to enable us to lay, with brotherly accord, the first stone of the future Church, of a Church on whose portal should be inscribed—**GOD AND HUMANITY: ONE MASTER IN HEAVEN, ONE INTERPRETER OF HIS LAW ON EARTH.**

It belongs to you to corroborate these points,—to me to adjure you to do so. Reflect! Our existence, our success depends upon a general organization representing this twofold aspect of our faith: the worship of our Country and of Humanity. You have too long been found wanting. The groans of the suffering Peoples, and the ironical smiles of your enemies ought to have taught you this.

A REPUBLICAN CATECHISM.

State in few words the substance of the Republican Faith.

The sum of our Republican Faith is this: the perfectibility of Humanity through organization.

What do you mean by Humanity?

The whole of human life.

What do you mean by perfectibility?

Continual advancement in well-being and well-doing.

What do you mean by organization?

The regular ordering of society in accordance with the laws of human progress.

What are those laws?

Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity.

What do you mean by Equality?

The natural equality of all human beings, so far as regards their right to develop to the utmost their natural powers of growth.

You do not mean, then, that all are to be kept equal through life?

Certainly not: for that would be an impossibility. Such a forced 'equality' would indeed be really unequal: that is to say, unjust.

Explain this.

Two children are born with different capacities; give equal opportunity of growth to each, and one will grow taller than the other: would it not be unjust to prevent the one from growing taller?—One learns faster than the other: must he wait for the slower? Would not that forced 'equality' be really unequal?

You mean, then, by Equality only the equality of opportunity?

Yes. The equality which does not interfere with the natural differences of capacity and growth,—which does not allow either weaker or stronger to be sacrificed to the other.

What do you mean by Liberty?

The carrying into practice of our law of Equality: freedom of growth for every human being according to natural capability.

But will not freedom inevitably lead to the stronger overshadowing the weaker, as in a forest the taller tree overshadows and stunts the weaker at its side?

Truly, freedom on any other ground than equality would do this. But freedom on the ground of equality is the freedom of each one limited by the rights of the rest. Equal Liberty is the protection of weakness as well as the assertion of strength.

You can not, then, dissociate Equality and Liberty?

You can never dissociate them without destroying both: each is necessary to the other. The attempt at equality at the expense of liberty—as we have seen in the case of the two children of different capacities—sacrifices the stronger to the weaker, and so hinders the progression of the race. The attempt at liberty without equality sacrifices the weaker to the stronger.—The first is tyranny; the second anarchy, which also is tyranny.

You have argued of Equality and Liberty, and I can understand their worth as a divine law for the regulation of men's lives; but I do not see in them any of the organization of which you spoke.

That organization is involved in the dogma of Fraternity: the law of human progress is incomplete without that.

What do you mean by Fraternity?

The brotherhood of human beings, not merely as equals under God, but as children of God, aspiring toward the better future of Humanity.

This, then, must be what you mean by the formula—God and the People?

Exactly so. That formula means the Brotherhood of Humanity under God. God—the divine Spirit of all Life—the interpretation and practice of whose laws is the business and duty of all life, of the whole People. There are no other elements of action except these: the Spirit which is within all life, the heart that beats under the form of Humanity,—and the People, which is ever endeavouring to understand that Spirit, that is to say, to understand the laws of its own existence, and to put those laws in practice, so that Life may be in harmony with the Spirit of Life, or, in other words, that it may be healthy, which is strong, peaceful, individually growing, and universally progressive. This is the Fraternity—the brotherhood of a common destiny and purpose—which completes the threefold law of human progress.

Fraternity, then, I perceive, is something more than the harmonizing of human rights: it also implies the organization of human duties. How is this organization of duty to be effected?

By Association, based on the principles of Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity.

Is not all association based on these principles?

No: there is the forced association of tyranny, which denies freedom of choice. The pyramids were built by association: but it was the association of slaves under a tyrant. And if even a majority of the world took the place of the one tyrant, the tyranny would be no less.—There is also the chance and perhaps free association of men for some special object, such as Trade or War, without any reference to the equal rights of Humanity.—There is also the association of interest, in which all is but a bargain, in which, though equality and liberty might be provided for, there would be no organization for the future of the race, no understanding of the further purpose of Fraternity.

Give instances of these several modes of association.

Compelled Communism is an instance of the first, Free-Trade of the second: both Communism and Free-Trade—so far as they base their action on mere individual interest—are instances of the third.

What system of association is based upon the law of progress—Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity?

That system only which combines both right and duty, which recognizes right only as the means of duty, which organizes duty in its several spheres, as the purpose and everyday business of mankind.

What do you call the several spheres of duty?

The natural modes of life in which duty can best be performed.

What are they?

Family, Country, Humanity. Family the innermost circle, Country the collection of families, Humanity the great family of Nations.

Why not say Humanity only? Is it necessary to maintain these divisions of Family and Country?

Yes: if you do not maintain these distinctions, you are not true to the law of Equality, Liberty, and Fraternity. Do away with the distinctions of Family and Country, and you destroy the very ground of varieties of character—free and spontaneous growth,—and substitute in its stead an arbitrary attempt at equality.

But are such varieties of character essential to the well-being of mankind?

They are essential to the progress of the race. Once destroy the differences of individual character, and the further improvement of the race would be impossible. Growth is through combination of differences. What we want is not the destruction of differences, but their harmonization.

But do not these classifications narrow men?

Yes, if they are confined within them; but not, if the lesser sphere is considered only as a part of the greater.

How is this?

If a man looks upon his family as his property, or considers that he has no duties except his duties to them, or if he sets up Family in opposition to Country or Humanity,—then, doubtless, he is narrowed: but this is not in consequence of his recognizing his duty to his family, but because he does not understand the relative importance of that duty. Also a man's 'patriotism' may lead him to forget his duty to Humanity,—as the spurious nationalism taught by kings so often led him: but this is not real patriotism; it is only an exaggerated selfishness.

How do you apply the word selfishness to the love of one's country?

It is justly applicable to both the love of country and the love of family, when a man loves family or country only because they are his.

For what else should he love either?

Because they are next to him: because through their nearness he can best accomplish his duty to Humanity. Let him love his family as dearly as he can, his duty toward that is not because it is his, but because it is a part of Humanity, because it is the first sphere in which he can work for Humanity. So also is it with regard to his duty to his country: that is the appointed workroom where, among his like, he can best serve Humanity.

You would, then, make the duty toward one's family or one's country subordinate to the duty to Humanity?

Undoubtedly so. The Individual subordinate to the Family, the family to the Country, the country to Humanity. In all heroic days the duty toward one's country has ever been

held superior to that toward one's family; and if Humanity has not been esteemed above Country, it has been for want of thoroughly understanding the great law of Fraternity.

Is there nothing superior to this duty to Humanity?

Yes, without doubt: the duty toward God, toward the Truth, toward that inspiration of God which we call conscience, toward those revealed words of God which we call principles. Not though the whole world go to wreck may a man deny or desert the Truth.

Can there be any such opposition between the duty to God and the duty to Man?

Only in seeming, when men do not see through the shows of things. In reality the highest duty includes all the lower.

This duty of the individual to Humanity is, then, the meaning of the term Fraternity?

Part of the meaning. Fraternity includes also the corresponding duty of society toward the individual. Organization is not only of each for all, but also of all for each.

What is that?

The individual devotes himself to the service of Humanity; but the individual isolated and unhelped would have but little power of service. It is for Humanity to uphold him, to care for his growth, to enable him to give effective service.

How can Humanity do this?

By the Confederation of Nations upholding the single Nation; by each Nation upholding the Individual, through the agents of its social organization—its ministers and representatives—its Government.

Define what are the duties of Government—that is to say, Society as represented by Government—toward individuals.

Those duties may all be comprehended in one: the protection of individuals from any hinderance to their natural right of life,—that right of life being a title to the best means and provision for growth which the Nation can command.

What do you include as means of growth?

Their being enabled to work and to possess the result of work.

What do you mean by work?

The doing of worth.

How can Society enable a man to do this?

By supplying him with the necessary elements, from the common stock.

What are they?

They are two-fold: material, and intellectual or moral. The material element of work is *credit*, and the intellectual or moral is *education*.

But if you furnish all men with Credit, so giving, as far as is possible, to all men equal means of work,—what will become of *capital* and *property*?

The answer may be very plain. Capital will cease to be an engine in the hands of the few for the oppression of the many; and property, instead of being confined to the few, will be attainable by all.

And the consequences of Education?

Education will enable men to use the material elements of work. Though you give them the best material, it is as nothing if you refuse them capacity. Education will make all skilled workmen; will not render all equal, but will equalize as far as is possible without violation of the natural right of difference. Ignorance and misery will disappear from the world when all men shall be fitted for work and work be made accessible to all.

What kind of Government could do this?

Only a Government really emanating from and representing the People.

Why only this?

Because the best of monarchs could not be depended upon; and the most enlightened

could not know the wants and capabilities of the Nation. The Government of a class—however numerous that class, could only interpret the will of that class. There is no just or stable or sufficiently intelligent Government except that of the whole People. The People is the sole interpreter of God's Law and of its own wants, of the needs and duties and capabilities of the time.

How would you organize this Government of the People?

Through universal suffrage of men and women: the majority of the whole adult nation appointing its servants, to do its bidding, to advise and to obey the national will.

Is there no limit to this sovereignty of the majority?

Yes, the limit of individual right,—of individual conscience,—the limit of Justice, which allows not even a majority to transgress the threefold law of EQUALITY—LIBERTY—FRATERNITY.

RHYMES AND REASONS AGAINST LANDLORDISM.

PROPERTY.

THE black cock on the pathless moor,
 The red deer in the fern,
 Yon cloud of rooks the plough'd field o'er,
 The river-watching heron,
 The pheasant in the lofty wood,—
 And all God's creatures free
 To roam through earth, and air, and flood,—
 These are not Property.

But earth, its mines, its thousand streams,—
 And air's uncounted waves,
 Freighted with gold and silver beams
 To brighten lowliest graves,—
 The mountain-cleaving waterfall,—
 The ever-restless sea,—
 God gave, not to a few, but all,
 As common Property.

What thou hast grown, or nurtured,—that
 Thou well may'st call thine own:
 Thy horse, thy kine, thy household cat,—
 The harvest thou hast sown.
 But earth belongeth to the whole,—
 God gave it not to thee;
 Nor made the meanest human soul
 Another's Property.

HOW IT WAS STOLEN.

Come, tell us, said Bob to Dick—his pal,
 How you stole the poor man's spade!
 There's honour 'mong thieves, we know, for all
 There's none between two of a trade.
 What matters the method now, said he:
 And indeed I scarcely know
 If 'twas taken by force or roguery,—
 I had it so long ago.

And perhaps I did not steal it at all,
 But bought it of one who had:
 Your buyer of stolen goods men call
 A respectable dealer, lad!
 You see there's a mighty difference:
 While I hang for stealing a horse,
 The burly justice looks over a 'fence',—
 For that's only a thing of course.

But tell us, said one who was passing by,
 How you stole the poor man's *land*:
 For you left him the spade. Dick wink'd his eye:
 How the deuce could he understand?—
 The inquest sat on the highway-side:
 Dick gave the crowner a nod;
 And his pals return'd that—the poor man died
 'By the visitation of God.'

BURTHENS.

Claimer of the 'right of ages',
 Poring over 'deeds' unroll'd!
 Turn to the historic pages
 Where ancestral worth is told.
 Read how feudal landlords render'd
 Homage for their acres' yield
 By continual service, tender'd
 Both in council and in field:

How they,—maugre brutal wassails,
 And rude crimes scarce mention'd now,—
 Arm'd and led their warrior vassals,
 Fed the holder of the plough;
 How they did rule, if unkindly,
 Those below them; how they own'd
 Duty to the State, though blindly
 Paid to any chance-enthroned.

One by one your several burdens
 On our shoulders you have laid;
 Yet you beg the olden guerdons,
 Olden services unpaid.
 Feed us, but in famine season!
 Bear the charges of your wars!
 Give the starved—at least a reason!
 Show us, Chief! your noble scars.

Claimer of the 'right of ages'!
 Nought for nought is oldest law:
 Work is elder-born than Wages,
 Though your blood have scarce a flaw.
 Base descendant of the Landed,
 Heir of only ancient greed,
 Empty-headed, robber-handed,—
 Labour tears thy title-deed.

THE KNAVE OF SPADES.

What gambling Graspall might have done,
 With common sense or heart
 To learn the truth that all are one
 And each of all a part!
 But Graspall, 'hedging' on the Turf,
 Mortgaged his native glades;
 And staked the fortunes of the Serf
 Against the Knave of Spades.

Had Graspall cared for sound advice!
 Pshaw, man! while Rent gave him
 Wine, women, horses, cards and dice,
 Advice was not his whim.
 Ill cards,—he rack'd his tenants then;
 Paid loaded dice with raids:
 And lost the lead of honest men,
 To play the Knave of Spades.

Fool! will it now advantage thee
 To think thou could'st have been
 The lord of grateful tenantry?
 Thou Meanest of the Mean!
 You might have bless'd our country parts
 And—highest of all grades—
 Have been the stalwart King of Hearts,
 And not the Knave of Spades.

THE CONTRAST.

Fitzsteal^a was his father's heir, flash'd his gold a
 Drove through College tandem, took his full degr
 In his rich, uncultured rankness grew like foulest
 Labour, peasant-litter'd, had no schoolmaster but

Fitzsteal hath his racing stud,—his mares are the
 His dogs are plump, his horses sleek, his stable-b
 Fitzsteal hath his foreign cook, his foreign whore,
 Labour's wife and children on the veriest refuse o

Fitzsteal hath an indigestion,—twice in every day
 Sir Henry calls to feel his pulse, to chat, and take
 In their wretched hovel, where the wind and rain
 Labour's family lie dying—if the Union doctor k

Fitzsteal hath his miles of coal—you and I must
 Double for our winter fire, to keep him 'warm' a
 Fitzsteal rents the very bog where Labour digs hi
 Matters little to the cripple with his frozen feet.

Fitzsteal losses hath at cards,—his creditors comp
 He raises rents, and sharply bids his jackal to dis
 Labour's black potato crop is seized—they even s
 His old flock-bed,—Fitzsteal's awake the night long

Fitzsteal hath his house in town, with liveried slav
 His blazon'd carriage, should it please his Lord
 state:

Driven from the road-side ditch, where he had pil
 Houseless Labour hath nowhere that he can lay h

Fitzsteal, dying in his palace, full of years and br
 In his dying agonies, his mind is still on his

EXPORTS.

Ship your grain and starve the sower;
 Sell your beasts in foreign ports:
 Will your labourers die the slower,
 Feeding on Lord Ruffian's orts?
 Quote your 'exports' in the 'House,'
 Prove the land at least is rich;
 Join hands on it and carouse,
 While Toil starveth in a ditch!

Meat—Good God! the serf is dainty;
 Wheat—But that is freeman's bread;
 Oats—Perhaps the crop was scanty,
 Greedy's horses must be fed.
 'See my favourite mare, that roan!
 'Thorough blood—You dog! to dare
 'To stint her corn.' Who heard the moan
 Of Famine in the harvest air? °

'Grain—what! mean'd to feed a nation?
 'Sir! grown on *my* land, *my* grain,
 'By wretches owe me rent? Damnation!
 'Tell my reptile to distrain.'
 Ship your grain and starve the grower!
 Men are beasts'—or in our ports
 Exportation might be slower,
 And Lord Ruffian feed on orts.

FREE TRADE.

But 'Free Trade,—demand—supply':
 Freight your ships with human woe.
 Is Free Trade then half a lie?
 Ask of Cobden, Balaclava, and

Free to sell, and free to buy,—
 Free to toil for famine wage;
 Free to reap,—and free to die,—
 Famish'd youth and foodless age.
 'Export' should not mean *despoil*;
 'Free Trade,'—let the words be true:
 Free and fair trade on the soil;
 And export grain and landlords too!

REPUBLICAN MEASURES.

II.—THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR THROUGH CREDIT.

'Every one has a right to keep what he has,—without which no one would possess anything.

'But every one has a right to acquire by his work that which he has not,—without which poverty would be eternal.' *Lamennais' Words of a Believer.*

'All wealth proceeds from work. . . . The capital of society represents the inheritance of passed ages. . . . As to Credit, which the economists call the great distributor of wealth, it ought to be the servant of work, and it is its tyrant.

'Work being a right and a duty for all men, it follows that all have an equal interest in assuring the work of all, and that it is in the name and in the interest of all that the Republic should organize the distribution of Credit. . . .

'Let it not be forgotten that every worth which might have been and which has not been created, is by so much a real loss for the whole of society . . .

'Under a monarchy we might well dread the intervention of the State . . . but the Republic, we cannot too often repeat, is the government of all by all and for all. Where then would be the danger of centralizing the supreme direction of the national credit?' *Ch. Delescluze, in La Voix du Proscrit.*

I would altogether abolish the monstrous relationship of master and servant,—employer and employed—profit-monger and wages-slave. I have attempted ^a to show how that relationship may be abolished so far as concerns the agricultural population,—by giving them free access to the land, and supplying them with the capital required to maintain them till their labour can become self-supporting and profitable. How that capital should be supplied to them,—how also it should be supplied to the population of our towns, to those whose avocations are not agricultural,—I now propose to show, in considering the question of

CREDIT.

And first let me be understood with regard to the capitalists, who are now the

^a In the article on the Organization of Labour on the Land, p. 121, E. R.

veritable masters of all who live upon wages. Let it be that they cannot act otherwise than they do: that is precisely a reason for the interference of Government.

Not certainly to compel them to lend their capital, nor to prohibit their lending or employing it at any rate of interest they can obtain. But to lend where they will not or can not, and to prevent usury by lending without interest.

For it is true that to compel a man against his will to lend,—or say, to risk—his capital, would be an infringement of individual right, a kind of spoliation: nevertheless it is not tolerable that another man should be idle, and perhaps starve, simply because he can not get the credit which would give him the means of work,—and that not only he, but all society, should lose the value of his work.

Let the capitalist hoard or employ his money as he will. Yet the poor man has a right to work and to the product of that work; society also has a right to the services of all its members. The right to property and the duty to society ought not to depend upon the will of a few capitalists.

To remedy this the State must be the capitalist—the money-lender.

For this purpose a NATIONAL BANK must be established, with Branch Banks throughout the Country; ^b and let these Banks lend money upon personal security to all within their several districts. A few cases will show how this would work.

A man falls ill, and is compelled to leave his employment. His little savings are exhausted. Now he has to pawn or sell his tools, his furniture, and his clothes. Those means consumed, he comes upon the parish. So he passes from bad to worse. Should he recover, instead of immediately resuming work, he is idle, because he has no tools, nor means of obtaining any.—Instead of this, instead of applying either to the pawnbroker or the parish, let him apply to the District Bank. Let the Bank lend him, without interest, ^c week by week, such sums as he may require for the maintenance of his family and for medicine, etc., receiving from him an acknowledgement for the same—an undertaking for its payment upon his recovery. If he dies, let the sums afforded be passed to the national account as casual relief: Society is bound to assure its members against sickness, infirmity, or accident. If he recovers, let him stand liable for the debt, the Directors of the Local Bank fixing the period of payment according to the circumstances of the case. ^d

If he refuses or evades payment, let him be punished as a criminal. His writ-

^b The Directors of the Central Bank to be appointed yearly by Parliament; the Directors of the Branch Banks to be chosen yearly by the township or district.

^c I can see no good reason for the Nation requiring interest from its members. It is something like a man asking interest of himself, and taking out of one pocket to put into another. Besides, to demand interest of the poor is by so much to continue the disadvantage of poverty, to inflict a fine upon misfortune, instead of compensation. There is no need for it, no justice in it; nor policy, for the object is to remove all hinderances from the path of work.

^d They would stand in the position of what are now called Guardians of the Poor. Their election by universal suffrage would be the best guarantee of their ability and uprightness. But if they should err, the injured would have an appeal to the higher powers, and his cause be immediately tried, without cost, by the supreme tribunals.

ten acknowledgement of the advance would be proof of his liability : it would be for the Bank to show that a reasonable time had been accorded him. A jury would decide : if against him, let him be imprisoned or placed under controul till the debt should be worked out. ^e

The case of a man thrown out of work by any fluctuation or decay of trade would be precisely similar to that of the man thrown out of work by illness. The Local Banks would lend him means of living till he could find other work,—if necessary, till he could learn another kind of employment. Failing all other work, there would be the home-colonies on the land as a last resource. ^f

The farm-labourer, without work, unable to agree with the farmer, or preferring to work alone, might apply for so much land as he thought he could cultivate, at the State rental, and to the Bank for advances, that he might live till harvest. ^g

If a master-manufacturer failed and so the workmen had no employment, the Bank would either lend him capital to carry on his business ; or would lend it to the men, provided they chose to continue the concern for their own benefit.

The Bank would also lend to associations of workmen, whether manufacturing or agricultural. ^h

The consequence of this ready access to capital would be the independence of the workers. They would no longer be dependent upon the will of the monied classes, themselves at the mercy of every chance and change of trade. The rate of wages would be increased. They would rise from the mere minimum of subsistence guaranteed by our present poor-law to the amount of what the worker could really earn with capital in his hands, deprived only of the skill and leadership of his employers.

The master would no longer be able to reduce wages, by falling back upon his capital and so starving the workers into submission. Such leadership and skill as he might possess would come fairly into the market and fetch their real worth. ⁱ

^e Some few might possibly escape payment by flight to a foreign land. Some few criminals evade justice now. But the loss likely to accrue would never be important. There would also be the deterring infamy.

^f This would be the very last resource of those who could in no way maintain their independence. They would become what are now called paupers, and be directly organized under the controul of officers appointed by Government. But so long as men either in voluntary associations or by their individual exertions could maintain themselves, it is well they should do so. We do not want to establish communities under the formal rule of the State ; but to give freest scope for individual enterprize. This is why I would make even the pauper colonies only provisional—a means of helping the dependent to future independence.

^g The Directors of the Local Banks might also be managers of the Land, and collectors of the State rental.

^h And the larger the associations the greater the security of the lenders. For though one man might possibly sometimes evade payment, an association could never do so. All monetary transactions, too, passing through the National Banks, the exact position of every association, almost of every individual, would be at all times known.

ⁱ If he demanded more, his men would strike ; and a strike with Government funds at their back would soon bring the 'master' to reason. If, on the other hand, the men required more than they earned, the 'master' would strike in his turn, and the men, left to their own resources, would learn his value.

This would really be free-trade for all classes; and the result would speedily be the equal association of the captains and mere soldiers of industry on the terms of such division and apportionment of the proceeds of their mutual labour as could be agreed upon between them. The tyranny of capital would be at an end; and fair and free partnerships of head and hands would replace the unequal and unjust relationship of employer and employed.^j

I do not argue for the State establishing workshops or colonies except for its paupers. Beyond this,—that is to say, beyond making the labour of the able-bodied paupers self-supporting, and so leading them to independence, it seems to me that the State should leave open every facility for individual enterprise; only interfering to prevent the monopoly of capital from enslaving the workers. This much the State is bound to do, for the protection of the individual's right to life, for the protection of the Nation's right to the services of all its members.

One step further would, however, be necessary to assure the worker against the capitalist. It will not be enough to prevent the latter from reducing wages: we must also prevent him from monopolizing, and so arbitrarily raising the prices of produce. Else we merely destroy one mode of tyranny, and leave him still the weapon of profit with which to oppress his fellows. *We require, therefore, the establishment of public store-houses and bazaars, or markets, to which the worker, mechanic or peasant, could at all times bring his produce, sure of a fair price, and at which he could at all times be sure of purchasing at a fair price.*

These store-houses and bazaars might be under the direction of the Local Banks. The price of every article might be regulated by the price of wheat: wheat of a certain quality represented always by one certain value. The difference between buying and selling would consist, not as now in the accumulation of the profits of several dealers, but in one single charge for the expenses of warehousing and the salaries of the managers of the bazaars.

So an end would be put to the frauds of trade and the exorbitant covetousness of traders, and the producer would always be sure of a fair price for his produce.^k I see no other way in which to provide for the just Organization of Labour: that is to say—so to regulate production and distribution as to protect the right of every one to work in his own manner and to enjoy the fruit of his work.

Under this system coöperation would be open to all, without let or hinderance; and competition (an equally true principle, which ought not to be opposed to coöperation) would have its fair scope, stimulating men to greater exertions for their own benefit, certain to reap that benefit so long as it should be no infringement upon the rights of others.

^j Of course, I presume the abolition of all our present legislative hinderances to association.

^k That is to say for all produce for which there was a regular demand. The man who invented a new toy, or trifle,—indeed, the producer of any novelty,—must take his chance. The 'fair price' for that would be undetermined. The Bank might refuse to do more than warehouse it for him; for it might be unsaleable. The Bank would still lend him money to try his experiment; but after a certain time, if his work had no worth, would claim repayment of its loans, and so virtually compel him to return to a profitable employment.

I do not leave out of view scientific men,—artists, writers, inventors, and speculators. Those of recognized worth should, I think, receive not merely loans, but pensions from the State, in order that their whole time might be given to society. But until their proficiency became manifest, they must rank with untried inventors and speculators. It would be for them to show cause why they should give up ordinary labour for new endeavours. There would be this advantage over the present system: they would not have to dread ‘vested interests’ refusing to credit their endeavours.

Through what arrangements the discoveries of science should be made available to the whole nation,—how inventions and works of genius should become national property, and the inventors or authors be duly recompensed,—how associative or individual experiments should be encouraged,—are matters of too much detail to be considered here. All these requirements would come within the province of a *Minister of Industry, or a Board of Labour and Exchange*, which would need to be established at the very outset of Republican Government. I have but sketched some broad outlines of an organization of Labour.¹

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

(From March 22nd to April 22nd.)

REPUBLICAN CHRONICLE.

The ‘*Bethnal Green Republican Propagandist Society*’ held its first monthly meeting on April 13. The report speaks favourably both of the increase of members and of the spirit in which the propagandism is received. The Society has already commenced the distribution of the article on Republican Organization (given in No. 2 of the *English Republic*), as a Tract. We have also to report the formation of Republican Associations at Cambridge and Cheltenham, in accordance with the plan of organization laid down in the *English Republic*. And Associations are forming in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in Sunderland, and in Stockton-upon-Tees.

THE POLISH REFUGEES need still the help of those who care for republican principles. Liverpool has worked bravely, but the burthen ought not to rest there. The number of these unemployed is now reduced to 160, work having been found for the others in Liverpool, and other towns to which the Central Committee have been enabled to draft them. A few more large towns really exerting themselves would quickly provide for the 160, but it needs individual exertion, not that one man should wait for another. There ought to be no diffi-

¹ I have not included the maintenance of the infirm and aged under the head of the Organization of Labour. They are incapable of labour. They should be supported in comfort (at their own homes if they prefer it) out of the national revenues.

culty in this matter. Is there not republican sympathy enough in England to support 230 republican exiles?

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN REPUBLICANS in London have found it necessary to disclaim any intention of getting up a revolution in England during the Exhibition: having been attacked on that ground, not merely by Lord Lyndhurst, and Mr. Stuart Wortley (who asked for the revival of the Alien Act,) but also by one who calls himself a leader of the English Democracy—Mr. Feargus O'Connor. Thank God, this man does not call himself a Republican.

THE CHARTIST CONVENTION,

Consisting of thirty members elected by so many different parts of England and Scotland, commenced their sittings in London on the 31st March, and concluded their business on the 10th of April, after agreeing upon a Programme of Organization, and adopting principles of reform, to 'be made the subject of continuous and universal instruction.' The principles refer to the Land, the Church, Education, Labour-Law, Poor-Law, Taxation, the National Debt, Currency, the Army, the Navy, the Militia, and the Press. The Convention recommends the issuing of addresses, each in exposition of one of these reforms; the sending of missionaries into the agricultural districts, to the Irish, etc., and the carrying of the agitation among the Trades. It also recommends that Chartists should as far as possible contest elections, both municipal and parliamentary, and that a new National Petition be prepared for presentation to Parliament. So far, well. The assertion of a series of principles is a step far in advance of bygone Chartism: though we may detect some fallacies in the series, mainly arising from an endeavour to accommodate reform to existing institutions,—the error of the 'moderates' or 'constitutionalists'—the chartist-monarchical and anti-republican party. It can not but be right, too, to direct attention to the elections, and to spread the doctrine of chartism among classes to whom it is yet almost unknown; even petitioning may not be absolutely useless: but all this is not *organization*, and we look in vain for any method of organization as the result of this Convention. Their programme is but a recommendation of divers courses of proceeding, and holds no plan for initiating or regulating a power. The scattered Chartists are told what to do thus scattered: but there is no scheme for bringing them together to act as one man. As far as regards any organization of the power of Chartism we are but where we were before the meeting of the Convention. To proceed on such terms is to repeat the old error of Chartism, to insure another defeat. Better that it was altogether buried, and a new party arising from its tomb.

THE 'GARRISON' AGAIN.

On Monday, April 7th, the Reverend E. Miall, Editor of the *Nonconformist*, addressed the company at 'the third of the attractive soirées' of the Anti-national Parliamentary Reform Association. His subject was 'the Franchise as an instrument of the People's training.' We give the 'precise drift' of his argument in his own words.

'Take the people of any country,—give to *every one of them* an equal elementary power in the management of public affairs, limiting the legal exercise of that power by natural hinderances only,—*let each man arrived at his majority have a vote for his representative in the council of the nation*, NOT IN VIRTUE OF HIS POSITION IN SOCIETY, NOR OF HIS POSSESSION OF PROPERTY, BUT OF HIS MANHOOD. I say, a people thus enfranchised are in a position the most favourable, politically, for the formation of their character—social intellectual, political, and moral. In other words, would you have an orderly, an intelligent, and patriotic people—a people observant of the moralities of life,—*give them all and every one a vote*, and you help to make them so.—The plastic influence you bring to bear upon

a people by giving them an equal voice in the making of their laws, is beneficial in kind, salutary in tendency, and potent in working.'

After criticizing the rule of the *one*, the lecturer proceeded to comment on government by the *few*.

'It has been the rule for the few who possess the powerful elements of influence—money rank, education, and the like—to monopolize to themselves also political power. Their deeds and doctrines may be thus translated—'You, the people, are not qualified to manage your own public affairs, and, hence, we shall do it for you. When you have grown as rich, respectable, and wise as we, we shall not object to take you into partnership.' (*Who would think Mr. Miall to be addressing an association whose object is to keep excluded from the franchise the greater half of the people, on no better ground than that they are not so rich, respectable, and wise, as their fellows? But hear him further.*) 'Passing by all the monstrous assumption implied in all this, is it not very like counselling men never to go into the water till they can swim? Suppose our Saxon forefathers had acted on this plan! Suppose that they had never given us those forms of local self-government which we now so highly and so justly prize! Should we have been, in social and political respects, so advanced a people as we are? "Ah!" replies some believer in the exclusive system' (*doubtless one of the Council of the Parliamentary Reformers*), but our superiority over other nations in the use of our liberties is the result of our long training." Precisely so,—but the privilege was not given because of the training, but the training grew out of the possession and exercise of the privilege?' (*Cheers from the gentlemen belonging to the Association for keeping the franchise as a privilege.*) 'Would you fit a man for the right use of the franchise?—give it him, and let him accustom himself to the exercise of it. Would you train him up to wise and honourable citizenship?—make him a citizen and let him learn by trial to develop the highest virtues of that condition.' (*Tolerably cool this, from a supporter of Mr. Hume's exclusiveness.*)

'Surely if our philosophers' (*my fellow-reformers, Hume, Cobden, Fox, and Company*) 'were wise, they would aim at recognizing the essential nobility of man AS MAN' (*Mr. Miall's own emphasizing*) 'instead of paying exclusive homage to that about him which is merely adventitious,—and instead of proclaiming in all their speculations and arrangements' (*for parliamentary reform, &c., &c.*) 'a rooted distrust of his capacities, his sympathies, and his will, they would endeavour to waken up in his soul higher aspirations, and by the strong attraction of a generous trust' (*O trusting shopkeeping reformer!*) 'draw him imperceptibly into those spheres of feeling, conduct, and habit, which are best suited to the healthful development of his virtues. It appears to me undeniable that a fair and equal distribution of political rights would have a tendency to produce this effect. No people can be habitually mindful of what is due from them to their common nature, amongst whom there exists, *whether socially or politically*, a slave class. I call that "a slave class" whose obedience is enforced to the will of their fellows, in matters about which, though equally interested, they are never consulted,—who are denied rights which others enjoy, and who bear burdens which those others think fit to impose upon them. The distinction between those who are free of the constitution, and those who are not, is pernicious in its influence upon both parties!' (*Will it be less pernicious when 'Parliamentary Reform' is gained?*) . . . 'Worthy of all honour is he who is attempting to bridge over that gulf between class and class, and a good work will he have achieved when he has accomplished it. A still happier day will that be when that gulf is effectually closed, and no artificial line' (*of household suffrage or the like*) 'shall separate the members of the same commonwealth! . . . It is not chiefly for the sake of

what they will *get* by means of the franchise, that I care for its extension to the people generally,—but for the sake of what they will probably *be* as the possessors of it,—or rather, perhaps, of what they will *cease to be*, political outcasts, constitutional Pariahs, slaves in the land of the free.' (*Overwhelming cheers from the household suffragists*).

Excellent! stated, Mr. Miall! no republican could have spoken better. We would gladly have quoted the whole lecture, with its testimony to the working men of this country, who stand aloof from the higher classes '*not because they are working men, but because they are unrepresented men.*' And yet think that this man, an educated, a religious, and an honest man (or at least passing for such), bestows his time and energies, not in carrying out the principles upon which he so admirably discourses, but in giving countenance and aid to a dishonest scheme, contrived to widen the very division between class and class which he so eloquently can reprobate. It is a sad sample of the political conscience of our liberal middle-classes. They talk of Justice like the austere of Republicans, they appeal to principles,—but it is only for the betrayal of the People.

THE MISCELLANEOUS NEWS are not of great importance. In the House of Commons two infinitesimal contributions to reform, by Sir William Clay and Mr. Locke King, have been rejected. Mr. King could find but 83 supporters; such 'staunch liberals' as Mr. Osborne and Lord Dudley Stuart (the friend of aristocratic Poles) declining to offend Lord John Russell, who promises an addendum to his Reform Bill if his Finality-ship may remain in office till next year,—promising the more readily, because he believes he will be kicked out. The income-tax is renewed; the Jewish Disabilities bill has passed a second reading, and a measure of Chancery reform has been introduced by 'Government': but of that the less said the better,—it is like the 'Government,' as hollow and as worthless. 438 to 95 members have voted for the second reading of the Papal Aggression Bill: but no one cares for that now, the whole thing is so manifestly a pretence. There is no pretence though in the Catholic Clergy's pretensions to Miss Talbot's £80,000, which as yet there is no law to prevent their filching. It is strange they are so little careful to make nuns to the glory of God, when there is no money in the way. Not so strange that one hundred Oxford men have gone over to Rome. The journey was not long. And their errors do not affect us like the terrible heresy of 1700 clergymen of the Church of England who, it is said, are guilty of denying the supremacy of the Queen. Most excellently, governed and harmonious Church, one of whose incumbents ('rather incumbences says Milton) refuses to bury a dissenting brother, and his bishop is unable to compel him; while another stickles for ducking a lord's baby as the sole condition upon which it can be 'made a Christian.' Busy upon such tremendous matters, what wonder that the Church does nothing to prevent the increase of crime of which Mr. Justice Cresswell complains, which is indicated also by a new prison at Glasgow, and a long tale of robberies, rapes, and murders, all undeterred by the frequency of public executions. Yet we are very 'prosperous.' Prosperous at least in certain trading localities. Essex farmers on the other hand are compelled to 'manfully' address their 'worthy labourers' on the necessity of reducing wages to keep up rents. 'Essex must come down to six and seven shillings a week. The money lost by farmers is dreadful. Down with the malt-tax. God save the Queen.' And God save the happy land where men are in a state of prosperity on six and seven shillings a week. Will he also save the landlords, when labouring men begin to teach the farmers?

Does not the following deserve a separate paragraph?

'A few days since a little girl, aged thirteen years, was detected, in Manchester, shop-

lifting. The juvenile thief "kept house," paying 3s. 6d. a week rent, and supporting a younger brother with the fruit of her dishonest practices.'

Happy England! well-governed society! We intreat the prayers of the Churches, established and voluntary, for this little disturber of 'order.'

In IRELAND the Tenant-League has been beaten at Dungarvan, and deserted at Longford. The Longford 'Liberals' pledged to the League, throw its principles overboard to elect More O'Ferrall (who expelled the Italian refugees from Malta), because he is a Whig and a Catholic. Lord John's Papal Aggression is doing its work. Alas for Ireland where in eight poor-law unions the paupers are dying at the rate of five hundred a week. Is it any wonder that districts should be proclaimed and arms ordered in under penalty of 'two years imprisonment with hard labour.' But this proclamation (of April 14) refers only to a portion of the County of Down, not to the whole of Ireland.

In INDIA British troops have been lent to the King of Oude; in his service have surprized and slain women and children, and sent their heads as a present to his Majesty. The 'Peace' society has not yet remonstrated.

In AMERICA, in the State of Indiana, Robert Dale Owen has been vainly endeavouring to get a legal recognition of the right of married women to possess property. In free America a negro, who outraged a woman, is not given up to the authorities for judgment, but burned alive by a mob of respectable gentlemen, their ladies applaudingly witnessing the execution.

In FRANCE, to say that Order still reigns, and conspires for the prolongation of its reign, is to say all. We need not go into details, recounting how the National Guard of Strasburg is disbanded, how M. Michelet's lectures are suspended, how the students who sympathize with him are put under arrest, etc., etc. The French journals publish an account of the arrangement between Odillon Barrot and the ministry of Louis Phillippe to bring to nought the reform banquets of February, 1848; and how Marrast of the *National*, of the Provisional Government, and of the Reaction, was engaged in the same scheme. It is an interesting exposure of 'moderate' politics. Thanks to the same moderate party Order triumphs throughout Europe; slightly disturbed in NORWAY and SWEDEN; endangered also in PORTUGAL where the whig marquis Saldanha is getting up an insurrection, which is to be 'neither Miguelite nor ultra-democratic'; but vindicated in HESSE-CASSEL, where only the loyal portion of the community, that is to say the Elector and his Ministers, live without fear; and somewhat scandalized in ITALY, where the indignant Romans will not disport themselves even at the Carnival, where the Tuscans hold funeral services for the defeat of Novara, and where the Milan municipality is so unbending that the Emperor declines a Lombard Coronation. Yet they maintain Order in Naples, making the whole land a camp, imprisoning even those who pity their imprisoned relations. Drive out the 'disturbers of society' from among the fastnesses of SWITZERLAND, and Order would be almost reëstablished in Europe. The Swiss Authorities (even the heirs of Tell grow Whiggish) are not unwilling,—but where to send them? Will England receive them? since in this century of Cant, we dare not hang them *en masse*. England! English Tories ask for the expulsion of those of the Exiles who are already here, that is of those who are republicans. Metternich is safe enough. English Whigs would expel them, too, *but dare not*. And the English people!—How many Republicans are there among them? How many worthy to be the countrymen of Milton?

THE LOW-BORN.

(From the French of P. J. de Béranger.)

EH, what!—I learn there's some distress
 That *de* before my name should go.
 'Are you of our antique noblesse?'
 I, noble?—truly, gentles! no.
 Indeed I have no bloody hand
 On herald parchment, that I know:
 I only love my native land——
 I am low-born, and very low,—
 I'm very low,
 Low, low.

I ought to have been without it born:
 For, if my blood aright I read,
 My forefathers have cursed the scorn
 Of ancient power and noble greed,
 Which on its old ancestral mound
 'Was as the mill-stone,—they below
 The grist which it for ever ground——
 I am low-born, and very low,—
 I'm very low,
 Low, low.

My fathers never wrung sad tears
 From out the eyes of wretched hinds;
 Never their noble sepulchres
 Frighten the peasant when he finds
 Himself beside them; nor, again,
 Has Merlin e'er transform'd them—No!
 To chamberlains of Charlemagne.
 I am low-born, indeed I'm low,—
 Yes! very low,
 Low, low.

My fathers never were seduced
 To civil discord's noble feats;
 Nor ever any introduced
 The English leopard to our streets;

And when the Church by its intrigue
 Gave to the State a mortal blow,
 Not one of them subscribed the League.
 I'm low-born, yes ! I'm very low,—
 I'm very low,
 Low, low.

Then leave me my ancestral flag,
 You dawn-adorers, nose in air,
 Ennobled only by the rag
 That in your button-hole you wear.
 I honour but a common race ;
 Though savage, gentle thoughts I know :
 I flatter only the pale face
 Of Wretchedness——I'm very low,—
 Low-born, yes ! low
 Low, low.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE :

THE FOUNDATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE RIGHT.

THE Right of the Franchise is the birthright of Humanity. We claim to be recognized as human beings. Universal Suffrage is but the symbol, the public and legal acknowledgement, of the natural equality of mankind.

All men are born equal : equal in their common humanity ; equal in this, that each has an individuality of his own, a distinct and independent nature, a life which it is impossible to confound with the life of another. Every human being has an organization peculiar to himself, a frame peculiar to himself, a will and motive-energy peculiar to himself, a life which is his own and which none other can live for him, a life which it is his duty to build up toward the most perfect beauty of which his nature is capable. Each individual has the work of his own life to do, the interests of his own life to consult, the conduct of his own life to regulate. He has, in truth, his own life to live ; can get no one to live it for him ; can by no cunning transfer it, by no power get it transferred, to the shoulders of another. This is what we mean by the Natural Equality of Man.

We know well enough the differences that exist—of height, of form, of beauty, of intelligence, of power. Yet are all men equal. There is no mark of the slave upon any, no natural sign branding one man as essentially different from another. All have the same birth, the same life, the same death, the same erect form, the same organs, the same muscular and nervous system, the same appetites and wants and passions, the same desires and hopes and fears, the same need of life, of growth, and development. Differing in degree, there is no difference in kind. The greater-natured Shakspeare has more of intellect than the Russian serf: but each in his degree has the same need of development. Each needs to live his life, to develop his nature so far as its capability will allow, to grow to the utmost of his capacity. Each has the right of growth, however different the capacity. Oak and bramble have their different growth; rose and lily their different form and hue; but each its life to live, its separate destiny to accomplish. So are all men, when most differing, equal.

Even more points of likeness than of difference subsist between them. The highest man claims closer kindred with the lowest than with ought else in creation. They both are men. The same sun warms them; the same stars smile upon them; the same winds breathe to them melodiously. The storm frowns not less darkly on the monarch; the flower gives not less fragrance to the slave. Each toileth alike up the mountain side. The flowing tide stays not for the king's command; the flowers bloom over the vagabond's neglected grave. Every where the clear voice of equal Nature proclaims the brotherhood of men, their brotherhood of life, however different their station, their gifts, their character.

It is a question of human reverence. He, who denies the manhood of the lowest, denies the divinity of man, surrenders the dignity of his own manhood, degrades himself,—by making his manhood to depend upon exceptional and changeful causes, on place or special endowment, instead of depending upon that right of birth which is inalienable and indestructible, which no time nor chance can weaken or depose.

How shall a man abdicate his own nature! How can you take possession of the being of another? How assume another's existence? He is sovereign of that, be his sovereignty never so poor. You cannot deprive him of it. Be his form never so ungainly, you cannot make it other than his; be his soul never so dark and diminutive, the Spirit of the Eternal once breathed thereon has made him Man, your equal: for you have no higher claim to manhood than that same breath of God, which cannot be measured, which cannot be compared, of which no man can be deprived and live. Poet and untaught slave, monarch and beggared serf: the breath of life in each is his title to the dignity of Man. You cannot deny his title, while you claim that title for yourself. Fellow sovereigns, however wide or confined your realms, in all that concerns you mutually, you meet upon equal footing. Man with man, sovereign with sovereign, child with child of the Eternal,—what are your differences of to-day in the face of the eternal future growing from the life of each? Equal as the stars of heaven, equal as year with year—though no two days are alike in their contents, equal as the ocean waves, equal as flower with flower,—so is life with life, each springing from the womb of the Past, each pregnant with the Eternity to come. When

thou hast lived one day for thy fellow, then talk of inequality, then deny your reverence for the sacred principle of Life, the sovereignty of Self, that emanation from the Universal Spirit in which we all, from the Imperial Cæsar to the beggarliest wretch on earth, both live and move and have our being. The acknowledgement of this common humanity, the acknowledgement of the birthright of human life, the acknowledgement of that self sovereignty with which Nature has endowed us, of which it is impossible altogether to deprive us, and without which there can be neither conscience nor duty,—this is what we demand in demanding the Right of the Franchise.

THE DUTY.

As Right is universal, so is Duty. Right is the ground of Duty: Duty the due growth of Right. Right is the opportunity, the means of Duty: Duty the advantage taken, the use made of Right. There is no such thing as Right without Duty. No man has a right to isolate himself, to separate from the society of his fellows, to refuse communion and fellowship with them. HUMANITY—HUMAN LIFE—IS ONE. It is one great whole to be organized harmoniously for the continuous and greatest-possible progress of all. It is not a mere fortuitous jumbling together of distinct individuals, but a gathering of one vast family under the universal law of attraction and similarity,—one vast family, all members thereof having the same aim, the same purpose, the same idea of life; each member having his distinct place, each his special mission, in concert with the whole, and conducive to the general purpose; each acting on all and acted upon by all, each served by all and capable of serving all.

No man can resign his place among men, or deny his duty to Humanity. He, who would separate, forgets his obligations to the Past, which bind him dutifully to the Future. There, toward the Past, he has contracted a debt—a debt to collective Humanity. He has received: he is bound to render. All the life of the Past,—the endeavour, the endurance, the experience, the accumulation of knowledge and power, the gain of ages, of all the passed of mankind,—all this has worked together to make him the man he is. Be he what he may, he is the child of the Past. It is his duty, since he can return no benefit to the Past to transmit as much as possible of good to the Future. There is no other way of squaring accounts, of paying the debt incurred. We stand between the Past and the Future: the business of this present life is to hand the gain of the one to the beseeching hands of the other. This is the real mission, the duty of life.

No man ever lived or can live apart from and independent of others. Had he not mother's love? How shall he repay it? Needs he not love from his kind—the sympathy that upholds, the trust that ennobles, the faith that purifies? Needs he not aid in sorrow and in sickness? Has not the feebleness of his infancy been nursed? Shall not his eyes be closed in death? 'Independence'! Man may isolate himself for a part of his life, seldom even for a part. He has no right, even for a part. What! wait to manhood dependent upon the love, the care, the dutiful action of others, and then, then only, claim a right to be independent, to separate, denying all duty, because 'thou needest no help and so wilt render none'? Return first the debt of younger years, ere thou sayest that thou owest nothing to Humanity!

And not merely the debt to younger, but to former years. How much of the world's passed life has entered into thy organization and character! How much of what the ages have suffered and done has been bestowed on thee! What Englishman contains not in him something borrowed from our English past, that England too having borrowed from others,—from Germany, from France, from Italy, from Greece, from Palestine, from Egypt, ay! and from all other lands? What! has Milton lived for you, and shall not you live for England? Have Wickliffe, Eliot, Hampden, died for you, and you not owe your life to England? You, fed by England's Shakspeare, have you no thankful service unto Shakspeare's England?

And to the world too! To Humanity! As, a stone dropped in, the water-circles spread wider and wider: so the waves of duty flow beyond the bounds of country till the circle fills the world. As the star in its sphere, in its system, in the system of systems: so man in the family, in his nation, in the system of Humanity. All the world, since life began, has worked for thee: work thou for the world. For thee has Homer sung, for thee has Sappho loved. For thee Leonidas fought, and Plato spoke; for thee Galileo sought the stars. The glorious army of martyrs gave their lives for thee. For thee the Divinest chose the dungeon and the hemlock-juice, the scourge and the crucifixion. For thee Humanity has lived, has loved, has suffered. Pay to Humanity the life-debt thou hast incurred!

A debt—that which is owed—which ought to be—a duty. What is thy duty? DEVELOPMENT, GROWTH, AND SACRIFICE. Development of all the capabilities of thy nature; growth of thy nature, ever higher and higher, toward the divinest Ideal thy soul can contemplate; development and growth, that thou mayest be a helper, a worthy servant of Humanity, a fit and acceptable offering in the great temple of Life, to propitiate the Future. This is Duty: so to develop one's powers, so to grow, that one's life may be useful to the world, the present a sacrifice worthy of the Eternal. A Sacrifice: the joyful rendering of that which thou hast acquired,—the giving to the world the fragrance of thy own beautiful nature, the fruit that has ripened on thee, the golden grain of thy devoted life. All sacrifices,—not denials, but offerings on the altar of Progress, at the shrine of Humanity. So bear thy days even as a wreath of flowers upon thy brows: the fillet of sacrifice, the wreath of triumph! The joyful sacrifice be thine, the triumph the Eternal's! Ay! even when the sheaves are scattered, and the life beaten out, and the very straw consumed, and the plough gone over thy place, some grain will yet be sown for the world's future harvesting, and thy spirit bruized and ground down for the food of Humanity, will haply then be conscious of the joy to which it was abandoned.

Since all have duties, all must have the means of fulfilling their duties. What means but Freedom? what Freedom but on the ground of Equal Right? How shall you develop your powers under my absolute or hindering will? How shall you grow to your full growth, if I grow so rankly that there is not room for you. To each full room for freedom of action on the common ground of right! Liberty on the ground of Equality: Duty growing out of Right. Therefore must the Suffrage—the recognition and expressive symbol of our Right—be

universal. Right universally assured, that Duty may everywhere be done. Nothing but the Universal can satisfy us. Because no one can be excused from his duty, because we need that all be free to perform the duty for which all are required, that in the Chorus of Life no note may be missing, that the harmony may be complete.

THE PURPOSE.

We are ruled (when we are really ruled) for the progress of Humanity; ordered so that each may have sufficient room for growth, for the world's advantage. We need Universal Suffrage, that all parts may be brought within the rule, that there may be no exception to the law, that no rank disorder may prevent the perfected growth even of the weakest. As eternity counts every hour, so needs the world that all be ordered for the world's behoof.

The careful gardener leaves not in his trim garden one corner for rank overgrowth, where vermin may hide, who would devour his tenderest plants. So in the nation should be no neglected and untutored corner, no city of refuge for a Pariah class; or be sure that they will devour your hopes and ruin the fair garden of life. One rotten sheep! One unhealthy member! The evil of one is the evil of all; the good of the whole cannot be without the good of each.

How shall the musician spare one note; how admit one false note? How more easily achieve the complicated harmony of life?

Woe to the People among whom false notes are not prevented; whose very leaders knowingly play false! Woe to that People among whom the vilest weeds grow rankly, where vermin live unnoticed, who devour the tenderest hopes of the Spring, and none prevent them! Woe to that People among whom their enemy soweth tares! Could each corn-plant be cared for, be free to grow on its own equal and sufficient ground, how abundant would be the harvest.

We need Universal Suffrage to upbuild the Nation. That temple of the Eternal, the sacred workshop wherein we serve the Future of Humanity, shall not be unsightly and disgraced because of its many broken and disfigured columns.

What is a Nation? Not a mere horde of savages or serfs driven by some imperious master. Not a Babel-gathering of trading thieves, held together only so long as they can find withal to exercise their calling. A nation is the free association of equals, the predestined association of men of one race, in whom tradition and history have breathed the prophecy of an identical life,—men whose cradle songs, whose noblest memories, whose dearest hopes, echo that charmed word of COUNTRY, which links together the various families of earth, each in its special bond of harmonious tendency, whose result is national vitality, national growth, and the achievement of national purpose—the fulfilment of the Nation's work and mission in and for the world.

How shall the Nation grow except all parts in the Nation share and help its growth? How shall all grow unless they have fair room for growth, the Equality on which their Freedom builds, rising uprightly like some well proportioned column, a pillar of Humanity?

Savages build not at all. Your traders, held together by one common interest, would sell the very foundation-stones. Serfs, at some royal bidding, may build

pyramids; but cannot build a Nation: not even though the royalty be held in commission by so many as 800,000 of the elect. A Nation can only be built by all, of all. All the People, each in his place. The individual first perfecting his own upright and rounded life; the family standing as perfectly together, a stately column-group; the parish, township, and province, the further association, for that combined work for which the family alone is not competent; and the Nation, the completed temple, built and supported by the regulated strength of all. Only from the universal suffrage of equals can such a building rise. The slave could not mount to the height of the freeman, could not reach to upbear the temple-roof.

The Nation is indeed a living temple: with multitudinous columns, many as individual natures, but which all unite together to uphold the place of worship for the Future. Infamous is he who neglects his portion of the service, who upholds no part of the sacred roof of Country, the homestead of his race!

For the vote is not a mere eight-millionth share in the election of a master of tongue-force. It is not a mere hustings delusion, the careless or considerate dropping of some name in a ballot-box. Nor is it but a pledge for higher wages, respectabilities and comforts. It is the symbol of manhood, the public acknowledgement that a man's life is his own, that all his fellow-men of that nation recognize him as a man, a free man, their equal, to be cared for, and ruled and ordered, be he never so insignificant, with the same care and in the same rule as the noblest. Nay, it is symbol of far more than that. It is not only the proclamation and fearless challenge of the man's rights, but also the open confession of the man's duties; the public homage (would once a year be too often for that homage?) of the individual man to the Nation, and through that to the collective Humanity, to which he so swears fealty and allegiance, confessing that for it he lives and moves and has his being.

Wages, respectabilities, and comforts:—Freedom has better growths than these. Let the respectable stalled ox take his due wage of fodder, and be comfortable! The aim of human life is higher than that. Not for the mere material; not only for some better arrangement of land and labour (though these things wait on Freedom), not by any means to supersede the necessity for work, is the place and dignity of manhood to be desired. But to take the yoke from off thy neck, that thou mayest work freely and healthfully, that all thy powers and capacities may be employed and perfected, that Universal Life may be better served,—that thou mayest bear thy heavy sheaves of corn, thy full rich fruit, any way thy worthy and acceptable sacrifice, to the mighty Spirit of the Future.

Rough the path of life; toilsome the ascent; and heavy the burthen that must be carried to the distant heights. We need the help even of the least; there is no strength to be spared. The slave may stumble and faint by the wayside. Let him seek his rest, his comforts, his own 'well-being'! What is the general good to him? what to him the aspiration toward the Excellent and the Eternal? But the freemen faint not, nor stumble. Singing, they journey onward, hand linked with hand, and hopeful eyes consoling hope; so each upholds the other. Come, my brother!—my sister!—cry the equal voices;—aid us in the work which is neither thine nor ours, but the Eternal's; bow down with us in worship of the

Inevitable; raise thy proud head toward heaven, thy life aspiring as the altar's flame soars skyward! Wreath with us the crown of future triumph; help us to upbuild the moving temple of Humanity;

It is for this that we would be ruled; for this that we need Universal Suffrage. That every human life may have its healthy growth, its perfect bloom, or pleasant store of fruit, and so the Garden of the World be well-arranged and beautiful. That every columned life may be firmly built and finished to its utmost grace, that the National Temple in which we would worship the Eternal Spirit of Growth and Freedom may be worthy of its purpose, of the service to which it is dedicate, well-proportioned in all its parts, and the whole a perfect beauty, an increasing loveliness and 'a joy for ever.'

REPUBLICANISM IN IRELAND.

'In the Union of Ennistymon, from the 8th to the 22nd of March, a period of two weeks, out of 3,893 persons there were 253 deaths.'

Mr. Monsell in the House of Commons, April 14.

'In eight Poor-Law Unions alone, sixty times in the seven days the Contractor's Coffin leaves each of them, freighted with the Corpse of a pauper:—at the rate of five hundred a week, twenty-six thousand a year.'

'Nation' of April 19.

'The people are going blind in the workhouses. Among the other murrains engendered among them by the damnable Poor-Law system, this Ophthalmia is at present the most remarkable,—as a distinct Workhouse disease. There were 2068 cases of it within ten months in the Tipperary Union. The Athlone Union had 470 cases within the same period. Since last June, there were upwards of 2000 cases in the Limerick Workhouses. In Galway Workhouse, during the month of September, 102 cases occurred. It has spread extensively through the South and West before and since. It is known to have prevailed at Kerry, Tralee, Dingle, Kenmare, Kilmallock, Loughrea, and Ballinasloe. It has got so close to Dublin as Naas and Loughlinstown. We dare say, it has occurred in fifty other Unions we have not heard of. And, mark—it blinds, of both eyes, one in every hundred cases it attacks,—of one eye, two in every hundred cases,—it blemishes, so as seriously "to impair, but not altogether destroy" vision, two and a fraction per cent.; and many of those blemished cases become slowly blind afterwards. In Tipperary, Dr. WILDE saw *eighty-seven* cases where the sight was permanently damaged. Eighteen were irrecoverably blinded; thirty-two had lost an eye each; thirty-nine were purblind. He heard that, before he went there, twelve paupers who did not come under his inspection had gone stone blind. How many besides lost an eye each—how many will be, to all intents and purposes, blind unless they get spectacles—(and a trough-feeding Board would, we

dare say, stare at the idea of a contract for pauper spectacles)—how many were left with shrivelled eye-balls, or festering eye-lids, in the blemished state, Dr. WILDE had no direct means of ascertaining. But the averages above are his own words or deducible from them.

‘Our countrymen are aware that it was the Athlone Board of Guardians which first devised the system, since introduced at Mullingar, of feeding the paupers from troughs in batches of six at a time. Of course, the Ophthalmia was bad in Athlone. Where the paupers are styed together on the Athlone system, it is just the complaint to run through them like the scab in a flock of sheep. And the Athlone Board omit no means to help it.’

‘*Nation*’ of April 19.

‘The *Galway Vindicator*, remarking upon the fact of £10,000 being due by the *ex officio* guardians of the Castlebar Union, says:—“The first on the list of defaulters is the Earl of Lucan, whose cattle are grazing over the whole surface of Mayo, over the levelled homesteads of his exterminated serfs.”’

‘*Nation*’ of April 19.

‘The *Galway Mercury* says, “Connemara is become almost a desert from Emigration.”’

‘*Nation*’ of April 19.



‘Cursed be the Law, the State, and the Empire, that shed the blood of our People!’ Amen!

But not Amen to this:—‘*Stealthily, systematically, remorselessly, ENGLAND is slaying the Irish enemy;—This England is a murderer.*’

Cursed be the murderer of Ireland! But England, the English People, is not the murderer.

They who ought to lead the mind of Ireland know this. Their abominable charge against England is as foolish as it is false. They should not allow their indignation against wrong to drag them into a heinous injustice.

We can share their indignation. Never in savagest land, never in heathenest times, have the ‘rulers’ of a country so barbarously misruled a land, as England’s Government has misruled Ireland.

But England’s Government is not England. Else Ireland’s Government is also Ireland. And by such showing Ireland is herself guilty of all the wrongs of Ireland.

What means this holding up of England to the scorn and execration of Irishmen?

Is there no sympathy here for Irish suffering?

Among the English ‘People,’ the working-classes, were there none to sympathize with him who proclaimed war to the Tyrants? To be sure we did not take the lead in any rising for Irish liberties. Had we done so, how many Irish bayonets had guarded ‘the Law, the State, and the Empire’ which are now so cheaply cursed?

Have we forgotten O’Connell’s threat against the Chartists in 1839: ‘I will raise a legion and lead it myself to the field of battle.’ And this Daniel O’Connell was one of the originators of the Charter; and these English Chartists to a man have ever sympathized with *the Irish People*.

English middle-classes, parlour patriots, financial reformers, they have not sympathized with Irish wrongs. They, we must needs own, have stood by the

respectabilities of 'Murder,' applauding it even as Irishmen of the same class applauded, when the Queen of the Murderers trampled upon the graves of Ireland.

It is true the English People have not prevented the wrongs of Ireland. Nay, but have the Irish People prevented them, or striven to prevent them?

Is England the murderer? Is it England that slays the Irish enemy?

Was Castlereagh an Englishman?

Is Wellington an Englishman?

Are the Lucans and the Exterminators Englishmen?

Are the Athlone Guardians Englishmen?

Were they Englishmen who did not rescue Mitchel?

Were those Englishmen who did not rally to O'Brien?

Is Shiel an Englishman, or is John O'Connell, or More O'Ferrall?

The patriots of Dungarvan, Longford, and Cork,—are they too Englishmen?

Have you none but Englishmen among the priests and police who persuade you to remain slaves?

Are there none but Englishmen in the Imperial army which overawes both you and us?

Or is it an Englishman who mocks your need with proposals for an Irish Charter *—to guarantee 'the exclusive use of British and Irish Whiskey in the navy'; the residence of the Sovereign for at least six months in every three years in her faithful kingdom of Ireland'; and 'an increase in the number of Irish representatives (of voters rated at £6) to Parliament, so that they may amount to the number of 150 in the aggregate'?

If your tyrants, and your 'patriots', and your exterminators, and your guardians, and your constabulary, and your respectable betrayers, and your clerical persuaders to peace and patience,—if these are all English, then indeed this England is your murderer.

If not, then not only accursed be the Murderer, but accursed also be the Fool or the Knave, who cannot or will not distinguish between the accomplice and the fellow-victim, who dares to slander a People desirous only of making common cause with their brethren against a murderous Misgovernment!

Accursed be he who sows dissensions between the Oppressed for the profit of the common Oppressor!

Is it well done, when the galley-slaves sit chained together, for one to curse his fellow, because he is too weak to do the work of both?

Yet, Irishmen! we will acknowledge one wrong toward you. We Englishmen have not riven our own chains. Had we done so, we should not have been powerless to assist you.

But will you reproach us with this? You, like us, enslaved, whose enfranchisement also might have aided us?

No! our miseries have been common, their causes similar; the resurrection must be of both together.

If it be right indeed that England ought to lead you to Freedom, then let an Englishman who may boast of some service done to Ireland atone for English

* In the *Nation* of April 19.

tardiness, speaking to you some few earnest words—would they might be powerful as the trumpet of an Archangel!—to rouse you to an honourable vengeance.

Join us to strike down the Tyranny that destroys us both!

Join us to win our common liberties!

Join us to found a better future on the sure ground of equal freedom!

If there are wrongs between us, even as the ill-blood of two hounds coupled painfully together, who cannot always accommodate each other,—let them be forgotten till we have hunted down the common enemy!

Perhaps on the morrow of our victory we may still find better work than quarreling.

Ay, the common enemy. It is not the Union which damns you. It is our disunion which ruins both.

Repeal the 'Union' to-morrow:—what better is Ireland?

Banish every Englishman from your soil; sink us and our island to the bottom of the sea: what the better is Ireland?

Keep your own Castlereagh or Wellington as Prime Minister under an Irish puppet of a Queen; make peers of your Lucans and your Londonderrys; sty your Shirleys, your Shiels, your Reynolds, your O'Connells, your O'Ferrals, and their like, in College Green; give them a subservient clergy, no longer oppressed and so refusing to bless even 'the beginnings of rebellion'; give your Irish Government Irish tradesmen, such as cheered the Queen for transporting Mitchel and Meagher, for their constituents; keep your Athlone guardians and your Balingarry peasantry. And where is the gain to Ireland?

'Repeal of the Union' means simply 'Tyranny done at home.'

Let some new Mitchel endeavour to raise the People, the Irish Government would not spare him.

For it is not a question of Ireland against England; but of the People of Ireland and England against the few usurpers who misgovern them.

It is a question of the Many against the Few.

It is Liberty against Tyranny—the Nation against Monarchy or class government—Equal Right of Nature against arbitrary Assumption.

All this insanity of Repeal, nay even this honester endeavour for a moderate allowance of Tenant Right, can but mislead you from the true object you ought to keep in view.

That object is the enfranchisement of the People—politically, socially, morally.

Politically:—it is universal suffrage.

Socially:—it is the guarantee of the right to labour and to property.

Morally:—it is the freeing men's souls alike from the debasement of trade and from the authority of a separate class—a priesthood; by ennobling the labour, by consecrating the life, of the poorest of the poor: making priests of all men, making all men ministrants at the altar of service, of sacrifice, for Humanity, toward God.

This enfranchisement of the People is only possible through the establishment of the Republic. That is our object.

That is your object. The establishment of a new system of society, based upon those truths which have been already won by Man—the establishment of

the republican rule of justice, for the well-being of all,—instead of the unjust system of monarchical class-government, no matter how constitutional it may be: this is not a mere English, or only an Irish question. It is a human question.

Gird yourselves, Irishmen! to that. There lies the secret of your country's regeneration.

Will it advantage you to insist that your tyrants shall speak Irish?

And O ye millions of starving peasants, will even the Tenant League be sufficient to relieve your miseries?

And ye, young men, educated, thoughtful, and aspiring, ye who should be the chivalry of Ireland! shall a priest have always power to whistle you back to bondage? to call you off on the eve of battle?

Clear your land of the most noxious of reptiles—the Usurpers. Wait not for 'holy men' to lead you: saints are not as of old. Ask no idle baptism in 'the holy well'! Seek your inspiration from the Highest. Raise the holy cry of *God and the People!* Let neither policy nor priestcraft stay you!

Regenerate your people! Reorganize your nation! Build up your Republic! A Republic, not of the 'respectable' classes, but of the whole Irish race, forgetting not even the lowest of the oppressed.

So shall the Land of Famine become the Home of Plenty, the down-trodden and priest-hindered people become a Nation of free men, able to serve God.

Better be working for this, than throwing ill words at your neighbours who are only not quite so unfortunate as yourselves. Brothers! indeed we have not time for strife. Let us help each other now!

SPARTACUS.

THE GHOST OF CHARTISM.

(*By One twelve years in the ranks.*)

CHARTISM being dead, a few earnest individuals have been endeavouring to raise its ghost. Applying the usual exorcisms, they have partially succeeded. But what a ghost! And what a waste of benevolent intentions!

It is true I am an older Chartist than Mr. Feargus O'Connor: for I joined from the first. Mr. O'Connor took time to consider. I am not blaming him for that. It would not have hurt the movement had his consideration been even more protracted. But, I have the precedence.

I may not have made so much noise as some of the leaders of Chartism: I hope that will not be imputed to me as a fault. Neither are my devotions

chronicled in the *Northern Star*: which is a misfortune. There is a proverb, too, about 'still sows,' which could have been of use to some of those among us who went 'the whole hog.' I only mention having served so long as an excuse for offering an opinion on this last Council of War, although I am in the ranks and my opinion not asked by the officers.

Well then, to my fellows in the Chartist ranks I may venture to speak, though it must be plainly: I am not one of the soft-solder school. Your last Council will not help you. Chartism is indeed dead. Bury it decently, and go home to think what next is to be done.

Your new revival of Chartism (if one may call trying to galvanize the dead a revival) must fail: for three good and sufficient reasons.

1—You have no party to appeal to.

2—You have no principle round which to form a party.

3—You have no plan of action.

You have no party. You have had none for a long while. Even in 1848, when European endeavours lent us a sort of shamed impulse, what were our numbers? Some three or four hundreds (I am not sure but I may be over-reckoning, an old fault of us Chartists) paid their tolerably regular pence for a few months to listen idly to Watson, Hetherington, and other of the originators of Chartism. Some four or five thousands, appreciating the eloquence of Ernest Jones, Julian Harney, etc., thought it tyranny to be called upon for any regular payment. I cannot count the thousands, or say millions, who made noises at monster meetings. Indeed they never were counted. Why should they have been? They were no part of our party. This is what we *were*.

But I have rather to do here with what you *are*. And little as you were in 1848, you are now only the remains of that little. A 'party'! You have not even one active association, one knot of banded earnest men, in the whole country. Here are proofs of it.

An appeal was made to you some weeks ago on behalf of a few Polish Refugees. A friend of mine, who knows the Continent, said then to me—'In any German town one fifth of the extent of Liverpool such a body of men would be provided for in a few hours.' But you have either so little earnestness, or so little notion of combined action, that it has taken all England three months to get these men into temporary homes. Shame on you! And to call yourselves a party. Any trades-union would be stouter.

And you do no better for yourselves than for the strangers. One Chartist paper is falling; the other does not pay. Harney's *Red Republican* was not supported; and Harney and Jones together can scarcely hope to raise a paying audience for their new *Friend of the People*. Yet they talk of the *Chartist Party*.

You have not earnestness enough to form a party. You hardly care enough about the matter to amuse yourselves at a lecture or a public meeting, where fools call you patriots. You don't mind going sometimes the length of a street or two, to be tickled with idle talk, if there is nothing to pay for admission: but this is the gross amount of your 'patriotism.' Your earnestness never cost the mass of you one wink of sleep or one half-pint of beer. And you call yourselves a party.

In truth there is no party. And only let my friend ION, who exhibits the 'new aspects' of Chartism, contemplate the aspect of its ghost when he asks for the 'national threepences.' But the hint has laid the ghost already.

You have no principles. For a length of time many of you scarcely knew but what the People's Charter meant a lease at Snig's End. But I must not be unjust, you say: the new Convention has given us a whole budget of principles. No such thing! They have agreed upon a list of reforms which they would like, and which they would have us believe are to be got by means of the Charter. I wish we may get them. The reforms, with some few exceptions, are desirable enough: but I do not see their connection with Chartism.

It does not at all follow that the Charter would give us all these reforms: even if the majority of the People were Chartists. Universal Suffrage in France has not brought half the reforms enumerated in this Convention programme. I do not believe that even our few Chartists themselves are agreed upon this programme.

I do not know if I can make myself understood. But what I wish to show is the difference between *pointing to a result*, which may or may not come as the consequence of a certain gain of power, *and laying down common principles* for the sake of which men shall seek that gain of power. A republican party has common principles pointing them to common aims. The Chartists, if the Convention speaks the Chartist mind, have only certain hopes, more or less common, of certain possible results,—which are only possible, which have no necessary connection with gaining the Charter.

For instance: the Convention recommends 'complete separation between Church and State,' the 'nationalization of land,' and other such like easy matters very likely to be got with bishops in the House of Lords and hereditary legislators to stick up for entails. But the Convention does not show how Chartism would help to get these reforms, nor how the hinderances are to be overcome. The Convention has not a word against the House of Lords, and yet points to results which can not be obtained while a House of Lords exists. So much for Convention 'principles.'

Again, the Convention recommends the 'abrogation of wages-slavery.' Very good! But what connection is there between this and carrying the Charter; or why is it not shown that one will necessarily lead to the other? If this is not intended, why are such reforms held out as inducements to men to join the Chartists? No such reforms will be carried, Charter or no Charter, till the people have learned something more than just to say—We would like to have this or that reform when we get power into our own hands.

The Convention has published a list of generally desirable reforms, which may, after getting over a many *ifs*, come after the attainment of the Charter; but it has put forth no programme of principles.

It holds out certain baits for Chartist converts. Men who think the prizes worth having, and likely to be had (about which likelihood the Convention is silent), may be tempted to join the movement. Had the Convention taught or understood the real meaning of political principles, had they held up a faith, there might have been no occasion for explaining the likelihoods.

But even there some plan of action would have been necessary. The Convention has none. And so, if you could find a party and rally it around a principle, you would still do nothing.

No plan of action? Is there not to be a new petition? and are we not to have contested elections? and addresses, and missionaries, and meetings? and all the old story over again? With less than even the old chance of success. How many Members will support the prayer of your petition? Will it be any more effective because only signed by the Chairmen of public meetings, to save so much trouble to earnest Chartists? Or failing the petition, how many Chartist elections will you carry, say between this and the year 1861? And when you are tired of the old worn out game, what will you next be at?

What plan does your Convention issue, for raising or reviving a Chartist party, for combining it, and for bringing its power to bear against the enemy? Just none.

You are going to rouse the country, to educate the unenfranchised mind. I admire your intentions. The Convention of 1838 did a great deal of the rousing; and, to be sure, it wants doing again. But when done, what then? The Convention has not told us.

No doubt Chartists are to be made yet; some perhaps in new districts where Frost and O'Connor and the Tenth of April are all unknown. But when made, what will you do with them? The Convention has not told us.

As I said before, scattered and discomfited brother Chartists! you have no party, you have no principles, you have no plan of action. If on such terms any of you still hope to succeed, you are more sanguine than King Feargus' Fool,—the poor man who believed in 'the Charter in a month and roast-geese next day for dinner.'

And even had you a party, principles, and plan, what good could come to you under leaders such as Reynolds and O'Connor,—men who must damn any movement, the one morally, the other politically.

You have no earnestness. I mean the mass of you. There are, I know, a few earnest fellows among you, who, having fallen into a habit of Chartism, do not yet see their way out of it; but they are not enough to leaven, much more to form, a party. You have no common political faith. You have no determined course of procedure. You have leaders incapable of leading you to good. Better men, it is true, sit beside them, to the damage of their own characters and to the hinderance of their own opportunities of usefulness.

Be content with what you have done. You have had a last dying series of speeches. It has been creditable. The funeral preparations have been decorously arranged. Though the mutes were Chartists, they did not wrangle about the corpse, as of old we wrangled when Chartism was hale and 'full of life.' Much credit to you for your better taste. Now bury your dead out of your sight, and do not vex the weary spirit by compelling the reanimation of the corpse for the brief amusement of an idle crowd.

And you two or three—let me hope, more than two or three—earnest men who have been used to so little purpose to call yourselves Chartists, think if there is not some better work for you than to spend more energy upon scattered

endeavours in the vain hope of some day getting even 'the Charter and something more,'—the something more being a scramble for the 'principles' of the Convention programme. Since even to get that you must work, and work devotedly, why devote yourselves for so little? why work for *less than the Republic*?

OTHER ASSOCIATIONS.

HOW REPUBLICANS SHOULD ACT TOWARD THEM.

THE business of our Republican Associations (as I have said before) is not to act, but to teach republican principles. For some time to come our special work is one of propaganda and preparation,—to raise and to organize a party. A republican party ready, how to act will be our next question. But meanwhile we ought not to abstain from the action of the hour.

Our object—always to be kept clearly before us—is to obtain the Republic. To that end we associate, and teach ourselves and others. So the Republic will be soonest attained. Far sooner than through the desultory action and experience of the bit-by-bit reformers: among whom we must reckon even the Chartists. But while we are learning and proselytizing the world will not wait. And we should ever be active in and with the world, though we cease not to look forward. We will in all honest things help our brethren, though nothing shall detain us from our great task of Republican Organization. For constant action in accordance with principle is an important chapter of republican propagandism.

How then shall we act with regard to associations now existing. I will endeavour to state briefly what I believe to be our duty here.

THE NATIONAL CHARTER ASSOCIATION. Toward this our duty is plain. The universal male suffrage which it demands will be undoubtedly a step in advance. The Republican ought in every way to support this. However poorly I may think of Chartist power or policy, I will yet take care that my desertion shall not help the failure of the movement. My rebukes of the Chartist's failings are intended to provoke him to improvement, not to discourage him. It is true I would rather he should take the higher republican aim; but, if he will not, as his shaft points in that direction, I will support him for his first stage. But doing so, I will insist on the higher reason for the franchise—the right of human life. I will not degrade even *the franchise of men* to a mere question of taxation; nor let its object (as far as I may be concerned) be considered as any other than *the half of the Republic's foundation*.

THE PARLIAMENTARY AND FINANCIAL REFORM ASSOCIATION the Republican can not support: for it is not an attempt in our direction. Its avowed object is to strengthen our present institutions by requiring men to be 'qualified' for the franchise. It is unre-

publican: its real meaning is the prevention of the Republic and the deferral even of universal suffrage for men. Its most influential leaders have plainly confessed this. That some of the movers do not so intend, I know. The best of them are of a class of honest men who are content to get the Devil to carry them 'half-way toward Heaven,' in the hope that they may convert him during their ride. Some only think of outwitting him: and a creditable partnership they make of it. The Republican can not support this 'reform' scheme. The man of principle can not support that which is *without* principle—unprincipled. But neither can the Republican adopt the non-intervention dodge. The honest man will oppose whatever he believes to be evil. And a scheme that would commence by establishing a slave-class! Oppose it everywhere: but oppose it manfully as a wrong, not like mere quarrelers objecting to something distasteful to themselves.

THE FREEHOLD-LAND ENDEAVOUR. Join it, if you will. It may be a good investment: you may so gain power to serve your fellows. But, before you place any hope in it as a *political panacea*, calculate how many generations it will take to free the toiling, hungry millions of England, at the rate of purchase proposed by the freeholders. The political mischief of such associations (over and above their withdrawing energy from action having greater likelihood of result) is their tendency to lead men to look upon property as at least some sort of a qualification for the franchise—for freedom. Men learn to grumble that others should get freedom more cheaply than themselves. And then comes the question—'If I may buy one vote, why may I not buy seven?' It has been done: with no better plea than that the votes were for honest use.

COÖPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS. Well, it is no infringement of republican duty to endeavour honestly to better one's condition in good company. Many working-men may so emancipate themselves from the tyranny of Capital. Nevertheless I believe that as 'great social experiments' these associations mislead men. This unpolitical socialism is like rebuilding a house from the top, patching it with occasional bricks, instead of laying new foundations. Some stormy day your amended house, old and new work together, will come down about your ears. And at best, supposing the piecemeal job to be practicable, you work at all manner of disadvantage, under present 'institutions.' For the rest, in what form of partnership men may *choose* to better their private estates is not a political question, nor one for our consideration here. The political question is when, going beyond coöperation to communism, men assail the right of Family and Property. Coöperation may, or may not, be Republican: Communism is not.

THE EDUCATION MOVEMENT. The true ground of action here is well put by Thomas Carlyle. 'In our present mode of management in England, where the so-called governors have neither honour nor will to attempt this long-neglected and imperatively needed enterprise of getting the people taught, it has become the duty of every good citizen to come forward and do what in him lies that it be neglected no longer.—Hands to the work, then!' Ay! every hand. But, while struggling for leave to instruct yourselves, do not forget, nor let it be forgotten, that the best scheme to be had now is but an expedient till such time as we can get governors with both honour and will to make education one of the duties of the State. Perhaps its most important duty.

For other associations, too numerous to speak of singly here: bear in mind that any of them may hamper a Government, better the condition of the People, furnish some means of education and political training. Inquire how far your republican principles are involved in them. If you can honestly, join them, any or all, so far as they do not hinder better work. There is one, however, to which, on account of its primary importance, our utmost help should be given,—for which I would postpone everything. I mean THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE TAXES AGAINST KNOWLEDGE.

REPUBLICAN MEASURES.

3.—EDUCATION.

‘In order that those moral faculties, whose germs God has deposited in our souls, may wing their highest possible flight.’

Joseph Mazzini.

‘O for the coming of that glorious time
 ‘When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
 ‘And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
 ‘While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
 ‘An obligation on her part to *teach*
 ‘Them who are born to serve her.’

Wordsworth.

ELSEWHERE ^a I have maintained the right and duty of the State to educate the children of the Nation. I propose here to consider what is meant by *Education*, to whom and in what measure it should be accorded.

As all are members of the State, its born-servants, so all are equally entitled to its care. Education is for all.

The meanest life is sacred, as sacred as the highest. The utmost development of which each individual nature can be made capable should be the only limit to the measure of education.

And again, the right to labour involves the right to education. It would be a mockery to free Industry from the tyranny of Capital, and to leave the worker in ignorance, the slave of the intelligent.

To enable every member of the Nation to render to Humanity the utmost service of which his nature can be made capable,—this is the object of Education, this is the duty of the State. ^b

The rights involved in the question of Education are these: *the right of the State*, as the organizer, to teach, in order to enable the Nation’s servants to fulfill their duties; ^c *the right of the Parent* also to teach,—not in any respect

^a At p. 22, E. R.

^b The voluntary plea is well characterized by Charles Clarke, in a Lecture on Education, in the Glasgow *Freeman* of April, 1851.

‘If it were proposed to leave the prosecution of criminals to voluntary effort, the voluntaries themselves would inquire if we were ready to have society crushed beneath the power of crime. Because the restraint and punishment of criminals is necessary to the security of the State, provision of *a certain* character is made; and it is only because education is looked upon as a matter of less consequence than the detection and punishment of criminals, that it is left or proposed to be left—for *philanthropy to play with*.’

^c Shall it be of no consequence to the Republic that its children be left to the chance of some hoary monarchist instructing them in the ‘divine right’ of usurpation and robbery,

on account of any presumed right *over* the child, which can not exceed the right of every individual to proselytize, but solely in virtue of the parent's special capacity through the sympathy of a kindred nature; and *the right of the Child* to its inheritance—a share in the knowledge acquired by Humanity.

To harmonize these rights is the problem of Education.

I would have the State-Education of Boys and Girls to commence at the age of seven years.

Up to that time children should be rather growing than learning. The physical development is interfered with by too early exercise of the intellect. The first years of childhood should not be troubled with thought. The infant lives should be perfectly happy, growing in beauty like flowers rejoicing in the spring-time.

For the first seven years at least, I think that children should remain with their parents. Their first education is through their affections: this must come from their parents. God has knit together so wonderfully the hearts of children and parents that no other teachers can ever supply the parents' place in this tender unfolding of the blossoms of life. The first, and the last of human lessons—*reverence*, which is the true seed of aspiration and progress, should have its beginning in the home of infancy. ^d

At seven years of age the child should be entitled to the education of the State. I say *entitled*, because I would give the parents still the option of educating their children for two years more: the parents knowing that their children, if neglected during these two years, would afterwards enter the public schools at a painful disadvantage.

The education at the State schools during these two years would consist in teaching the child to read, write, draw, and sing, in cultivating its perceptive faculties, and in orally explaining to it the broad facts of Nature and of God, in relation to its position in the Universe. The home-education ought not to fall short of this.

At nine years of age the attendance of every child at the State schools should be obligatory.

I would have the children board at the schools: else they could not be subjected

some Jesuit inculcating the holiness of lying for God's service, or some atheistical non-interventionist persuading them to neglect their duty toward their neighbour? Or shall every knave or fool be free to inoculate with his worst, and the State alone be debarred from preaching the Nation's faith in the ears of the Nation's children? Call the one, if you will, the tyranny of the majority; but the other is the tyranny of the unit. The Nation would educate the child for the Nation's service; the parent sacrifices the child to the parental narrowness. And of what is the majority composed? Has not every parent a voice in that? Convince it of your just ideas, your novel thoughts, and so rule the majority. Else be content with the power, which must remain with the parent do whatever the State may, of teaching still the individual's crotchet under correction of the better doctrine of the school.

^d Surely here is guarantee enough for due assertion of parental authority. Nevertheless, even at the earliest age, in cases of proved neglect or of immoral teaching, the State would interfere to protect the infant. The State does this, even now. Nay, in what right does the State interfere (as in cases of brutal-treatment, of infant-labour, etc.) to protect the body of the child, if in the name of liberty of teaching the parent may destroy its soul?

to that perfect equality which is the first lesson to be taught by the Republic. ^e

There should be no vacations: but certain holidays, some to be observed at the school, some spent at home. Sundays, ^f if desired, the children might regularly spend with their parents; and the parents would have access to them at all times, so as not in hinderance of the course of education.

I would divide the term of education into three periods. The first, considering two years as preliminary, would begin at the age of nine years, and continue to the age of fourteen.

Education during this first period would consist in the cultivation of the moral and religious sentiments, the exercise of the body, and the storing and training of the intellect awakened by the perception and conversations of the two preliminary years.

Of bodily exercises I would have every child taught these: to swim, to ride, and to aim at a mark. ^g These for both boys and girls, who, whether in or out of school, should be as much together as if they were members of the same family. Other gymnastics, such as racing, leaping, wrestling, climbing, should not be neglected.

Vocal music, drawing, arithmetic, geography, the main outlines of history,—these with explanations of the divine laws of Duty, would occupy the school hours; and for relaxation, when not actually at play, the child should be entertained with beginnings of lessons in astronomy, geology, botany, etc. Among instructive amusements gardening should hold the first place.

The second period of public education would be from the age of fourteen to that of eighteen.

Now I would sever the sexes: not altogether, but sufficiently to prevent the continuance of the hitherto unrestrained fellowship. Some of their studies and amusements would still be had together, with good effect.

The girls should now be at liberty to reside at home, if their parents desired it: still bound to finish their course of education by attending the classes of the school. From fourteen to eighteen the girl requires the constant care and companionship of her mother.

But the boy from fourteen to eighteen should be obliged to remain an inmate of the public school. This would be the period of his apprenticeship.

He would now learn more exactly the nature and laws of his own being, physical, mental, and moral; he would seriously study history, especially of his own country, and sufficient of all sciences for the ordinary purposes of life; he would learn the grammar of his own tongue and (if he showed any aptitude) make himself master of at least two other languages besides his own, one living and one dead; he would learn mathematics to help him to think correctly; he

^e The child is to be taught the equality of human brotherhood through its life being made conformable to the doctrine, not by merely preaching to it and sending it home to a contrary practice.

^f This would leave the parent ample time for the liberty of sectarian teaching. The religion taught in the schools would not be sectarian.

^g Not merely for 'health's' sake, but also for the perfection of the senses. A sound mind needs a sound body. And there is a much closer relation than is ordinarily thought, between the habits of mind and body.

would learn the use of arms.^h Specially he would be taught to understand his duties as a man and a citizen.

Attached to the public schools should be workshops,ⁱ in which the different handicrafts should be taught; and here great part of this period of apprenticeship would be spent by the boys, learning the special crafts for which they have evinced most aptitude and liking. Some in these shops, some in model-farms also attached to the schools, some over their books, their drawings, or their music, some in the normal schools,—each according to his natural bent,^j easy to be seen when free opportunity had been given for a wise choice: so would be employed this period of apprenticeship.

The third period would be from the age of eighteen to that of twenty.

At eighteen the young Athenian swore in the temple to make his Country greater and more glorious. So at eighteen I would have the youth of both sexes solemnly take upon themselves the business of life, understanding that now their general studies are at an end, and that henceforth their lives are to be devoted to their Country and to Humanity.

The next two years would be spent by the young man in close application to the peculiar vocation for which he was destined. During that time he would be under professors and masters, working at the art or craft which he had chosen. He would now have free access to the public library, and the option of residing at home (or wherever else might be approved by the masters of the school),^k and of using his leisure according to his own taste,—bound only to obedience during the hours of instruction, and to attend, during the latter portion of his noviciate, a course of lectures explanatory of the laws of his country, to prepare him for worthily occupying the position of a citizen.

From twenty to twenty-one he would be sent to travel, that he might enlarge his nature by learning in what other countries differed from his own.^l

On his return he would be solemnly acknowledged a citizen, a free man, the uncontrouled master of his own actions, accountable only to the laws, and entitled to his share in the common wealth.

The woman would also be similarly acknowledged, whether she had dwelt at home since the age of fourteen, or whether she had availed herself of her right to claim all the advantages of the public schools, to which under all circumstances her title would hold good.

^h Were it only to give him presence of mind, to train his hand and eye. But the world is far yet from that state of peace in which nations will have nothing to fear for their liberties, either from home or foreign tyranny.

ⁱ The 'masters' in these workshops might carry on their business altogether independently of the schools; only being located near them for the sake of the visits of the scholars. Such privileged 'masters' would be chosen by the inhabitants of the district.

^j Those intended to become teachers, and those destined for the 'liberal professions' would have to evince some capability before they would be allowed so to devote themselves.

^k These elder pupils might sometimes reside with their 'masters,' under the sanction of the superiors of the school.

^l Let it not be objected that this long scholarship would be subtracting too much energy from the daily labour of society. These scholars would be made in many ways serviceable to society even during their school time; and their educated manhood would atone with ample interest for the leisure and cultivation of their youth.

Here ends that education of youth which the State has both the right and the duty to bestow and to impose upon all its members. But Education stops not here. There is still the education of the adult: ^m for with the Republican, all life is educational, But this will be considered under the head of *Religious Worship*.

I would place the whole system of education under the superintendence of a Minister of Public Instruction, assisted by an Educational Board: both appointed by the representatives of the Nation. ⁿ The teachers in the Schools I would have chosen by the inhabitants of the several districts, subject to the approval of the Board. The whole scheme of education, framed as a law, should be submitted to the People. The cost should be defrayed out of the public revenues. ^o

‘And so,’ asks One of our acquaintance,—‘You would take the vagabonds of our streets and the paupers of our poor-houses and peasant homes, and you would give them all an education better than is given to princes?’

Ay! to all of them. Not excluding, nor omitting, one.

‘And so,’ rejoins the *radical reformer*,—‘you will make the better half of the People disgusted with their station: and who will be our servants? who will sweep our chimnies, cook our dinners, clean our shoes,’——

Good friend! cease to scare thyself with this after-dinner vision of a lazy fine-

^m Even the adult who had passed through the Nation’s schools. Lectures, Theatres, Exhibitions of Art and Science, should all be organized to this end. There would also be separate courses of instruction for those who had reached manhood, or womanhood, before the establishment of the National System. I have here desired to sketch a course of education for youth. The grown up generation must put up with their present imperfections. There would be Normal schools also, and schools for the Deaf and Dumb, the Blind, etc. Orphans would be immediately under the guardianship of the State.

ⁿ Trust to local committees, and there will be always one or other county below the average, either through some local accident, or from less advanced views. And what national harmony could there be with a church party dominant in one county, a dissenting party in another, an aristocratic party in a third, an economic party in a fourth, and possibly an atheistic party in a fifth? Only the Government could overrule these discords. And for an erring Government your republican remedy is prompt. Besides, there would be the guarantees of the counties or districts directly electing the teachers, and the whole people immediately considering and judging the governmental programme.

^o Of course the cost would be ‘enormous.’ But deduct from it any cost for the keep and clothing of the scholars, who must be fed and clothed at school or at home. Indeed there would be some saving through the wholesale management. Deduct also not only present charges for schooling (public and private), but the immense expenditure, direct and indirect, occasioned by the want of education. The scholars, too, would do very much for their own maintenance: some even of the very young as gardeners; and the elder in their various avocations. Even so the cost would be ‘enormous.’ Balance it with the results. Have you considered the cost of every generation before it attains a condition for work and pays for itself, even under the present system?

The unmarried might think they ought not to be called upon to educate their neighbours’ children. But even now they are called upon to pay for neglecting them, and for all the after watching and providing and punishing consequent upon that neglect. Let even the unmarried calculate *the value* of honest and well-informed neighbours.

gentleman millennium. Be assured that, after even the perfectest education of all, difficulty will still necessitate toil, and there will remain the everlasting law of duty—to arrive at nobleness through service, sacrifice and endeavour. And for that word *station* which fell from thee, consider what thy servant's station really is. The most uneducated slave of whom we speak is, like our brother Christ, a Royal Child of God, however thou—who callest thyself a Christian—mayest deny the relationship. It is the dignity of a Child of the Eternal which we would maintain, even though the maintenance should compel your lordship to be your own groom and chamberlain.

Station! The natural destiny of every human life is to progress, not to remain stationary. To aspire and to progress: 'in order that those faculties, whose germs God has deposited in our souls, may wing their highest possible flight.'

RHYMES AND REASONS AGAINST LANDLORDISM.

CROP-LIFTING.

The bailiffs are lock'd in the barn;
 Pile up the sheaves in the cart!
 They'll hardly have leisure King Grind to warn:—
 We have stolen at least a start.
 Quick! fork the sheaves up, ho, boys!
 Stout arms has willing heart:
 The neighbours are steady,
 The corn is quite ready;
 Pile up the sheaves, boys! ho, boys!
 We'll count them as we go.

But the barn's old roof was flaw'd;
 The bailiffs have stolen through:
 King Grind and his troops were all abroad,
 Or ever the first cock crew.
 Quick! drive the horses on, boys!
 If old king Grind but knew
 The way we are going;—
 But, an he were knowing?
 Quick! drive the horses on, boys!
 By God, we'll stay for none.

What stops the gap in the hedge?
 The dogs are not at fault :
 And the musket-bore and the sabre-edge
 Make even the boldest halt.
 'Yet, drive the horses through, boys !
 'Twas only a moment's halt :'
 'Tis the voice of one dying.
 The red blood is lying
 Where late the harvest grew, boys !—
 The harvest of the Few.

LYING FALLOW

English Serf, Distrust grown fallow,
 Crops his ground in dread ;
 Wears it out : why care for fallow ?
 Reap the quicker bread !
 Murder's waste is Irish fallow :
 Doubt ne'er makes his bed.

Landed Ass ! if wastes are fallows,
 Shear thy golden fleece !
 Hang your scarecrow on a gallows :
 Never mind a lease !
 Folly's fields are always fallows ;
 Whose is their increase ?

Who would plough for swine to wallow
 Where the corn might be ?
 Earth ! when shall thy waste be fallow,
 And thy children free ?
 Hungry Toil ! when Justice Shallow
 Marries Hope to thee.

THE MIDDLEMAN.

Landlord's child is Middleman : ^a
 John the Puny ^b knows
 How the race that Great began
 Into Little goes.
 Even giants vermin breed.
 Quote 'the tyrant's plea':
 Middleman hath also 'need,'
 Vermin though he be.

^a Out of Rackrent, his legal wife : born at the old one's country seat in the parish of Serf-cum-Ignorance.

^b There is more than one John of that ilk : but for instance, think what the Russells have come down to, not to mention John O'Connell.

Middleman can pay his rent ;
 Pays it when 'tis due :
 If his gain is cent-per-cent,
 What is that to you ?
 May God bless all vermin, then,
 Giant born and fed !
 But let *us* be, good Middlemen !
 And live where you were bred.

EVICTED.

Long years their hovel stood
 Out on the moor :
 More than one sorrow-brood
 Pass'd through that door :
 Ruin them overcast,
 Worse than the wintry blast ;
 Famine's plague follow'd fast :
 God help the Poor !

There, on that heap of fern,
 Gasping for breath,
 Lieth the wretched kern,
 Waiting for death :
 Famine had brought him low,
 Fever had caught him so,—
 O, thou sharp-grinding woe !
 Outwear thy sheath.

Dying or living there,
 Which is the worse ?
 Misery's heavy tear,
 Back to thy source !
 Who dares to lift her head
 Up from the scarcely dead ?
 Who pulls the crazy shed
 Down on the corse ?

What though some rent was due,—
 Hast thou no grace ?
 So may God pardon you,
 Shame of thy race !
 What though that home might be
 Wretched and foul to see,—
 What if God harry *thee*
 Forth from his face ?

Widow'd and orphan'd ones,
 Flung from your nest!
 Where will you lay your bones?
 Bad was your best.
 Out on the dreary road,
 Where shall be their abode?
 One of them sleeps with God:—
 Where are the rest?

REVENGE.

The leaves are still; not a breath is heard:
 How bright the harvest day!
 'Tis the tramp of a horse; the boughs are stir'd
 The Agent comes this way.
 Was it an old gun-muzzle peep'd
 Behind yon crimson leaf?
 A shot!—and Murder's bloody sheaf
 Is reap'd.

Who sold the farm above his head?
 Who drove the widow mad?
 Who pull'd the dying from her bed?
 Who rob'd the idiot lad?
 Who sent the starved girl to the streets?
 Who mock'd grey Sorrow's smart?
 Yes! listen in thy blood. His heart
 Yet beats.

Not one has help for the dying man;
 Not one the murderer stays;
 Though all might see him where he ran,
 Not even the child betrays.
 O Wrong! thou hast a fearful brood:
 What inquest can ye need,
 Who know Revenge but reap'd the seed
 Of blood.

AT BAY.

Potatoes are rotting:
 Rottener foes
 The land are blotting;
 The corn yet grows:
 Up, brothers mine! are not your sickles keen?
 And the wheat ears are not green.

Potatoes are failing:
 Hark to the Hours!

Listen to Famine's wailing——

The corn is ours.

Forth, O my brothers! forth with sickles keen:

What do ye wait to glean?

True men despairing!

The corn yet stands;

Yet waits your daring:

O famish'd Lands!

Forth to the harvest, let your sickles keen

Gleam the red shoeks between.

THE FAMINE.

Who by yonder hedge is sleeping,

With his babes around him weeping,

In the sunshine fair;

While his gaunt wife, whose wan lips

Are fever-kiss'd, in sad eclipse

Swoons beside him there?

Wake, man! corn awaits thy reaping;

Up, man! wherefore art thou sleeping,

When the lark on high

Carols blithely o'er the grain?

Hear thy little ones complain:

'Father! bread!' they cry.

'Father! father! wake from sleeping!'—

Still his babes are round him weeping;

And that fair-hair'd one

Pulls him gently by the arm:

Yet he stirs not,—lying warm

In the harvest sun.

Rouse thee, sluggard! Time, slow-creeping,

Gaineth on thee. Wake from sleeping!

Voices in the sky

Bid thee house thy heavy grain;

Hear thy dearest ones again!

'Father! bread!' they cry.

'Father! Mother!'—hoarse with weeping:

In their shade the babe is sleeping;

And the tallest child

Soothes the other hungry twain.

Poor pale girl! thy words are vain;

Thine own grief runs wild.

‘Father! Mother! wake from sleeping!’
 Ever hoarser with their weeping,—
 They will wake no more.
 He is dead, and she death-nearing;
 And those little ones despairing——
 Father! save thy Poor.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

(From April 22nd to May 22nd.)

REPUBLICAN CHRONICLE.

The second monthly report of the Bethnal Green Society is before us. The account of the origin of the Society is worth giving to our republican readers.

In September, 1850, twelve working men belonging to the ‘East London Locality of the National Charter Association,’ thinking they could not well spread their principles by meeting in a public-house, and seeing the apathy that existed among the Chartists generally, engaged a large school-room, with other apartments, in Morpeth Street, Bethnal-Green, at a rental of thirty guineas a year, for the purpose of establishing a Literary and Scientific Institution on a democratic basis. They who undertook this task, not afraid of the magnitude of the undertaking, were mostly weavers, earning on an average fourteen shillings a week. They reckoned on some help from their fellow workmen; but in this were disappointed,—not one of the enrolled Chartists could be induced to join them. They also applied to several Gentlemen whose liberal reputations gave them hope of sympathy. The result of these applications was as follows

Messrs. Buxton and Co.	£1	0	0
<i>(More promised, but withheld when the extreme opinions of the applicants became known.)</i>			
Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, M.P.	1	1	0
Mr. Leblond	1	10	0
Joseph Hume, Esq., M. P.	ONE OLD NEWSPAPER.		

Other subscriptions swelled their funds to commence with to the sum of £4 10s. A platform cost £2, a gas-meter £1 10s. The remainder was all they had for furniture and decoration. On the 18th of November they opened their Institution.

There was no lack of prejudice to impede their proceedings; but they have persevered; the prejudice is wearing out, several persons have given them gratuitous service in conducting classes, and there is every probability of the Institution flourishing.

The Republican Propagandist Society was instituted on the 23rd of February. Its second monthly meeting was held at the Institution on Sunday, the 11th of May. Only two of the members were absent: these through unavoidable circumstances. The report shows that the Members had attended regularly at their weekly meetings, that 200 tracts (*No. 1—Republican Organization*) had been distributed, and that every opportunity was taken of the Lectures at the Institution, by reading articles from the *English Republic* to the audience, previous to the commencement of the lecture. After discussion upon future proceedings, the business concluded with the reading of the article on ‘*The Worth of One Man*’ from the May No. of the *English Republic*.

The following rules (an addition to those taken from our *Plan of Republican Organization*) we quote as evidence that the Society is moved by the true spirit of republicanism.

‘11th. That if any member of the society, (brother or sister) is unable to attend the meetings through illness or any other cause, such member shall forward an account of his or her condition to the head of the “family” to whom they belong, who on receipt of the said information shall attend and administer to the wants of the member so afflicted, as far as the circumstances will allow; the head of the “family” to forward an account of the same to the secretary.

‘13th. That the members of the society support any agitation that embraces their principles, especially the Chartist agitation seeing that it goes for the very first principle of republicanism, namely equality of rights.’

We have spoken thus of the Bethnal-Green Society, not only because it is the first of our Republican Associations, but also by its example to stimulate others, and to induce some isolated republicans who at present have no means of forming similar Associations, to forward any help in their power, either of money or books, to the Secretary of the Bethnal Green Republican Propagandist Society,—*Mr. Wm. Vickers, 3, Ramsay Street, Abbey St., Bethnal-Green Road, London.*

THE POLISH REFUGEES.—Our last reports from Liverpool show but 45 of the Refugees remaining there, of whom 17 are employed. Difficult as it has been to rouse public sympathy, from utter absence of any organization, it is at length accomplished. The Refugees are now distributed throughout the country: a great number of them in work. Let our friends persevere, and secure our ultimate triumph over the gang which would have expelled these brave men. We have yet to care that the remainder be employed. None of them desire to continue idle, a burden upon the ill-paid operative. Honour to our working-men, but especially to those of Liverpool, who first dared to undertake the providing for the strangers: an honour which shall live in the records of Freedom, in the gratitude of noble hearts, when the Liverpool capitalists’ self-glorifying contributions to the ‘Chrystal Palace’ shall be forgotten or despised.

THE CHARTIST EXECUTIVE

Have put forth their address. The following is the gist of it.

‘FELLOW COUNTRYMEN!—The time for action—for calm, thoughtful, energetic action, has arrived. The Programme adopted by the National Convention must be carried out, step by step; and we now direct your attention to the first practical measure we can adopt—the National Petition.

‘Clause 3 of the first section of the Programme runs as follows:—

“That a national petition for the Charter be presented to parliament, such petition to be prepared on the following plan:—Simultaneous meetings for passing the petition to be held in every town or borough where practicable. At such meetings two tellers to be appointed to count the numbers present; the petition, together with the declaration affirming the numbers in favour of such petition, to be signed by the tellers and the chairman of the meeting.”

‘We, therefore, now call on you to hold well-prepared and efficient meetings, as above alluded to, such meetings to take place during May: as it is requisite that a Petition to Parliament should be presented before the session closes. Recollect that the petition is expected—the public knows that the Convention decided thus; these

meetings are looked forward to, ... the power of your cause is engaged in the measure. Hold them wherever you can,—let the numbers in favour of the Charter be well verified, and send the petitions up to us as soon as passed.

‘Another duty also devolves on you—agitation requires funds. We refer you to the resolution of the Convention relative to a national subscription of threepence from every professing democrat. Surely many could give more—let all give what they can. One shilling each from a million men would enable us to carry the Charter. That money is wanted, and wanted now, if you wish to be prepared for the future. It is our aim to guide the Chartist movement through the dangers of the approaching time ... for the turning-point of our movement is at hand,—class government is falling of its own corruption, alienating its own supporters by its errors.

‘Give us the means, and this summer shall see such an advance in Chartist progress, such an increase in Chartist numbers, as have not been witnessed yet.’

The following is the form of Petition recommended by the Chartist Executive. We would strike out the ‘*humble*,’ which is not necessary; and correct the portion in italics to—THE PRINCIPLE THAT EVERY-MAN OF SOUND MIND OUGHT TO BE AN ELECTOR. The tax-paying qualification is but too close to the Whig Scheme, and is not the Principle of the Charter.

‘To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled,

‘The humble petition of——

‘Showeth, That the people of this country, in great numbers, have called upon your honourable House to grant them the right of the franchise, on *the principle that every tax-payer ought to be an elector*.

‘That a measure for that purpose, entitled “The People’s Charter,” and embodying the following details: Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Equal Electoral Districts, No Property Qualifications, and Payment of Members—was composed by members of your honourable House, jointly with certain persons of the class at present denied the right of representation, and was afterwards submitted to your honourable House, and has from time to time been urged upon your adoption by the petitions of the people.

‘That the provisions of that measure have severally been acknowledged as sound and just.

‘That these facts are too well known to your honourable House to render any lengthened enforcement of them at all necessary.

‘That, therefore, your petitioners beg of your honourable House forthwith to enact that the provisions of the People’s Charter be the law of the land.

‘And your petitioners will ever pray,’ &c.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Rivalling the splendours of Arabian story, gorgeous as a poet’s dream, the ‘Chrystal Palace’ displays its magnificence: the result of no genii save those of Industry and Science. It is indeed a glorious exhibition, wondrously proving the might of human handiwork, showing what men may do to conquer *the material world*. Glorious too was the ceremonial opening on the First of May. But we have no heart to repeat the million-tongued echo of its worth. For it is the exhibition of a Lie. There was no ‘Glory to God in the Highest’ upon its topmost banner. The Archbishop’s prayer was a blasphemy, and the whole pageantry an impudent hypocrisy: all false as the sham Queen of the ceremony, or her assistant, the sham ‘Chinese Ambassador’—the ‘cook of a common junk.’ Think if, as the trumpets paused from braying their hozannas, some poor mechanic, say, a

Carpenter,—had passed through the ‘distinguished’ crowd, and interrupted the Royal and Archiepiscopal Falsehoods, with some such words as these :—

Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites !——

Go to now ye rich men ! weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you.

Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten,—ay, even the crimson carpeting ye have hung out so bravely, for it is crimsoned with the heart’s blood of the Poor.

Your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them—for they are rusted by human tears—shall be a witness against you.

Behold the hire of the labourers, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth against you. You have heaped treasure together for the last days.

Peace, thou harsh Voice, so rudely breaking the complacences of our Festival ! ‘How came this Poor Man with a three-guinea ticket ?’ Let us rather smile, and be thankful for this Exhibition. It is not without its good : if it only exhibits to the toiling millions that their wretchedness is not because their labour does not produce, but because they yet are misruled, befooled, and plundered. If it only teaches to the Slave the real brittleness of palaces.

But is not this triumph of Peaceful Trade an immense advance beyond the old triumph of Royal War ? Truly so. When men have learned to organize *theft*, it is manifest that they are outgrowing the mere *brute*. In God’s name, pass on !

PARLIAMENTARY DOINGS.

But really Parliament has done nothing. Contemptible as is the four-times beaten Ministry—that government on sufferance, without a chance of governing,—the bewildered House of *Representatives*, which seems equally incapable of governing, is scarcely less contemptible. The insolent and useless Ecclesiastical Titles Bill (even Lord John at last acknowledging that the aggression is political) drags its slow length along, vigorously opposed by the Irish Members, who can only perceive its insolence. The shuffling of a house-tax in the place of the window-duty is not yet completed ; but a ‘Return’ has been ordered, to prove to slow legislative intellects what all the world knows—the ill-treatment of passengers in emigrant ships. Do not call your rulers idle. And have they not shown some indignation against two corrupt constituencies—those of Falkirk and St. Albans ?—at which latter place one Jacob Bell, respectable quaker, prosperous shopkeeper, and financial reformer, has been graduating for a Free-trade Statesman, buying his place in Parliament for the growth and advantage of his liberal conscience, or perhaps, like Mr. John O’Connell, ‘merely for the convenience of his constituents. But the Parliamentary event of the month is Mr. Hume’s motion—carried against a combination of ministerialists and Manchester-men—for voting the income-tax for one year only. Some of our foreign friends deplore this as a blow against direct taxation. Not so : we would not support an unequal tax simply because it is direct. And there is another principle involved in this motion,—the principle of the annual revision of taxation, quite as important as directness. That possibly Mr. Hume himself cared only for his trading constituents, that some who supported him were angry at directness of taxation,—that did not alter the justice of the particular question, which Mr. Cobden and his party shirked, in order to swell the motley crew of government supporters. They played the same game of old, with Peel. What matters right or wrong in Parliamentary tactics ? So little that when Mr. Urquhart moved the simple acknowledgment of two notorious facts—that the Whig Cabinet had encouraged the Papal Aggression and that the expectations of legislation raised by the Premier’s letter had been disappointed,—280 gentlemen, not a few of them liberals, were ready to affirm the contrary falsehood. Speaking of false-

hoods reminds us of Sir George Grey, who, opposing Sir W. Molesworth's motion against sending more convicts to Van Diemen's Land, (on the ground that it would compel 'Government' to consider what is to be done with criminals), confessed that the Government had broken faith with the Colonists. With whom has it not?—Mr. Hume's motion for the 'Lesser Charter,' for May 13th, dropped; there was 'no House.' The 'radicals' mustered some half-dozen toward the arrangement.

OUR MISCELLANEOUS NEWS are brief but pregnant. The publishers of Dickens' *Household Words* have been brought into Court (at last) for evading the Newspaper Stamp duty. This is one step more toward getting rid of the imposition. Judgment is conveniently deferred.—The Educationalists have commenced agitation in London. Stir yourselves! for the past month shows a fearful catalogue of crime and accident, the consequence of the ignorance, and the non-regulation, of society. Of the crimes Child-murder is not the worst. Among the accidents must we not place that of a respectable man shot by a clergyman who only wished to shoot a thief? The reverend gentleman went nearly mad on hearing that a verdict of *homicide* was recorded against him.

In our penal Colonies of TASMANIA the Convict influence is becoming 'paramount.' Will it be less becoming than the vicious disorganization of which we stand convicted at home?

In IRELAND men are abandoning the Tenant-League to rave about dying somewhere 'for their altars,' as if their religion was but a worship of a wretched old man at Rome, or as if there was any fear for even him from his good friends, the Lords Russel and Palmerston.

In FRANCE Girardin is accusing Changarnier and Cavaignac of plotting with Marrast of the *National* to bring about the June insurrection, for the overthrow of the Provisional Government. His evidence looks ugly and conclusive enough: but what more evidence need we? The men are already proved and judged.—The *Voix du Proscrit* explains the policy of Ledru-Rollin's party: if a struggle must come it will not be in the name of the Constitution of 1848 but of their eternal rights that they will endeavour to lead the French Nation; but if those who have mutilated that Constitution will restore it, they, the Republicans, will be content to seek its revision under its own provisions. Let the Reaction choose the future—to go forward peaceably or perforce.

ITALY. The *Indépendance Belge* publishes a note addressed by Cardinal Antonelli, the Papal Secretary to the Austrian Cabinet, proposing a plan for surprizing the French and ejecting them from Rome, in order to replace them by an Austrian garrison. It would be a worthy conclusion of the Gallic Expedition. The same note urges upon Austria the necessity of influencing the English Government against Mazzini.

In PORTUGAL the revolt has become a revolution. Saldanha, seeming altogether to fail at first, is, thanks to the assistance of Oporto, the master of the situation. The faithless Queen of Portugal is already compelled to think of abdication, though she would rather have Saldanha for her Minister—for a little while. But for whose benefit shall she abdicate? When Palmerston interfered in 1847, she was at the mercy of the Junta, and had, but for his interference, surrendered to the real sovereign, the People. Now she may only give place to her son, a boy of fourteen, under the regency of the Whig Saldanha. It is for this, that Lord Palmerston was working; for this he made the English name detestable in Portugal. Let us hope the People yet may foil both the unprincipled foreigner and the half 'friend' at home; and from Portugal a Republic, light will break into the degradation of Spain. Spirit of the Cid! awake again for Freedom.

Lord Palmerston has just arranged with Russia for the further imprisonment of Kossuth.

OF THE DUTIES OF MAN.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

(I would call the special attention of the readers of the *English Republic* to the expositions of human duty, of which the opening chapter follows here. They were addressed, in 1841-2, through the pages of the *Apostolato Popolare*, to the Italian operatives. They are not less applicable in 1851, to our English workmen. And when I say *workmen* I would mean not only the proletarian class, but all, of whatever rank, who care to work for the Republic. Study well these lessons, and learn what is expected of you in the life-task that lies before us.—W. J. L.)

I.

INTRODUCTION.

We would speak to you of your duties. We would speak to you, as the heart dictates, of the holiest things we know: of GOD, of HUMANITY, of the FAMILY. Listen to us lovingly even as we speak to you. Our words are words of conviction matured by long years of sorrow and observation and study. The duties we are about to point out to you we have endeavoured and will still endeavour to perform as far as our strength will allow. We may err, but not in our heart. We may deceive ourselves, but we would not deceive you. Hear us then fraternally: judge freely for yourselves if it seem to you that we tell the truth: abandon us if it appear that we preach error; but follow us and work according to our instructions if you find us to be apostles of the truth. Error is a misfortune to be lamented; but to know the truth and not to render your actions uniform with it is a crime which both heaven and earth condemn.

Why do we speak to you of your *duties* before speaking to you of your *rights*? Why in a society where, willingly or unwillingly, all oppress you, where the exercise of all those rights which appertain to man is constantly ravished from you, where all unhappinesses are yours while all that is called happiness is for the men of other classes,—why do we talk to you of *sacrifice*, and not of *conquest*, of virtue, of moral improvement, of education, and not of material *well-being*? It is a question which we ought to clear before proceeding further: because precisely there lies the difference between our school and many others now preaching in Europe, and also because it is a question which easily arises in the irritated mind of the suffering workman.

We are poor, enslaved, unhappy: speak to us of material amelioration, of liberty, of happiness. Tell us whether we are doomed to suffer always, or whether in our turn we also shall enjoy. Preach of Duty to our Masters, to the higher classes, who, treating us like machines, monopolize the goods which belong to all. To us speak rather of rights, tell us of the means of vindicating them, tell us of our power.

Let our existence be first acknowledged ; then speak to us of duty and of 'sacrifice!' So say many of our workmen, and follow doctrines and associations corresponding with their desires ; forgetful only of one thing, which is that this language has been held by them for more than fifty years without having borne the least fruit of material amelioration for the condition of the workers. These fifty years and more all that has been done in progress and of good, against absolute governments or against the aristocracy of birth, has been done in the name of the Rights of Man, in the name of liberty as the means and *well-being* as the object of life. All the acts of the French Revolution, and of others which followed and imitated it, were the consequences of a Declaration of the Rights of Man. All the labours of the Philosophers who prepared that were founded on a theory of liberty, and on the doctrine of the rights proper to every individual. All the revolutionary schools preached to man that he is born for happiness, that he has the right to seek it by any means within his reach, that no one has a right to obstruct him in his search, and that he has the right of overthrowing any obstacles he may encounter on his way. And the obstacles were overthrown ; Liberty was conquered ; in many countries lasting for years ; in some yet lasting. But the condition of the *People*, has that been bettered ? The millions who in these days live by the labour of their arms, have they by any chance acquired the least portion of the hoped for, the promised *well-being* ?

No ;—the condition of the People has not been bettered ; it has rather become worse, and yet worsens in nearly all countries. In almost all countries, and especially in this wherein we write, ^a the price of the necessities of life goes on progressively increasing, the wages of the workman in many branches of industry progressively diminishing, and the population multiplying. In almost all countries the lot of the labouring classes has become more uncertain, more precarious ; the crises that for a certain time condemn thousands of workmen to involuntary idleness have become more frequent. Of the worsening of the economical condition of the people we shall hereafter speak with figures and facts ; but the annual increase of emigrations from country to country, from Europe to other parts of the world, and the ever-increasing cipher of charitable institutions, of the poor-rates, of provisions against mendicity, sufficiently prove it. Which last also prove that public attention has been more generally drawn to the woes of the people ; but their inefficiency to visibly diminish those woes demonstrates an equally progressive increase of misery amongst those classes for which they attempt to provide. And nevertheless in these last fifty years the sources of social riches and the mass of material wealth go on increasing. Produce has been doubled. Commerce, though going through continual crises, unavoidable in the absolute absence of organization, has conquered more of force and activity, and a more extensive sphere for its operations. The means of communication have almost everywhere acquired security and rapidity, thus with the price of conveyance diminishing that of merchandize. And on the other hand, the idea of the rights inherent in human nature is now generally acknowledged, acknowledged in words, and hypocritically, even by those who endeavour to elude it in

^a This was in 1841.

deeds. How is it then that the condition of the people has not been bettered? Why has the consumption of products instead of being equally divided among all the members of the European societies, been concentrated in the hands of a few men belonging to a new aristocracy? How is it that the new impulse communicated to industry and commerce, has created not the *well-being* of the many but the luxury of the few? The answer is very plain to those who would enter a little into things. Men are the creatures of education, and they act only in accordance with the principle of education given to them. The men who promoted the bygone revolutions relied upon the idea of *Rights* belonging to the individual: the revolutions proclaimed those rights: they preached that the highest of all good was liberty: the revolutions conquered liberty: individual liberty, liberty of teaching, liberty of belief, commercial liberty, liberty in all things and for all. But what matters the acknowledgment of rights to those who have not the means of exercising them? What matters the liberty of education to those who have neither time nor means to profit by it? Of what use is commercial liberty to those who have neither capital nor credit, nor wherewith to traffic? In all the countries where these principles were proclaimed, society was composed of a small number of individuals who were possessors of land, credit, and capital; and of vast multitudes of men who had no other property than their arms: forced to give them as implements of labour, to the first, upon any condition, merely to live,—forced to spend whole days in physical and monotonous fatigues,—to them, constrained to combat with hunger, what was liberty but an illusion, a bitter irony?—For if not so, it would have been necessary for the men of the easy classes to have reduced the times of labour, to have increased wages, to have procured uniform gratuitous education for the masses, to have rendered the instruments of labour accessible to all, to have established credit for the labourer endowed with faculties and good intention. Now, why should they have done this? Was not *well-being* the supreme object of life? Was not material good an equally desirable thing for all? Why should they have diminished their enjoyment for the advantage of others? Let every one help himself as he can! When society insures to every one possible the free exercise of the rights belonging to human nature, it does all that it is required to do. If there are those who by a fatality of their own condition are unable to exercise any right, they must submit without blaming any body. It was natural to say this toward the poor, and indeed it was said. And this thought of the class privileged by fortune rapidly became the thought of every individual toward every individual. Every man took care of his own rights and of the bettering of his own condition, without seeking to provide for others; and when the own rights came in collision with those of another there was war: war not of blood, but of gold and fraud: a war less manly than the other, but equally ruinous. Indeed what else is *free competition*, but a furious war in which the stronger in means inexorably crush the weaker or the inexpert? In which continual war men educated themselves in egotism, and in greedily acquiring exclusively material wealth. Liberty of belief broke through every communion of faith. Liberty of education engendered moral anarchy. Men without a common bond, without unity of religious creed and object, destined to enjoy, and

nothing else, followed, one and all, their own course of life, not staying if on their way they trampled on the heads of their brethren—brethren in name, but enemies in fact. To this we have come, thanks to the theory of *rights*.

Certainly there are rights, but whenever the rights of an individual are in contradiction to those of another, how hope to reconcile them, to harmonize them, without having recourse to something superior to all rights? And when the rights of one individual, or of many individuals, are opposed to the rights of the country, to what tribunal will you appeal? If the right of *well-being*, of the largest possible amount of *well-being*, belongs to all living, who will disentangle the question between the operative and the master.manufacturer? and if the right of existence is the first inviolable right of every man, who can command the sacrifice of existence for the amelioration of other men? Will you command it in the name of the Country, of Society, of the mass of your brethren? What is the Country, in the opinion of which we speak, if not the place in which our individual rights are best secured? What is Society, but a convention of men who have agreed to collect the strength of the *many*, for the support of the rights of *each*? And you, who for fifty years have taught the individual that society is constituted *to assure him the exercise of his rights*, will you require him to sacrifice them all to society,—to submit on occasions to continual fatigue, to prison, to exile, for its amelioration? After having in every way preached to him that the object of life is *well-being*, will you at once order him to lose his *well-being*, and even his life, to free his country from the foreigner, or to procure a better condition for a class which is not his own? After having for years spoken to him in the name of *material interests*, will you pretend that he, having already acquired riches and power, should not hold them with a clenched hand, even to the prejudice of his brethren?

Italian workmen! this is not an opinion arising unsupported by facts in our mind; it is history, the history of our own time, the history whose pages run down with blood, the blood of the people. Ask all those men who changed the revolution of 1830 into an entail, and who made of the corpses of your comrades in France—perished fighting in the three days—a foot-stool for their own power. All their doctrines, since 1830, have been based on the old idea of *rights*, and not on the faith of the *duties* of man. You call them traitors and apostates; and they have only been consistent with their doctrine. They combated with sincerity against the government of Charles X, because that government was a direct enemy of the class from which they sprung, and was violating and tending to suppress their rights. They combated in the name of the *well-being*, which they did not possess to the extent they believed themselves to deserve: some of them were persecuted in their liberty of thought; others, mighty geniuses, saw themselves neglected, kept far from offices occupied by men of inferior capacity to their own. Then also the sufferings of the people irritated them. So they wrote boldly, and in good faith too, of the rights belonging to all men. When *their* political and intellectual rights were secured, when the road towards place was opened to them, when they had conquered the *well-being* they had sought, they forgot that the millions,—inferior to them in education, and in desires,—were seeking for the

exercise of other *rights*, and the conquest of another *well-being*; they set their consciences at ease, and, cared not for others as for themselves. Why call them traitors? Why not rather call their doctrine treacherous? There lived and wrote in France, at that same period, a man of genius far mightier than them all. He was then our enemy, the enemy, for reasons we have explained (in No. 2 of the *Apostolato*),^b of all revolutionary ideas; but he believed in Duty, in the duty of sacrificing one's whole existence for the common weal, in the search and for the triumph of Truth: he carefully studied both men and times; he allowed himself to be neither seduced by applause nor degraded by delusion. Attempting and failing in one way, he attempted in another, the improvement of the many; and when, the times altering, he saw but one element capable of working out this, when the People themselves appeared on the arena, more virtuous and more believing than those who pretended to advocate their cause, he, Lamennais, became what he still is, the best apostle of the cause in which we are brethren. Thus in him and in the men of whom we have before spoken we have the representatives of the difference existing between the men of *Rights* and the men of *Duty*. To the first the conquest of their individual rights, whatever the stimulus, is enough,—for there they stop: the earthly labours of the second cease only with life.

And among Peoples entirely enslaved, where the struggle is yet more dangerous, where every step made towards good is marked with the blood of a martyr, where the strife against domineering injustice is necessarily secret, and therefore deprived of the consolation of publicity and praise, what goad of constancy may keep upon the right path those who degrade the sacred social war which we maintain into a combat for their *rights*? It will be understood that we speak of the generality, and not of the exceptions, which are found in every doctrine. Why, the tumult of thought and the reactionary emotion against tyranny, which naturally draw young men into the conflict, once subsiding, do not these men after some years of effort, after the delusions unavoidable in such undertakings, grow weary? Why should they not prefer any repose to an unquiet life, agitated by contention and danger, which one day or other may finish in a dungeon, on a scaffold, or in exile? Such is the history of most of the Italians of our day, imbued as they are with the old French idea: a most sad history: but how can it be interrupted, except by changing the principles from which its direction has set forth? How, in the name of what, convince these men that dangers and delusions ought to render them stronger, that they have to combat, not for a few years, but through their whole life? Who can say to a man—*Continue to struggle for thy rights*, when to struggle for them is more troublesome than to abandon them?

And who, even in a society constituted upon bases more just than now, could convince a man relying only on the theory of *rights*, that he has to hold his life for the common weal and to occupy himself with the development of the social idea? Suppose he rebels: suppose he feels his own strength and says to you—*I break the social compact: my tendencies, my faculties, call me elsewhere: I have*

^b Lamennais was at that time a zealous Catholic.

a sacred, inviolable right to develope them, and I wage war against all. What answer can you give to stand against his doctrine? What right have you, because you are in the majority, to command his obedience to a law which is not in accordance with his wishes, with his aspirations? What right have you to punish him when he violates it? Rights belong equally to every individual: the mere living together in society cannot create a single one. Society has more strength, not more rights, than the individual. How then will you prove to the individual that he ought to stoop his will to the will of his brethren, in the Country or in Humanity?—to the executioner, or to prison? To this hour existing societies have done thus. But this is war, and we desire peace: it is tyrannical repression, and we would have education.

EDUCATION, we said; and it is the master-word which expresses the whole of our doctrine. The vital question agitating our age is a question of Education. The point is not to establish a new order of things by violence: an order of things established by violence is always tyrannical, even when it is better than the old. The point is to overthrow by force^c the brutal force that now arrays itself against every attempt at improvement, to propose, for the consent of the nation set at liberty to express its will, an order which appears better, and by every possible means to *educate* men to develope it and to act accordingly. Under the theory of *rights* we can rise in insurrection and overthrow obstacles, but we can not strongly and durably found the harmony of all elements which compose the Nation. Under the theory of happiness, of *well-being*, set up as the first object of life, we should make men egotists, worshippers of the material, who would carry their old passions into the new order of things and corrupt it in a few months. The point, therefore, is to find a principle of education, superior to such a theory, which might lead men toward their improvement, which should teach them constancy in sacrifice, and bind them to their brothers without making them dependent upon the idea of one or of the strength of all. This principle is DUTY. It behoves us to convince all men that, as all are children of one God, they have all to be here on earth the executors of one Law,—that every one of them ought to live, not for himself, but for others,—that the object of their life is not to be more or less happy, but to render themselves and others better,—that to contend against injustice and error, for the benefit of their brethren, and wherever they may be found, is not only a *right* but a *duty*—a duty which can not be neglected without sin—a duty of the whole of life.

Italian workmen! brethren! understand us well. When we say that the knowledge of their *rights* is not enough for the people to work out any important and durable improvement, we do not renounce those rights: we only say that they are but a consequence of accomplished duties, and that it behoves us to begin with the one in order to arrive at the other. And when we say that, in proposing *happiness, well-being, material* interests, as the object of life, we run the risk of creating egotists, we do not mean that we should not occupy ourselves with them: we only say that material interests exclusively sought, and proposed, not as *means*, but as the end, lead always to such saddest of results. When, under

^c Referring of course to Italy, where there can be no help but in the sword.

the Emperors, the ancient Romans contented themselves with demanding *bread and games*, they were the most abject race possible and, after suffering the stolid and ferocious tyranny of the Emperors, they became the vilest slaves of the barbarians who invaded them. At the present time the men of the Archduchy of Austria, the inhabitants of Vienna, possess more material *well-being* than any other people: which of you Italians would be like to them? ^d Who would lose, like them, the conscience of men to become the passive tools of an unlimited despotism? In France and elsewhere the enemies of all social progress have sown corruption and attempted to mislead men's minds from the idea of a movement, by seeking to develop a material activity. And shall we assist the enemy with our own hands? Material ameliorations are essential, and we will struggle to achieve them: not because it only imports men to be well fed and lodged, but because the consciousness of your dignity and your moral development could not be arrived at by you so long as you stand as now, in continual duel with misery. You work ten or twelve hours a day: how can you find time to educate yourselves? Most of you hardly earn sufficient to sustain yourselves and your families: how can you have the means of educating yourselves? The precariousness and the interruptions of your labour cause you to pass from excessive toil to habits of idleness: how can you acquire dispositions to order, regularity, and assiduity? The smallness of your wages forbids all hope of saving sufficient to one day benefit your sons or for the years of your old age: how should you teach yourselves habit of economy? Many of you are constrained by misery to separate your little ones from—we will not say the care (what educational care can the poor workman's wife afford to her children?), but the love and watchfulness of their mothers, driving them out, for a few pence, to the noxious labours of the factory: how in such a condition can the feelings of the Family be developed and ennobled? You have no rights of citizenship, nor any part in the elections, nor vote in the laws which rule your actions and your life: how can you have the conscience of a citizen, zeal for the State or sincere affection for the laws? Justice is unequally distributed between you and the other classes: whence shall you derive respect and love for justice? Society treats you without a shadow of sympathy: how shall you learn to sympathize with society?—You need, then, to change your material condition that you may morally develop yourselves; you need to work less that you may be able to devote some hours of your day to the progress of your minds; you need a remuneration for your work, which should put you in the way of accumulating some savings, of easing your minds as to your future, above all to purify you from any feelings of reaction, from any vindictive impulse, from any thought of injustice toward those who have been unjust to you. You ought then to seek, and you shall find, this change: but you should seek it as a *means*, and not as an *end*; seek it in the sense of *duty*, not only in that of *right*; seek it in order to make yourselves *better*, not merely to make yourselves materially happy. If not, what difference will there be between you and your tyrants? They are tyrants precisely because they care for nothing but their *well-being*, their lusts, their power.

^d Written when none could have dreamed of the glorious Viennese insurrection of 1848.

To make yourselves better: this ought to be the object of your lives. You can not permanently render yourselves less unhappy, unless you become better. Tyrants will spring up by thousands from among you, if you combat only in the name of material interests, or of a certain organization. Little matters a change of organization, if you leave in yourselves and others your present passions and selfishness. Organizations are like certain plants which, according as they are administered, yield either a poison or a remedy. Good men render evil organizations good: the wicked spoil even the best. The point is to render the classes, which now willingly or unwillingly oppress you, better and conscious of their duties: but in that you will never succeed if you do not begin by rendering yourselves better.

When, therefore, you hear tell of men who preach the necessity of a social change which they would bring about by invoking only your rights, be thankful to them for their good intentions, but do not credit their success. The woes of the poor are known, partially at least, to the easier classes: *known* but not *felt*. Owing to the general indifference, proceeding from the want of a common faith, —owing to selfishness, the inevitable consequence of so many years continual preaching of material *well-being*,—those who do not suffer have little by little accustomed themselves to consider those evils as a sad necessity of the order of society, or to leave the care of remedying them to coming generations. The difficulty lies not in convincing them: it lies in rousing them from their inertness, in inducing them, convinced as they are, to *act*, to associate, to fraternize with you for the conquest of a social organization which should put an end, so far as the conditions of Humanity permit, to your sufferings and to their fears. Now this is the work of faith, faith in the mission which God has confided to the human being here on earth, in the responsibility that weighs upon all who do not accomplish it, in the Duty imposed on every one to work continually and sacrificially in the track of Truth. All possible Doctrines of *rights* and of material *well-being* can but lead you to attempts which, if they remain isolated and only supported by your own force, will not succeed: they can but prepare the gravest of all social crimes—civil war between class and class.

Italian workmen! brethren!—when Christ came and changed the face of the world, he did not speak of rights to the rich who had no need of conquering them, nor to the poor who perhaps would but have misused them in imitation of the rich; he did not speak of utility or interests to a race which utility and interests had corrupted: he spoke of Duty, he spoke of Love, of Sacrifice, of Faith; he said—*Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant!* And these words, whispered in the ear of a society in which there was not a spark of life, reanimated it, conquered the millions, conquered the world, and advanced one step the education of the human race. Italian workmen! we are now in an epoch like that of Christ. We live in the midst of a corpse-like society, such as that of the Roman Empire, with the want in our souls of reviving it, of transforming it, of associating all its members and all their works in one single faith, under one law toward one sole object—the free and progressive development of all the faculties whose germs God has set in his creatures. Let us seek that God may reign on earth as in Heaven, or rather let earth be a preparation for

Heaven, and Society an attempt to approach progressively toward the Divine thought.

But every one of Christ's actions represented the faith he preached, and about him were apostles who embodied in their deeds the faith which they had accepted. Be like them, and you will conquer. Preach Duty to the men of the classes which are above you, and perform as far as possible your own duties: preach virtue, sacrifice, love; and be ye also virtuous and prompt for sacrifice and love. Express courageously your wants and your ideas; but without wrath, without reaction, without threats. The most powerful threat, should you ever be in want of it, is firmness,—and not provoking language. While propagating among your companions the idea of their future destinies, the idea of a Nation ^e (which would give them a name), education, work and proportionate remuneration, and consciousness of the mission of man,—while informing them with the feeling of the unavoidable struggle for which they ought to prepare themselves, in order to overcome the forces of our own governments and of the foreigner,—endeavour to instruct, to improve, to educate yourselves, in the full knowledge and practice of your duties. In Italy such a work is impossible for the masses: no plan of popular education can be realized among us without a change in the material condition of the people and without a political revolution. He who deludes himself with the hope of obtaining it without those changes, and who preaches it as an indispensable preparation for any attempt at emancipation, preaches inertness, and nothing else. But the few among you to whom circumstances are more propitious, and to whom our sojourn in foreign lands affords facilities for education, can and therefore ought to do it. And a few among you, once imbued with the real principles upon which the education of the People depends, will one day be enough to spread them among the thousands, to direct their course, and to protest them against the sophisms and false doctrines that might ensnare them.

^e Still specially addressed to Italians. *We* have the name of a nation: what more?

THE JUNE INSURRECTION.

'My last twenty-four hours in power.'

BY LEDRU ROLLIN.

ALL the factions have sought to make use of the deplorable days of June, and even till now passion only has spoken. Notwithstanding my unconquerable repugnance to appear, it will perhaps be permitted me, since I have been brought forward, to say what has been my part in the first of the days of June, of which alone I have to share the responsibility with my colleagues of the Executive Commission. This is my reply to the insinuations whose text has been furnished by this dark and terrible episode of our history to two self-called socialist journals of Paris.

No, it is not true, as one of them pretends, that the People was a sort of sleeping partner all the time that this terrible battle lasted; for if the social question was not the determining motive, the impulsive force of the explosion, it was yet mixed up with it more lately.

The days of June have indeed three very distinct causes: first the provocation of the old parties; then the insatiable ambition of general Cavaignac; and lastly the social question, which was an open question from the 24th of February. But I can not too often repeat, this last question was in the beginning only the pretext and occasion of battle; it was the ground upon which the rancours of the royalists and the ambition of general Cavaignac challenged the just griefs of the People, in order to have done with them at a single blow.

Let us rapidly review the facts.

When, after the election of the Constituent Assembly, the royalists saw that they were in a majority, they did not the less fear the popular force, coming in aid of the republican minority of the Assembly, should succeed in definitively constituting the Republic. To destroy, therefore, the Assembly, if that was possible, at least to destroy the help which the minority might find in the People, such was from the first days the sole thought of the parties vanquished on the 24th of February, and for an instant stunned, in the midst of the revolutionary enthusiasm.

The commission of inquiry instituted after the days of June, although composed almost exclusively of royalists, was so overwhelmed with the multiplicity and evidence of the proofs, that it was forced to acknowledge that the hand of the old parties was no stranger to the day of the 15th of May; and later the revelations, so precise and curious, of Bormes, the Orleanist agent, and other facts, no less significative, dispelled all doubts with regard to that. But the ebullition of the 15th of May had not brought about a conflict; they required a decisive revenge.

In naming the Executive Commission the majority of the Constituent Assembly desired only to gain time to unite and coalesce their forces, with a determined intention to put it out of the way on the first favourable opportunity. So nothing was neglected in order to shackle its actions. The first duty of the Executive Commission was, assuredly, the *dispersion* of the national workshops, but without any shock, without violence, by furnishing work to the workmen until the existence of all by labour should be guaranteed by the Constitution and by organic laws.

I know not if other thoughts animated certain of my colleagues, I speak of the ostensible dispositions of all the members of the Executive Commission; it was with these only that I associated myself, to attain this end. What could we do if the sovereign Assembly did not second us?

The Executive Commission had demanded that the railways should be centralized in the hands of the State, that sufficient funds (eight millions sterling) should be voted to open large workshops for the labourers, to encourage working-men's associations and the Algerine colonization, to offer advances on wages, premiums on exportation, direct commissions, etc., etc.,

These diverse propositions had been submitted to the Committee of the Assembly, lengthily discussed and studied, and that committee promised its acceptance and concurrence, while in its name emissaries went underhandedly, through the faubourgs, spreading a report that the national workshops would be instantaneously dissolved and that the workman would obtain only a derisive indemnity. It needed nothing more to throw among the working population serious iniquities, which were translated as menaces. This was what was desired by the royalist factions, eager to exploit this situation; and the first barricades, which might have been overthrown by truly popular measures, were hardly raised, when M. de Falloux, the avowed agent of M. de Chambord, suddenly produced that famous report, which, contrary to the promises made a hundred times to the Executive Commission, proposed the immediate, brutal suppression of the national workshops, and left 100,000 workmen without bread, with no resource but despair. Was not this lending a hand to incendiarism? As I have said before, this was what the legitimists sought.

Thus their satellites were to be found everywhere in the midst of the struggle commencing in Paris, of which they were the fiercest provokers. I will not refer to the white flags floating in some of the faubourgs; I will not merely refer to the fourteen barricades erected between the faubourg Saint-Germain^a and the faubourg Saint-Jacques, all commanded by gentlemen, the greater number of whom had figured in the Vendean insurrection of 1832; I will not refer to the Counts or the Marquises brought before the military tribunals or shot in the action; I will not ask of the transported if they had only republicans in their ranks; I will confine myself to insisting upon this one fact denounced to the government of M. Cavaignac, and left without prosecution: I would speak of a letter emanating from a member of the Constituent Assembly, addressed to a royalist agent at Rouen, seized by the Prefect of the Lower-Seine, and containing these words—'The drafts which you sent me have been honoured. The struggle is about to commence; no one can foresee the issue: *but we shall do our duty. Let not our friend cross the frontier yet.*'

This letter was sealed with an impression of three fleur-de-lys, with a royalist inscription.

I have said that the hand of all the old parties was to be found in the days of June. What was the role of the Orleanist faction, which had already played its part in the ebullition of the 15th of May? M. Thiers, rejected at Paris, was about to have himself nominated at Rouen, and his triumph would give a new audacity, a more decisive direction to the opinion which recognized him as its chief. Thus, while a great number of old municipal guards were seized behind the barricades, with the cartridges in their teeth, one of the lieutenants of M. Thiers, M. Creton, proceeded against the Provisional Government and the Executive Commission, exploiting odious and unpardonable calumnies against them. Here is, in fact, the motion of urgency which he proposed on the 23rd of June:

'That the Executive Commission lay before the House, with the least possible delay,

^a The aristocratic quarter of Paris.

a detailed statement of all the receipts and disbursements effected during the 127 days from the 24th of February to the 1st of June, 1848.'

This representative of the Orleanist opinion had not thought of this during the six weeks which followed the installation of the Constituent Assembly; but the more easily to conquer the Republic, it was necessary to lance against it an insulting accusation.

Was not the hour singularly chosen? It was amid the noise of cannon and of musketry that M. Creton introduced this ignoble requirement. But in the midst of the bloody hecatomb it was necessary that the monarchists should give pledges to each other, and this is why the injurious proposition of M. Creton crossed M. Falloux' report. To kill the Revolution was not enough: it was necessary, for funeral oration, to cover it with mud.

Is it to be thought that the Bonapartist party, which for several weeks, had been every night in emeute on the boulevards Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin, which enlisted the workmen to the cry of *Vive Napoleon*, which unceasingly plagued the population and the government, could remain stranger to this mournful drama? Facts will reply. On the right bank, at Montmartre and Belleville, on the left bank, in the faubourgs Saint-Marceau and Saint-Jacques, at Gentilly, at the barriers of Fontainebleau and the two Moulins, the first barricades were raised by the Bonapartists, and more than one patriot—every one knows it—saw himself threatened by these assassins, when he opposed his republican protests to their imperial acclamations.

Shall I add that Lehr, one of the insurgents executed for the affair of General de Bréa, had long been the passionate admirer of M. Louis Bonaparte, whose generosity he unceasingly vaunted; that Luc, another of those condemned for the same affair, corresponded with M. Louis Bonaparte, at this moment in retirement at Auteuil?

So much for the monarchical parties: they all prepared the action, they all participated in it.

What, on his side, was the conduct of General Cavaignac? Minister of war, he foresaw the insurrection, he allowed it to burst forth and to increase, he failed in his duty as a soldier, as in the more sacred duties of patriotism and humanity: and why? In order to drown the Executive Commission in blood, and to seize the dictatorial power to which since February he had not ceased to aspire. Yes, since February, for even in Africa, where he had been made a general of division and governor general, he meditated to overthrow those who had promoted him in remembrance of the services rendered by his brother. The letter which he wrote from Algiers to the Provisional Government, to refuse the War-Ministry, is not sufficiently known. He threw almost a doubt on the legitimacy of the government which had issued from the popular explosion: not that he yielded to honourable scruples, since he had known how to accept high functions from this government, but because he wished to reserve himself in an independent position for all occasions. This refusal, which took the form of an insolent protest against the Revolution, required his dismissal. I urged it; the Government, indignant, was on the point of consenting to it; but my efforts were paralyzed by those of MM. Flocon and Louis Blanc. The latter could not divine the bloody abuse which M. Cavaignac would make of power, any more than, more lately, he could foresee the conduct of M. L. Bonaparte, whose recall he so pressingly solicited.

That M. Cavaignac allowed the insurrection to develop itself, in order to render himself necessary,—that with this object he betrayed the the orders he received as Minister of War,—who now can deny? It is no more the depositions of MM. Trouvé-Chauvel, Rébillot, A. Marrast, Duclerc, Garnier-Pagès, F. Arago, and de Lamartine, it is no more only my words which attest it. Circumstances just now again brought to light prove it even to conviction. It is this proclamation placarded at Algiers, in the name of the

governor-general, on the 17th of June, 1848, announcing that the Executive Commission was replaced by a triumvirate composed of MM. Cavaignac, A. Marrast and Berger. This fact, pointed out by me at the tribune, on two occasions, in 1848, is not without its value: for it is not, as they seek to call it, the mistake of a subordinate, nor even a simple electoral manœuvre intended to insure the success of the candidature of M. Ferdinand Barrot; it is the proof of a conspiracy, otherwise confirmed by the immediate departure of M. Changarnier, who went to salute, at Paris, the prepared dictatorship of General Cavaignac.

It is, lastly, this article inserted in the journal of Rouen, at the date of the 23rd of May, declaring even then that the Executive Commission would shortly be replaced by MM. Marrast, Cavaignac and Sénard.

M. Cavaignac plotted then; and soon, the underground intrigue not answering quickly enough to his impatience, he demanded the dictatorship of the horrors of civil war. Need one be astonished, after this, that having received orders to reinforce the garrison of Paris, to defend the Republic against royalty, he on the contrary diminished it, by furtively removing from the capital four regiments, making them leave,—the 55th of the Line for Laon on the 14th of June, the 21st for Orleans on the 15th, the 45th for Soissons and the 34th for Fontainebleau on the 18th?

I might ask if that Staff-Major Constantin was not in the secret of the conspiracy, he who, after having helped to raise the first barricades in the faubourg Saint-Antoine, figured, by authority of M. Cavaignac, among the judges of the military commission, before he was himself arrested.

One understands now the veracity of all those depositions collected by the commission of inquiry, which invariably established that the barricades *were peaceably raised* under the eyes of the troops, in different quarters; and it may seem astonishing that the Executive Commission did not order, as I demanded in the night of the 23rd of June, the dismissal of General Cavaignac.

I have said, in commencing, that the social question raised by February, that of the right to live by labour, remained open, and as an order of the day: who could deny it? It will again be the question of the morrow. Chased suddenly, by the royalists, from the national workshops, the People had only to choose between hunger and despair. They had said—*Bread or bullets*; they ran to arms. The royalists and M. Cavaignac had reckoned well. The social question, then, was not the motive, but the occasion.

This unhappy People, whom they pushed forward to the fight, had to pay with its blood and liberties for a struggle which could solve nothing, and, save some generous exceptions, it was, at this fatal moment, and without knowing it, the plaything of the old parties and of the unbridled ambition of a soldier.

There is the truth, naked and without phrases, concerning the lamentable episode of June: all the rest is but declamation. Who could explain, without that, how, in this ever-to-be-regretted battle, so much republican blood was shed upon both sides; how, in fine, so many republicans, who vainly sought their flag, should have allowed this horrible duel to be accomplished, without bringing their share of blood to the combatants of the barricades? I repeat, confusion and uncertainty were every where; only the royalists and M. Cavaignac knew where they were going.

It remains for me to speak of my part in this sad page of our history; and, I declare it in all security of conscience, I declare it in the face of the People,—I have done what I believed, what I yet believe to have been my duty.

Let it not be forgotten: the struggle began on the 23rd of June at ten in the morning, and on the 24th, at about the same hour, I had retired from power.

I had not waited to the 23rd of June to do all in my power, in order to prevent an insurrection which the rancours of the old parties rendered imminent. Should I have been better inspired in abandoning my post, in letting events go on? This will be seen. For several days reports came from all parts informing us that royalism, under all its colours, wished to come to blows with the Republic. The informations which reached me during the day of the 23rd established that, on several points, the enemies' flags overhung the barricades; that medals with the effigy of Henry 5 were distributed in profusion; that important sums had been found upon several of the insurgents. I had reason then to believe, and I firmly believed, like so many devoted republicans of Paris and of the departments, that the monarchy was marching to the assault of the Republic, whether it openly unfurled its flag, or whether it hid itself under democratic colours. What was then my duty, I ask anew? To do what I have done, all my life: to defend the Republic.

On one side I ought to have profited by circumstances, to endeavour to tear from the ill will of the National Assembly immediate satisfaction for the serious and real interests of the People, to compel the passing of the propositions which we had made to the Assembly, and which I have related above.

On the other side, it was urgent to promptly suppress the emeute, where as yet were found, in great part, only counter-revolutionary and exasperating elements, in order to hinder the veritable workers from deceiving themselves as to the flag, and so mixing themselves with the insurrection.

This duty I fulfilled with firmness, and every one of the orders I gave in the night between the 23rd and 24th of June, was expressed in these terms: The Republic is attacked by the Royalists; hasten to its defence.

Who now could doubt that the Republic was in question, when the development of the insurrection, from the 23rd to the 24th, due to the treason of General Cavaignac, could only bring about, and has only brought about the triumph of the reaction?

I did not confine myself to organizing the defence of the Republic by measures of repression. I did all that was humanly possible to prevent that horrible mistake of the workmen impelled by famine. Some hours before M. Falloux' unexpected report became the signal of civil war, in the morning of the 23rd of June, I gave order to distribute provisions in kind in all the arrondissements, up to the resumption of work. This disposition had been enough to content the workmen of the 12th arrondissement, who came to me, conducted by their mayor, to declare *that they would not engage in the insurrection*, but that they were starving. And certainly the workmen of the other arrondissements had imitated this example, if my orders had not been paralyzed by the plot of which M. Falloux had made himself the organ, and if the more generous and fruitful proposals made to the Assembly had been voted.

After all, I have only to give account of the first 24 hours of the insurrection of June. At the present time, as three years since, I am profoundly convinced that during these first 24 hours the People, the true People, were not yet seriously engaged; I believed, I believe yet, that it was possible to separate them from the royalist provokers. As to the insurrection, it was easy to suppress it, and if M. Cavaignac, the interested servitor of his own detestable ambition, had not betrayed the Executive Commission, the combat had been rendered impossible.

Now, I ask, should we have regretted the abridging of this horrible sacrifice, by bringing back those whose minds had been led astray, by acting with vigour against the satellites of the royalist factions? The history of France would not have been sullied with this stain of shame and blood. How many victims had been spared in the combat, without

speaking of the summary executions, of the assassinations of masses, committed after the struggle, of the arrests and transportations without judgement?

If it is a fault to have neglected nothing to prevent this abominable battle when it could have been prevented, to hinder its prolongation and its extension to all quarters of the capital, I am culpable.

To resume in two words my course in these affairs,—and this is addressed to those who are really revolutionists,—here is why, notwithstanding so many disgusts, I remained in them.

I did not abandon my post in the Provisional Government because I wished to found and to root universal suffrage.

I did not give in my resignation as member of the Executive Commission, because that there, better than in opposition, I could watch the manœuvres, already in action, of the counter-revolution; because, not to stain the Republic with blood, I wished for the peaceable denouement of the difficult question of the national workshops; because I desired that France should defend the Revolution among other peoples,—and I can certify that *four days before the events of June* the Executive Commission had given orders to concentrate our army at the foot of the Alps, that it might enter as friend and auxiliary into Savoy and Piedmont.

It would have seemed well to us to have laid our resignations at the tribune after having raised fraternally and gloriously the banner of the country.

In such a case who can say where Europe might have been to day?

These were the patriotic thoughts which retained me in the Executive Commission.

Ah! doubtless, it is given to no one to prejudge the caprices of what is conventionally called impartial history; but what I have a right to affirm, in finishing, is that in power as in opposition, in June, 1848, even as in June, 1849, I have wished, I have trusted to defend the Republic.

Such is the consolation which my enemies will never be able to tear from my heart.

(From *La Voix du Proscrit*.)

MODERN MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

OVER A PRIVATE VAULT AT WEYBRIDGE.

A swindling, base, shop-keeping knave at heart,
 Worse than a Bourbon was the hangman's son : *
 The poor, hiss'd player of a sorry part,—
 A bourgeois king, Gaul's last and vilest one.

* Louis Philippe was suspected of being the son of an Italian executioner, instead of Philippe-Egalité.

FOR A SMALL COLUMN IN MEMORY OF THE AFFLICTION OF M. THIERS.

Thiers has had a cancer on his tongue.
 No wonder! Would you know the reason why?
 When pimples have from trivial falsehoods sprung,
 What must he have whose whole life is a lie?

UNDER A STATUE OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

(Erected by Himself.)

Poet and orator and statesman eke:
 All Europe listen'd but to hear him speak.
 O heart of froth, how eloquently weak!

ON THE TOMB OF GENERAL EUGENE CAVAIGNAC.

(The brother of the Republican.)

Remembering Godfrey, History spares Eugène:
 Branding him not as CAVAIGNAC, but CA...I...N...

IN THE JESUITS' BURIAL GROUND.

A murderer to the very bone,
 A traitor to the marrow,
 Cain and Iscariot both in one:
 Here lies Odillon Barrot.

FOR THE 'WORKING-MEN'S' MONUMENT TO PEEL,

O, Freedom! when thy branching shoots
 O'ershade the Commonweal,
 Our children, feasting on thy fruits,
 Will cease to sigh for *Peel*.

FOR THE SHABBIEST TOMB IN WOBURN OR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Here lies Lord Felon, Russell erst,
 The meanest of his race,
 The piddling Whig who did his worst
 A great name to disgrace.

REPUBLICAN MEASURES.

4.—ORGANIZATION OF JUSTICE.

WITH a sound system of national education few repressive laws would be necessary. For there would be few offences in a society whose members had been taught from childhood to understand and respect each other's rights, to desire and seek the fulfilment of their own duties. Still—for I am not Utopian enough to imagine that one generation however well educated could leap at once into a millennium—laws would be necessary, to overrule the differences between individuals, to prevent the recurrence of offences against individuals and against the State. It is of the organization of repressive law that I would now speak.

And first, let it be borne in mind as a guiding principle, that the object of all law is, not arbitrary punishment, but prevention of further offence, whether through correction of the offender or by hindering the effect of his ill example.

Let the lawgiver also keep another rule before him: the distinction between *vice* and *crime*,—between the act which immediately injures only the actor and that which directly assails another's rights. Public opinion is the effectual punisher of the first; the magistrate takes cognizance of the other.

For the individual has an inalienable right to lead his own life. If after good education his propensities carry him irresistibly to vice, what then? Can any police-magistrate compel him to be virtuous? Virtue is a free growth. If in spite of all he will be vicious, he stands but upon the extremity of his individual right. Let him alone!—But his wicked example is contagious; he has a moral plague. Environ him with the sanitary cordon of public scorn; let him alone,^a till, like the scorpion girt with fire, he perish, if the flame avail not for his purification.

It is not with an individual's private depravity (having given him the education of a man) that the State has to deal. The Law is only a judge between man and man. And to be even more precise, I would confine the province of the magistrate to *actions*, letting words pass by as 'idle wind.'

It may be said—Words are injurious, and also provocatives to injury.

If injurious, prove the effect, and then to all intents and purposes it is an act with which we have to deal. But do not punish the utterer for words only 'calculated to injure,' and find afterwards that the calculation was false, that the 'libel' has fallen harmless. As to what are called provocations, if you meddle with them, what becomes of freedom of opinion? The preaching of a holier creed, of a better form of government, of a purer life in private, may at any time be construed (as so often they have been construed) into provocations

^a I mean, of course, so far as punishment is concerned. When the State begins to punish private vices, the bounds of individual liberty are broken, and the State becomes a mere tyrannical majority. Except on the ground of injury to others,—if, for instance, I wilfully publish my vices for the depravation of your children,—the Law has no right of action against me. Public opinion will be more effectual than any law.

and 'malicious libels' against religion, law, and morals. Deal strongly with offences when they occur, provide wisely against them by national education, and do not fear the provocation of even the craziest who impugn your *order*.

Let men incite their fellows to offend! If they do not offend, what matters the incitement? If they do offend, take heed of the offender rather than of him who bade him do it. The incited was free to refuse.

It is another matter when the offender is a child. Then punish the instigator: for the child is but the instrument with which *he committed* the offence. However, repressive laws are not for children who yet are under the schoolmaster, but for adults, the free agents.

The first step toward a thorough reform of the administration of justice will be the promulgation of a simple criminal code in place of the multitudinous statutes which now bewilder even the pretended interpreters of law. A code which will not attempt to specify every possible offence, but which will lay down broadly and clearly the nature of offence, showing in what crime consists, mentioning only the more manifest offences as examples^b, leaving also the punishment of each offence (except in some few cases) to be apportioned by the magistrate to the special circumstances of the case. Let such a code, framed by the representatives of the nation, in simple language adapted to the comprehension of honest men, not providing for the quirks and quibbles of lawyers, be submitted to the whole people for their considerate criticisms and for their suffrages. And then repeal by one act the mischievous accumulation^c in which are bred those swarms of perverters of justice whom men call *lawyers*. There will be no occupation for them when the code of laws, which has to hedge the daily life of every citizen, is so concise and clear that every citizen may understand its bearings.

For the primary administration of the law let there be district magistrates throughout the country, elected annually by the inhabitants of each district; and let their authority be absolute in all cases between individual and individual or between individuals and the district.

All breaches of the written law, all complaints of individual against individual, all differences requiring authoritative arbitration, would be tried before these

^b Such as rape, murder, theft, or any interference with the liberties of another. Here we may notice the distinction between *crime* and *vice*: placing rape under the first category, seduction under the last. The one is tyrannous beastly violence, an invasion of the most sacred liberty of another, an offence of the same heinous character as that of the tyrant and enslaver, a crime worse than mere murder; the other needs the consent and complying will of the seduced. True the subtlety of the seducer, overmastering the intellectual or moral weakness of the victim, may be so near akin to brutal violence that it would be impossible to draw a line in all cases: this only shows that vice is so like to crime, and self-contempt so close to wrong of others, that one must often slide into the other. But the great difficulty of distinguishing in special cases does not disprove the broad difference in the *class* of actions. If the magistrate is to take account of vice not yet passed into crime, we do but fall back to the conventicle tyranny of the puritans.

^c Going on now at the rate of some hundreds in a session. And seldom repealing an odd one here and there. In which puffed up, unwholesome body of dead law the lawyers naturally breed, like flies in some monstrous carrion.

district magistrates by jury of the inhabitants of the district. The jury would decide upon the fact, apply the law, and assess damages; the magistrate would enforce their decision, and determine the sentence.

In cases of mere arbitration of difference between individuals the litigants might take their option of trial by jury or reference to the magistrate alone.^d

The magistrates of a certain number of districts (say all in a county) would meet at fixed periods to form a general court, for deciding questions relative to the government of the county, or disputes between individuals or districts and the county, or to make arrangements for police, and other matters requiring consultation and collective action.

There should be no charge of any kind for the administration of justice before the magistrates. The salaries of the magistrates, the cost of police, and all other expenses in repressing or correcting crime, should be met by an assessment upon the district.^e

The magistrate would have absolute authority in his district, the board of magistrates in the county. But against abuse of that authority would be the double safeguard—annual election and the right of appeal.

Appeal would be to the Supreme Court of the Republic, whose function would be to take cognizance of all questions concerning the State,—political violences, complaints of individuals against the local authorities, and all magisterial errors whether complained of or not. To conduct the cases in this Court there should be a Public Prosecutor.

It would be his duty to take the initiative against all political offenders, and to receive and promote all appeals from individuals complaining of the refusal of justice in the local courts. These appeals would be immediately decided by the Supreme Court, and the cost of the appeal be laid upon the party in error: upon the appellant if he failed to prove his case, upon the magistrates if convicted.

The Supreme Court might consist of twelve judges, a chief justice,^f and the public accuser: all of whom should sit by appointment of Parliament, revocable upon misconduct. The salaries and expenses of the Court should be paid out of the national revenue.

Both the Supreme Court and the magistracy would have the power of reversing their decisions, at any time, upon evidence of incorrectness. The injured by a wrong decision would have a claim to compensation.^g

^d In ordinary cases, such as breaches of covenant, trifling squabbles, or petty complaints of any kind, so long as they affected only the individuals, and did not come under the category of offences against the law or against society.

^e Then every district would bear the burthen of its own unruliness. It would be well perhaps that the State should fix the amount of the magistrate's salary.

^f The Supreme Court would be like a higher jury. Even from their judgment would be an appeal to the House of Representatives, and thence again to the Sovereign People. But this would only be in some very extreme cases involving the liberties of the People.

^g Now, even upon fullest proof of innocence *after conviction*, the victim of mistake, or accident, can obtain no compensation either for disgrace or injury. Nay, convict a man upon the falsest testimony, as in the case of Joel, and prove afterwards the falseness, the convict can only obtain his liberty through the fiction of a royal pardon—pardon for the offence which it is proved he did not commit.

A special code should provide for the government of the army and navy in time of war. During peace the magistrates of the districts in which troops or crews of vessels might be should have jurisdiction, instead of courts-martial.^h

To resume. What I would propose, as necessary (in my belief) for the due administration of justice in the Republic, is :

*One simple-written code—the expression of the People's will, with the People themselves (through their juries) as its interpreters.*ⁱ

One single body of magistrates elected by so many districts, to act singly as administrators of the law in all matters appertaining to their several districts, to act conjointly in the counties, or larger districts, for all matters belonging to them.

One supreme Court and Court of Appeal, appointed by the Representatives of the People, to decide upon all matters between the individual and the district or county, or between the individual, the district or county, and the State.^j

All persons to be eligible for the magistracy ; the judges to be appointed from the body of magistrates.

I do not attempt here to prescribe a code of laws,^k nor to enter into the profound and extensive question of *punishment*. Laws, made or but submitted to by the People, will be at all times the reflex of the popular idea of morality—justice and virtue: neither worse nor better than that. And society must become convinced of the true nature of the law of consequential suffering before it will be in a condition to frame a penal code *which shall protect the many without violation of individual right*.

But I believe,—nay! late revolutionary events have proved, that the People are already so far advanced beyond their present rulers as to be able to dispense with laws of fear now required by Monarchy, and to abandon degrading inflictions only fit for slaves. Need one specify death-punishment and flogging as instances of the requirements of the present reign of terror? We may reasonably hope for a juster basis of legislation against crime, when the lawgiver shall be, not the coward caution of a few Tyrants, but the universal conscience of a free and educated Nation.

^h For the soldier is a citizen, with all the rights and duties of citizenship. His service during war only binds him to military orders *under the People's Executive*. In peace, even though (to be ready for emergencies) he remains under arms, he resumes in every respect his position as a citizen. And neither in peace nor in war may he forget, that his duty to his officers is only subordinate to his duty to the People.

ⁱ There would be no fear then of such startling commentaries on the law as occurred during the Gorham controversy: when the Lord Chief Justice held that the letter of the law was no less law however manifest its absurdity.

^j So getting rid of our present variety and multitude of tribunals.

^k I would abolish all action for debt, and so put an end to the system of private credit, except in its legitimate channel of honour between man and man. All our present arrangements for debt and bankruptcy would be rendered needless by the national organization of Credit. I would also put an end to the absurd and useless practice of oath-taking. False witness, under any circumstances, is an offence against society.

RHYMES AND REASONS AGAINST LANDLORDISM.

THE POOR-HOUSE.

Where the aged and infirm, and the worn or crippled, rest !
 Where stout-limb'd Laziness may bask as in a sunny nest !
 Good friend ! or good economist ! may it please you look within,
 And note what alms are given in this Lazar-house of Sin.

Where the fever'd and the outworn and the plunder'd—yes, the poor—
 May lie, we'll say, more pleasantly than at the rich man's door ;
 Where Hunger hath his grudging dole and Grief at least may hide,—
 Not to distress the gentlefolk upon the world's wayside.

Where Man forgets his manhood, to become a stolid slave ;
 Where Wifehood is forbidden,—is there marriage in the grave ?
 Where the Child (God's wither'd children !) has no childishness at all,
 But that stare of worse than brutishness, that scarcely knows its stall.

Where Age dies all unsolaced ; where the living slave is tomb'd ;
 Where Vice may play with nurslings ; where Decrepitude is womb'd ;
 Where Hate grins like an idiot, and Despair could hardly hear
 The tramp of the Archangel, the Avenger thundering there.

PAUPER CHILDREN.

Dwarfish, famish'd, and weakly stooping,
 Bloodless fingers beside them drooping,
 Listless, lifeless, and nothing hoping,—
 Pauper babes are these :
 Smileless, aged, and woe-begone,
 With the prominent jaws of the skeleton,
 And filmy eyes, and faces brown—
 Like the face of a beast—with horrible down.—
 Look on them, Landlord ! look and own,
 Not flesh of thy flesh, but bone of thy bone,
 Stalks from the seed which thou hast sown,
 Thine by thy Famine-wife, Heart of stone !
 Begetter of miseries !
 Lo where Body-and-soul-starvation,
 Idiot-grinning Emaciation,
 Is nursing the youth of the nation.

Ten wearier, wearier miles, they drag, in the dark and stormy night;
They are 'falling blind,' and 'falling dead,' with weakness and
affright;

And the driver can but carry two—the rest somehow crawl on,
Ill-clad, and travel-sore, and faint, and foodless from the dawn.

Goad them on!

So, one by one, to the poor-house they return as best they may;
Some find their way in the stormy night, and some not till the day.
Call over their numbers! Eighty-five on that horrible march
were led;

But eighty-four are counted now:—What! only one is dead?

Goad them on!

Poor child! he had felt him failing: 'Would they only beg some
bread

At a road-side house for him?' Who dared? Still on he staggered.
A fall! a cry! he has struck his skull, reeling against a wall;
They are too weak to lift *the Dead*: kind Death! relieve them all.

Goad them on!

These are your children, Landlorded! What matters? rents are high.
The Landlord does not want the Poor: 'tis better they should die.
Why 'Hell or Connaught' sounds like grace to Hell or Ireland
now;

And what if those who damn God's earth divide *the land* below?

Goad them on!

MORALS.

Poaching Jem, the keeper's bastard,
Swears enough for five:
Red-arm'd Joe is but a dastard,—
Left the man alive;
Never fired the other barrel,
When the first one hung.
Mark him! Dead men never quarrel.
Damn your peaching tongue!

Sam works hard, is strong and 'willing,'—
God, he knows the need:
Week by week for every shilling
Is a mouth to feed.
Breaks his back:—Well there's the parish:
After thirty years
For one master? Times are 'fairish':
'Thriftless never fears.'

Sam's wife, child-worn, labour-harried,
 Looks 'a crazy hag.'
 'She was comely when she married.'—
 'How these long days lag!'—
 'Who'd have thought so? you said comely?'
 Yes, my Lord! indeed:
 Though her Grace might look but homely
 Hid in rustic weed.

Sam's Jane takes her master's fancy,
 Flaunts in satin gown;
 Dies a Covent-Garden pansy,
 Trodden by the town.
 Sam's Bill weeds for broken victuals;
 Jem sets wires and skulks;
 Jem's Bob drinks his gains at skittles;
 Jacob's at the hulks.

Parish-married Hannah sigheth
 For a widow'd bed;
 Hannah's idiot daughter dieth;
 Other twain are dead.—
 Monday week the Club will pay her:
 This will make up thrice.
 John the fourth, if nothing stay her.
 Hannah poisons mice.

Sunday-School may mend their morals.
 True, when trees grow beef.
 Landlord's babies suck their corals
 On a coral reef.
 Patch old Etna, patent Lacquer!
 Hold red Lava down!
 Make God's Priest your under-knacker!—
 And so keep 'your own!' ^a

^a Why should not a gamekeeper's son poach and kill a keeper or two as well as a better man? The net results of Landlordism here given are not Irish, but English. They show to what we have come, who have been on more amiable terms with our betters. Even shooting landlords, though by no means defensible as a pastime, seems less generally pernicious than being left and led to all sorts of abominations by their misrule. The rather profane 'under-knacker' is hardly my own. I do but paraphrase the old expressive proverb of 'singing psalms to dead horses.' I have been told that in some rural districts the animal-slayer always sends for the dean to perform that operation, as it is not considered lucky for the beast to die without benefit of clergy. And let me not be accused of exaggeration. I tell an 'over-true tale' as plenty of living witnesses can prove.

Sam and Jem were brothers. Sam was one who 'turned out well'; Jem was a bad 'un,—but then he was not born in lawful wedlock. Sam seldom wanted work, and might have saved; but, as his master said, was thriftless. That was not the master's fault. He always

SLAVES AND SERFS.

Our masters, in the good old times when slavery was unknown,
Devour'd as now the toiler's meat, but flung him many a bone :
Nay! some, whom men breadgivers call'd, afforded bread also— : ^b
But those were days of slavery, a long time ago.

The slave was scourged, but was the whip made of his heart-
strings too ?

He had no wife nor pining babes : how much more bless'd than you ? ^c
He knew not blighted hopes, nor fears, which serfs call'd freemen
know ;

In those kind days of slavery, a long time ago.

They do not sell us like the beasts, nor build with human bone, ^d
They do not brand us on the brow, nor call our souls their own !
'Tis true we have outgrown all that : we hunger as we grow.
O better far the slavery, a long time ago.

Yet will we grow ! God speed the day when serfdom too shall
cease ;

When Toil, avenging martyr lives, shall reap the children's peace.
Our children's children shall not dream, as they tow'rd heaven grow,
Of the days of worse than slavery, 'a long time ago.'

paid him his wages : the sum varying according to times. I forget the average figure ; in the best days there were twelve in family, and wages did not come to the Shilling a head. He had two pounds over, given him as a prize by the 'Labourer's Friends' for thirty years' service. That would not pay the doctor, when he broke his back falling off a stack he was thatching. So he went to the poor-house, and died there. His wife died there too, somewhat before her time. Jane was 'comely,' like what her mother had been. So the young Squire seduced her and took her up to London. When he had done with her, she picked up an unfortunate 'living' about the Theatres, and died very young in the hospital. I do not know what has become of her brother, Bill. If he turned out well, like his father, he perhaps gets broken victuals now. Jem's Bob is just a poor drunken blackguard. Jacob took more after his father, and shot a gamekeeper ; but as the man lived, escaped with the hulks. Hannah is Jem's only daughter. The account of her poisoning exploits was in all the papers, not very long since. Her idiot girl, had she lived, might have fitly continued the race of the *gamekeeper* ; who was suspected of having noble blood in his veins. He was marvellously like the old Lord : and his mother was a servant at the Hall. Sam's family came of an old stalwart labour breed, now nearly extinct.

^b The old Saxon word *Lord* is said to be derived from two words—*loaf* and *afford* : because, says Bailey in his Dictionary, 'lords and noblemen in old time gave loaves to a certain number of the poor.' Lords and noblemen ! Christ Jesus !

^c Starving at home, perhaps, while he, fed on Indian meal, was toiling from four o'clock morning to sunset, harvesting for a man who would not pay him *a penny a day*, 'because a half-penny a week was fair market-price.' A half-penny roll a week, to be shared among his family. See the Irish and English papers of 1850.

^d History tells us (though I cannot call to mind where) of vast buildings of human bones,—'temples or sepulchres,' or, more probably, landlords' palaces.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

(From May 22nd to June 22nd.)

THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

THE idea progresses. The active forces of the Revolution increase, are grouped and organized. The European thought which presided at the formation of the *Central Democratic Committee* grows every day, in the heart of the most divided of the peoples. From the lower basin of the Danube even to the Iberian peninsula, everywhere that the movements—powerful as the wants of the masses and sacred in their end—have had to succumb, one by one, in the feebleness of isolation, before the concentration of the enemies' forces, a precious work of internal unification and international sympathies is being accomplished; the same convictions are established, the aspiration toward the formation of the United-States of Europe is formulized and embodied. From all these incomplete aspirations, from all these preparatory labours, will arise—when the hour of awakening shall sound—the HOLY ALLIANCE OF THE NATIONS, the end of our efforts, the supreme synthesis of an epoch whose watch-word must be—LIBERTY—ASSOCIATION—WORK.

There, there only—and we must not weary of repeating it to the peoples—is the guarantee of success.

You are stronger than your enemies. Everywhere that you have met them man to man, one to one, you have overthrown and vanquished them. But since 1815 your enemies have been united: you have not been able to be so. They have marched together, they have sacrificed all their dissidences, they have centralized their action under one flag, the flag of interests, which they have elevated almost to the height of a principle; and you, peoples! who, in the name of the Law and of Humanity, were the depositaries of principle, you have dwindled and narrowed it, till it has disappeared under a local interest.

Germany, forgetful of the mission which had been traced for her in the world by the glorious voice of Luther, saying—The I is sacred,—Germany proclaimed her rights to liberty, by contesting the individuality of other peoples stifled by the empire.

Italy, in allowing her national thought to be effaced under the dynastic interest of a royalty, denied all solidarity with the movement of the European Democracy.

Hungary forgot that a vast conception of equality, offered to the Slavonian and Rumanian races, could alone render her deserving of victory.

Placed between an extinct idea, and a new idea round which she is more and more rallying her convictions, but not sufficiently feeling the urgency of harmonizing thought and action, and of centralizing her forces in an universal and unitarian organization, Poland failed to answer the appeal of the peoples.

And France! France believed she could solve, she alone, the social question by maintaining a peace which delivered Europe to the despots.

After this you ought of necessity to fall back under the yoke and expiate your fault by new sufferings.

Lift yourselves up again to-day in the unity of faith and action. Wheresoever the

initiative may arise, let it arise for the good of all; let it throw down the gauntlet to the conspiring royalties, in the name of all those who suffer; let all those who suffer arise and follow it. Fight for all, you will conquer for all. Every soldier of liberty should be the armed apostle of a principle. Every People must be ready to furnish the leverage which shall remove and push forward the whole of Europe. Henceforth you can conquer rights only by accomplishing duties.

There is our word to-day. Though alone, it has weight. Alone, it disquiets the enemies' camp. Daily persecution and calumny, everything tells us of it, from the collective notes addressed by diplomacy to England on the subject of a few of the proscribed, to the falsification of documents which they sign in our name. They feel, the oppressors, that the thought which we seek to represent must in the end be fatal to them; they feel that it is called to organize victory, and it is by travestying it that they hope to retard its ascendant march.

Contempt and a redoubling of activity;—we owe nought else to the calumniators; but there are men who, deceived by the persistence of the writers of the reaction, honestly believe that we would not march to our end but through terror, through disorder and to the profit of some savage anarchy, in whose depth all social guarantees would be swallowed up: it is to them that our words are addressed. Let them reassure themselves! There is, among us, no reserve; all that we wish we say openly and straightforwardly.

We do not wish for anarchy. We fight against it, we fight against it with all our means and in whatever form it presents itself. We seek for order and peace; but we know there is no order possible without liberty, no peace possible without equality and justice. At present strife is in permanence; its living proof is in the exceptional laws which govern two-thirds of Europe, in the armies which furrow and sustain it, in the thousands of the proscribed of all countries driven upon England and America, and at the threshold of every prison, on the height of every scaffold that they erect. It can cease only with the victory of the Right, by the collective sovereignty which is its expression, by the free association of all the elements which compose the State, by the fraternal alliance of nationalities, by the abolition of misery, by the overthrow of every domination which relies only upon force, upon ignorance or falsehood. This is what we seek, this is what we will obtain; nothing more, nothing less.

We do not wish for terror. We repulse it as cowardly and immoral. Wherever we have triumphed we have abolished the scaffold. But energy is the Peoples' only guarantee against the fatal necessity of terror; feebleness only gives birth to martyrdom,—martyrdom, holy in the individual who prepares the way of good, absurd in nations who have force and mission to realize it. It must be that the People's will be done, without excesses, and without compromises, nobly and logically. We will be calm and strong; we will be neither executioners nor victims.

We would abolish nothing of all that forms the essence of social order; but we know that in proportion as association itself becomes stronger, closer, and more extensive, everything is transformed, everything ought to be ameliorated. Every serious and lasting manifestation of human life is sacred to us; but it is because in purifying itself more and more it marches without ceasing, in the path of progress, toward the ideal whose realization constitutes our end. Family, country, beliefs, liberty, work, property, are so many elements of association; we could not damage one of these without mutilating human nature; but they may all be modified, according to the education of the Peoples and the epoch, in their relations and in their organization.

We would have neither immobility nor arbitrariness. It is not a negation that we are about to enthrone; it is the opportunity for every powerful and rational assertion to be

produced in the face of day, under the eyes of the People, who ought to judge and choose. It is not an exclusive system, it is a method.

And yet we are not incomplete nor in arrear of the problems which ferment at the heart of existing societies. Those who have thrown this reproach against us confound our labours with those of a distinct order and comprehend nothing of our mission.

The mission of the CENTRAL COMMITTEE is European; its work is an international work. To rally the efforts of the People to one source, to a common inspiration; to represent by deeds the solidarity which exists between the emancipation of each of them and that of all; to serry the ranks of the combatants for the sacred cause of right, wherever they may be found; to prepare the ground for an alliance of the Peoples which may conquer that of kings, for a congress of Nations which may replace that of Vienna, yet making head and ever in action, and to remake, according to the wishes of the populations, the map of Europe; to plane down the obstacles which prejudices of race, remembrances of monarchical wars, and the artifices of governments, oppose to this future: such is, we have said, the object of our collective work.

This object evidently can not be attained unless a common ground is taken for starting-place.

This common ground is the national sovereignty of every people, the alliance, upon a basis of equality, of all the emancipated nations.

The sovereignty is not national if it does not embrace, in its object and in its expression, all the elements forming the Nation, the universality of the citizens composing the State. The democratic conception is, then, for us an inseparable condition of the nation.

Democracy has but one logical form: the republican form.

And the republican principle can not be said to be applied to the nation if it does not embrace and bind together all the branches of human activity, all the aspects of life in the individual and in association.

Our work, then, is essentially republican, democratic, social, and it is for the sake of all peoples that we call for the alliance of the devotedness of all.

The rest is the province of the national committees.

Each of them has a right and a duty to study, to elaborate, as a work of preparation for its country, the special solution required by the moral, economic, and social conditions of the country; in the same manner that in the heart of each State it is the right and the duty of every citizen to elaborate and propose the solution which appears to him the best of the problems which are agitated there. The People—in the last resort the judge—will decide.

The CENTRAL EUROPEAN COMMITTEE will watch lest these solutions, straying from the common ground, beyond which there can be neither justice nor right, throw a leaven of inequality, of discord and of strife, in the midst of the alliance of the peoples. It has no power beyond that.

Neither man-king, nor people-king. The people who should pretend to substitute its solution of the social problems which present themselves in a different manner in every country, would commit an act of usurpation; even as the individual, or the school, which should pretend, by making it a condition *sine quâ non* of coöperation, to impose his own inspiration on his brethren, would commit an act of tyranny in violation of the vital thought of Democracy—the dogma of the collective sovereignty. The one and the other would understand nothing of the oneness and multiplicity of the life of Humanity.

To discover, to judge, to apply any formula, it is necessary to exist: to live the life which is fermenting in us, free, full, and loving. Do the peoples live to-day? Are they free to interrogate each other and to express their wishes, their tendencies, their collective

aspirations? Can they love, and multiply, in a brotherly activity, their faculties and their forces, in the midst of this atmosphere of corruption, distrust, oppression, and espionage, with which they are surrounded?

Above all things, and before all things, they must be recalled to life and to action. The highways of liberty must be opened to them. In order that noble and great thoughts may arise in their hearts, the shameful sign of servitude must be effaced from their brows. Their intelligence must be tempered by the enthusiasm of an immense assertion of collective life, of solidarity, of sovereign liberty. It is the first step to make, the first round to mount on the ladder of progressive education, national and European.

The CENTRAL COMMITTEE occupies itself the more with this because it is forgotten by others. The men who compose it and those who work with them, do not dream of contemplating the solitary product of their own intelligence; they hope to stir the common intelligence, to call it into the arena. They do not content themselves with *thinking*: they would *act*.

This ought to be from henceforth the watch-word of every patriot.

London, June 1, 1851.

For the Central European Democratic Committee,

LEDEU-ROLLIN—J. MAZZINI—A. DARASZ—A. RUGE.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

TREAD gently over graves! Shiel is no more. His soul died long ago, drowned in claret at whig tables. Lord Shaftesbury is dead too. Who was he? The father of Lord Ashley, whose white neckcloth and philanthropy may now enliven the 'House of Sneers'.—Hume's new Reform Bill is not yet passed. There was 'no House' again on the 3rd of June, for the convenience of Ministers. But to make up for the deferral of our hopes we have to chronicle the formal accession of Cobden to our National Reform Association. The event came off at Sir Joshua's monthly Soirée, where Mr. Bunting, a 'Norwich Operative,' held forth 'on the prevalent objections to the enfranchisement of the working classes,' showing that Mr. Hume's scheme is the best means of securing the House of Lords and the Church (which is precisely our aim in seeking enfranchisement), and confessing that he *had* advocated universal suffrage, but now thought it not inconsistent to have full confidence in the men who opposed it. Mr. Cobden joins the Association because Lord John's promise of reform stamps the movement with, at last, a practical character. Seeing that a House can not be made for the 'Little Charter,' since fifty members can not be mustered for secular education,' he will depend on squeezing less than the little out of the promising Minister,—perhaps that less than little will be enough for us National Reformers. —Lord Torrington has been whitewashed by his fellows in the Commons, constitutional Mr. Roebuck defending despotism in Ceylon. What an excellent consistency and understanding of principle is to be remarked in our *best* radicals! —Pirate Brooke is to pass his examination next.—Apropos of despots and pirates, Mr. Cobden has read Lord Palmerston another peace lecture, which of course will be very beneficial to that estimable clerk of the Holy Alliance.—There may be hope, however, of cleansing even those dirtiest stalls of Diplomacy: for actually Smithfield market is to be removed. Overdriven beasts shall no longer fright humanity in crowded London streets. Great honour to the 'Government' that has at least some little power at home, though it dares not help humanity abroad, as the *Daily News* has long since convinced us. How should it,

with Kossuth's jailer as Foreign Secretary and such peace-promoters for his best opponents?—But let us not be overlooking the Miscellaneous Estimates. They will show how idle it is to cavil at good government. Here are a few samples.

£97,747 for maintenance and repair of royal palaces. (*A constitutional sovereign, who is allowed to do nothing, might perhaps maintain her own palaces*).

£10,000 to our Ambassador at Paris, (*to give English assent to a Roman expedition*).

£718,647 for half pay to officers of the Navy and Royal Marines. (*Very necessary to have an efficient retired list, when on the 'active service' roll there are only two Admirals to every ship of the line, when out of 683 'active' captains 313 have never served a day—no work even to be made for them, and out of 807 commanders 492 are equally pay-worthy*).

£843,193 for naval stores, ship-building, etc. (*Ships left to rot in dock, and stores bought to sell again to the nation's loss, and for whose profit?*)

£298,389 for dock improvements, new buildings, etc. (*Clearly wanted when magazines are built to be pulled down, at the rate of £97,627 each*).

And £472 for pleasure voyages of the Royal Family (*quite a modest little item to conclude with*). Part of which may have been raised by the fine of £250 inflicted on an unfortunate free-trader of Liverpool, one Mr. Stevens, for manufacturing 'a spurious article called tea.'

And the spurious articles called *Royalty, Representation of the People, Reform, Religion?* In the last, the 'Society for the propagation of the Gospel,' does a stunning profit of £65,000 a year, besides reserving £20,000, for special purposes, possibly to pay fines.

The Metairie action against Cardinal Wiseman, for obtaining a will for religious objects, is compromised, his Eminence disgorging the greater portion of the booty. What an outrage on religious freedom!

Here is a sample of the spurious article called *Justice*.

'In the case of Lewis Joel, convicted in January, 1850, of felony, for having uttered a forged acceptance, knowing the same to be forged, and sentenced by Mr. Justice Talfourd to transportation, the Home Secretary has advised the Queen to grant Mr. Joel her royal pardon, the result of two verdicts in Ireland having established the fact that *the acceptance was not forged*.'

IRELAND. Destitution, bigotry, anarchy. What hope but in a thorough change and regeneration? What chance of that but through the Republic? Read this.

A WORKHOUSE TRAGEDY. Cashel, in the year of our Lord 1851. 'The child of a pauper in the house died. The mother got leave to take it to the burial place of her family. A man aged about 50 years, also a pauper, and registered as "able-bodied," accompanied her. They took the coffin in turns, to Ardmoyle grave-yard, a distance of four miles. They left the workhouse at 5 o'clock in the evening, and staggered on to the bridge of Arrigla (half way) when the man got faint and could go no further. The mother struggled on with her dead child for another mile, when she too had to yield from weakness. Some persons going by carried the coffin to the churchyard, where they fastened it to the branch of a tree to preserve it from dogs, until morning. It was then buried by the neighbours. The poor mother was so exhausted that she had to be brought back to the workhouse in a car! The man lay until morning! He was found almost insensible, and died on his way to the workhouse! On his stomach being opened it was found empty! This man was the day before classed amongst the "able-bodied" paupers.'

And hear one of the People's Leaders (Mr. Lucas of the *Tablet*) on the renewed interference of the Pope with the education of Ireland. Irishmen can not tolerate 'foreign' rule.

'By the confession of all men the Colleges are now finally condemned as dangerous to faith and morals. No ecclesiastical censure or technical excommunication is fulminated against laymen who attend or support them, but they are left to the common law of the church. The law of the church, as a general rule, forbids every man, under pain of mortal sin, to enter an institution which is publicly condemned as dangerous to faith and morals. The law of the church still more forbids every man to co-operate in the maintenance of an institution which is dangerous to faith and morals. The law of the church forbids these things just as it forbids drunkenness, theft, debauchery, lying, and perjury. There is no positive excommunication issued against the refractory laity; but the clergy are withdrawn as an evident token of the hopelessly immoral and irreligious character of these "seminaries of sin"; and that lay-man or lay-boy who enters them, or remains in them, after this plain warning, with his eyes fixed on the board which contains the legible inscription: "Beware of the dog:" "Beware of the man-trap:" "Beware of spring guns:" "Beware of the everlasting bonfire":—takes his own course, runs his own risk, and has full liberty—to walk along the primrose path as long as he pleases, and, perhaps, a little longer.'

In INDIA the British rulers have failed in endeavouring to prove a charge of fraud against one of the most zealous of their servants, a native banker. The object of the Honourable Company appears to have been to cancel a debt of half-a-million. The disreputable attempt broke down, even with 200 witnesses (branded by the defendant's counsel as the Company's 'chartered perjurers'), and though judge, jury, and advocates were all the servants of the prosecutor. This is the honesty of Leadenhall Street.

In BELGIUM hereditary aristocracy adds another instructive chapter to its many lessons of morality. The Count de Bocarme, of a very old family, after a course of profligacy married, in 1843, a grocer's daughter, for a small sum of money. The lady had a brother possessed of considerable wealth, and in a weakly condition. Him the noble couple invite to their home, and poison.

In FRANCE the revisionists (though of all parties) are not mustering well. There seems no chance of their obtaining even a simple majority: and the Constitution requires a majority of three-fourths. How should they agree? One wants the total revision, to bring in Henry 5 or a constitutional Orleanist; another would be content with M. Joinville as president, with two chambers and a property-qualification; a third would have the Empire, or at least a longer presidential lease for Napoleon the Less. What must be their next move, since Eugène Cavaignac swears he will support the Republic, with his sword? Is he thirsting for a new dictatorial sacrament? Under his shadow doubtless the name of the Republic shall stand. The name. Six departments are, since two years, in a state of siege. Forty citizens lie seven months in jail for the pretended Lyons conspiracy, before the drum-head court-martial can be got ready. 40,000 artisans of Lyons are out of work. At Belleisle the convicted Republicans lie on rotten straw, live on black bread and water. The few soldiers who fought for the monarchy in February are decorated; the National Guard is reduced and 'purified.' The son of Victor Hugo is fined and imprisoned for writing against death-punishment, as if the insane Reactionists would retain the Guillotine for their own necks. And yet their fears of the People are so great that not even a benefit society may be tolerated: 184 workmen's associations have been dispersed during the last year. The Association of Brotherhood of Perpignan is broken up by the authorities because some of its members subscribed for the exiles; and the *King's Attorney* of Nismes cites two citizens before the

courts for the terrible offence of naming their children Barbès and Lédru-Rollin. —What a chance for the Nephew of his Uncle, who promises at a Dijon dinner that France shall not die under his hands. Likely. Let him console himself with the opinion of 'Timon,' who is not stigmatized as a Red Republican. M. Cormenin writes:—

'I defy any party to re-establish in France a monarchy which shall not concede a parliamentary government and a free press; and I defy any monarchy which shall concede the freedom of the press and a representative government to continue longer than three years.

'The question henceforth in *all* the great governments of Europe will be between the Republic and Absolute Monarchy.'

ITALY. The papal government disavows the proposal to turn out its French Saviours; but can not deny that the Austrians have advanced into the Roman province of Spoleto. Rome is just midway between Spoleto and Capua, where our blessed ally of Naples lies ready for our summons. So the French General fortifies the Castle of St. Angelo: though, to keep up the *decencies*, he continues to officer his heroes with papal sbirri, to scour the streets of Rome in search of Republicans in white hats and without cigars. Out of compliment to the Majesty of England, as represented by Lord Palmerston, even English residents have a full share of insult. Cardinal Antonelli's last gospel is a bull against the anti-smoking resolution which tends to embarrass and exasperate His Holiness, who is Wholesale Tobacconist as well as Vicar of God. The three-hatted smoke-seller is determined 'to put down any act directed to hinder the free exercise of lawful actions' (smoke!) 'and so to disturb public order.' Bravo Pius!

From PORTUGAL the *Daily News* Correspondent wafts us the happy tidings of the 'complete conversion' of the Queen of Portugal to constitutional courses. Very valuable information! and the new Cortes, with the help of Whig Saldanha, will no doubt record the miracle in a new Charter for the edification of the Portugese People. And our Foreign Secretary will have no occasion to meddle.

HUNGARY. Another ship-load of her brave remains (was not Hungary too a victim of constitutionalism?) has arrived at Southampton. England's Government, on poor-law principles, has *passed* them to America: Lord Dudley Stuart, as usual, being the relieving officer.

In AUSTRIA, Bakoonin, the *Russian* Republican, accused of taking part in the Saxon revolution (at Dresden) is sentenced to death for treachery against the *Austrian* empire. Such, O divided peoples! is the solidarity of Despotism. The emperor has commuted the sentence to life-long carcere-duro—the severest tortures of an Austrian prison. Such too is the mercy of Despotism, of that Holy Alliance in which England is involved.

The 'AMERICAN REPUBLIC' is about to adopt a new national flag: stripes only, and no stars. Mr. Webster, her great statesman, is travelling through the Union, reconciling all true patriots to the change. Here is the new law.

'Mr. H. N. Folsom, of Doakville, advertises in the *Fort Smith Herald*, a reward of 200 dollars for the recovery of a slave, and says:—"IF HE CANNOT BE TAKEN ALIVE, HE WILL PAY A REWARD OF TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR HIS SCALP." The *New York Tribune* says:—"Wouldn't the U. S. Government do well to pay for scalps, and send out its hunters to tomahawk as well as catch slaves? It might help to save the Union."'

But is it worth saving? And is such the 'Republicanism' to which *we* aspire? Will our Chartists and National Reformers turn their thoughts that way?

OF THE DUTIES OF MAN.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

II.

GOD.

The origin of your DUTIES is in GOD. The definition of your DUTIES is in his Law. The progressive discovery and application of his Law belong to Humanity.

God exists. We neither doubt it, nor would we prove it to you. To attempt this would seem a blasphemy, as to deny it would be a folly. God exists, because we exist. God lives in our conscience, in the conscience of Humanity, in the Universe that surrounds us. Our conscience invokes him in the most solemn moments of anguish and of joy. Mankind have been able to transform, to abuse, but not to suppress his holy name. The Universe manifests him by the harmony, the intelligence of its motions and its laws. There are no atheists among you: if there were any, they would deserve not cursing but compassion. He who can deny God in the presence of a starry night, before the grave of the Beloved, or at the shrine of martyrdom, is either very unhappy or very culpable. The first atheist was undoubtedly a man who had concealed a crime from his fellow-men, and who sought, in denying God, to free himself from the only testimony from which he could not conceal it, and so to stifle the remorse that tormented him: he was perhaps a tyrant, who had stolen, with the liberty, half of the souls of his brethren, and who attempted to substitute a worship of brute Force for faith in Duty and in immortal Right. Since then there have been here and there, from age to age, men who, through a philosophic aberration, have insinuated atheism; but they have been very few and ashamed: there have been, in times not far from us, multitudes who, through irritation against a false and foolish idea of God, set up for the special benefit of a caste or a tyrannical power, have denied God himself; but this was for an instant, and in that instant they adored—so great was their need of God—the Goddess Reason, the Goddess Nature. In our own day there are men who abhor all religion, because they see corruption in present creeds, and do not foresee the purity of those to come; but none of them dares to call himself atheist: there are priests who prostitute the name of God to calculations of venality, or from fear of the powerful: there are tyrants who hypocritically invoke it for the protection of their tyrannies: but because the light of the sun often reaches us obscured and sullied by foul vapours, are we to deny the sun or the vivifying power of his rays on the Universe? Because through liberty the wicked can sometimes slide into anarchy, shall we curse liberty? The faith in God shines with an immortal light across all the impostures and corruptions which men have heaped around his

name. But impostures and corruptions pass as passes Tyranny: God remains even as remains the *People*, the image of God on earth. As the People, notwithstanding slavery, sufferings, and misery, conquers step by step conscience, freedom, and strength, so the holy name of God rises from the ruins of corrupted creeds, to radiate in a purer, a more fervent, and a more reasonable worship.

We therefore do not speak to you of God, in order to demonstrate to you his existence, or to tell you that you ought to worship him: for you worship him, even though not naming him, whenever you *perceive* your own *life* and the *life* of the beings around you; but to tell you *how* you ought to worship him, and thus to admonish you against an error which dominates the minds of many men of the classes who direct you, and, through their example, many of you: an error grave and ruinous as atheism itself.

This error is the separation, more or less declared, of God from his work, from the Earth on which you have to complete one period of your life.

You have on one side People who say unto you: 'Be it so. God exists; but you can do no more than acknowledge and worship him. No one can understand or express the relation between him and man. It is a question to be debated between God himself and your conscience. Think of it what you will, but do not propound your faith to your fellow creatures; do not seek to apply it to things of this earth. Policy (politics) is one thing, religion is another! Do not confound them. Leave the things of Heaven to the established spiritual power, whatever it may be, under allowance that you need not believe it, if it seems to you that it betrays its mission: let every one think and believe in his own fashion; you have only to occupy yourselves with the things of the earth. Materialists or spiritualists! do you believe in liberty, in the equality of man? Do you desire the well being of the majority? Would you have universal suffrage? Unite to attain that object, you have no need to understand each other on questions regarding Heaven.'

You have on the other hand men who say to you: 'God exists; but he is so great, so superior to all created things, that you can not hope to attain to him by human exertions. Earth is but dust. Life is but as a day. Detach yourselves from the first as soon as you can: do not set more value than it deserves upon the second. What are all earthly interests in view of the immortal life of your soul? Think of that: look toward Heaven. What matters to you whether you live here below in one manner or another? You are destined to die; and God will judge you according to the thoughts you have given, not to earth but to him. Do you suffer? Bless the Lord that he has sent you these sufferings. Earthly existence is a trial. Your earth is a land of exile. Despise it, and uplift yourselves. From the midst of sufferings, misery, slavery, you can turn toward God and sanctify yourselves by adoring Him, by prayers, by faith in a futurity which shall amply compensate you for having despised worldly things.'

Of those who thus speak to you the first do not *love* God: the second do not *know* him.

Say to the first: Man is one; you cannot cleave him in two, and make him accord with you in the principles that should regulate the order of society, when he differs from you as to his origin, his destinies and the laws of

his life here below. Religions govern the world. When the men of India *believed* that they were born, some from the head, others from the arms, others from the feet of Brahma, their Divinity, they ordered society accordingly, dividing man into castes, assigning hereditarily to the one intellectual labours, to others the defence of the country, and to others servile works: and thus condemned themselves to an immobility which yet endures, and which will endure until the belief in that principle shall cease. When the Christians declared to the world, that men were all sons of God, and brethren in him, all the doctrines of the legislators and philosophers of antiquity, who established the existence of two different natures in men, availed not to prevent the abolition of slavery; and hence an order of things radically different in society. At every progress of the religious faith, we can shew you a corresponding social progress in the history of Humanity. Of your doctrine of indifference in religious matters, you can show no other consequence than that of anarchy. You have been able to destroy, but not to found: give us the lie if you can. By dint of exaggerating a principle contained in Protestantism, and which Protestantism itself now feels the necessity of abandoning,—by dint of deducing all your ideas only from the independence of the individual, you have come to—where? to anarchy, that is to say, to the oppression of the weak, in commerce;—to liberty, that is to say a mockery for the weak who has neither means nor time nor instruction to exercise his own rights, in the political order of things; to egotism, that is to say, to the isolation and ruin of the weak who cannot assist himself, in morals. But we would have Association: how can we obtain it securely, if not from our brethren who believe in the same ruling principles, who unite in the same faith, who swear by the same name? We would have education: how can we give or receive it, if not in virtue of a principle which contains the expression of our belief in the origin, the end, and the laws, of man's life upon this earth? We would have a common education; how give or receive it, without a common faith? We would form a Nation: how succeed, but by believing in a common object, in a common *duty*? And whence can we deduce a common *duty*, if not from the idea we form of God and of his relation to us? Certainly universal suffrage is an excellent thing: it is the only legal means by which a country can govern itself without crises, violent be they never so light: but in a country ruled by one faith, universal suffrage will give expression to the *national* tendency and will; in a country deprived of a common faith, what can it give except the expression of certain interests numerically strong, and the oppression of all the rest? All political reforms in countries either irreligious or not caring for religion will last only while the caprice or the interest of the individuals wills it, and no longer. The experience of the last fifty years has sufficiently enlightened us on this point.

To the others, who speak to you of *Heaven*, divorcing it from *earth*, say that Heaven and earth, as life and the end of life, are one thing. Say not that earth is dust: for the earth is of God: God has created it, that from it we may ascend to him. Earth is not a sojourn of expiation or temptation: it is the place of our labour for a purpose and improvement, of our development toward a stage of superior existence. God created us not for contemplation but for action.

He has created us in his image, and he is Thought and Action: nay in him is no *thought* that does not translate itself into *action*. You tell us we ought to despise all worldly things, to tread down earthly life, in order to occupy ourselves with the Heavenly: but what is earthly life, if not a prelude to the heavenly, a setting forward on the way to reach it? Do you not perceive that in blessing the last step of the ladder by which we ought to mount, and cursing the first, you cut off the means of ascending? The life of a soul is sacred in its every period; in the earthly period as well as in the subsequent ones. Yes, every period ought to be a preparation for the next, every temporary development ought to help the continually ascending development of the immortal life, which God transfuses into every one of us, and into the whole complex Humanity by the work of each of us. Now, God has placed you here on earth: he has surrounded you by millions of beings like unto yourselves, whose thoughts are nourished by yours, whose life fructifies with yours. To save you from the dangers of isolation, he has given you wants, which you cannot satisfy alone, and predominating social instincts, dormant in the brutes, and which distinguish you from them: he has surrounded you by this world, which you call *Matter*, magnificent in beauty, pregnant with life, with a life,—you ought not to deny it,—manifesting itself everywhere as a sign of God, but which nevertheless awaits your coöperation, whose manifestations depend upon you, and multiply themselves in power, in proportion as your activity is multiplied. He has placed within you inextinguishable sympathies, pity for those who suffer, joy for those who smile, wrath against those who oppress his creatures, an incessant yearning for the True, admiration for Genius which discovers the higher truth, enthusiasm for those who translate it into action helpful to all,—religious veneration for those who, not able to achieve its triumph, die as martyrs, bearing witness to it with their blood,—and you deny, despise these tokens of your mission, which God has profusely lavished around you, nay, you shriek out your anathemas against his signs, summoning us to concentrate all our strength in a work of inward purification, imperfect, impossible, as long as it is solitary!—And does not God punish the attempt? Is not the slave degraded? Do not sensual appetites submerge in blind instincts of what you call *Matter* half the soul of the poor journeyman, compelled to consume his divine life of education,—in a series of physical actions? Do you find a more lively religious faith in the Russian *serf*, than in a Pole fighting for his country and for liberty? Do you find a more fervent love of God in the abased subject of Charles Albert, or of the duke of Modena, than in the Lombard republican of the twelfth century, or the Florentine republican of the fourteenth? ‘Where the spirit of God is there is liberty,’ said one of the mightiest of known apostles and the religion he preached decreed the abolition of slavery: for can any one conveniently understand and worship God while cringing at the feet of his creature? Yours is not a religion, it is a sectarianism of men who have denied their origin, the battles which their fathers sustained against a corpse-like society and the victories they gained, transforming this terrestrial world, which you O contemplators, now despise. Whatever strong faith springs from the ruins of the old exhaustion, will transform the existing social order: because every strong faith endeavours

to apply itself to all the branches of human activity; because the *earth* has always, in all epochs, endeavoured to conform itself to the *Heaven* in which it believed; because the whole history of Humanity repeats under diverse forms, in stages differing with the times, the following words registered in the Sabbath speech of Christendom: '*Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven.*'

'*The Kingdom come on earth, as it is in Heaven!*' Be this, Brethren, better understood and applied than hitherto your confession of faith, your prayer has been: repeat it, and act, so that it may be verified. Let others, endeavouring to persuade you to passive resignation, to indifference for earthly things, to submission to any temporal power, however unjust, refer to that other misunderstood sentence, 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' Can they tell you any one thing which is not God's? Nothing is Cæsar's except so far as is conformable to Divine Law. Cæsar, or in other words the temporal power, the civil governor, is but the mandatory, the executor, as far as his strength and the time allow, of the design of God: when he betrays the mandate it is, we will not say your right, but your duty, to remove him. For what are you here below, if not to do your utmost to develope according to your means, and within your sphere the designs of God? What use is it to *believe* in the unity of mankind, that unavoidable consequence of the unity of God, if you do not labour to verify it by contending against the arbitrary divisions, the enmities that perpetually divide the diverse tribes composing Humanity? What use to *believe* in the Equality of men, that unavoidable consequence of the unity of the human race in the sight of God, if we passively tolerate the scandalous violation of equality in the face of Society? What use to *believe* in human Liberty, the basis of human responsibility, if we do not employ ourselves in destroying all the obstacles which impede the first and vitiate the second? What use to speak of Fraternity, while we allow our brethren to be every day trampled down, abased, and despised? The earth is our workshop: we ought not to curse it; we ought to sanctify it. The material forces which we find around us, are our implements of labour; we ought not to repudiate them, we should direct them for good.

But without God, you cannot do this. We have spoken to you of *Duties*: we have taught you that the mere knowledge of your *Rights* is not enough to guide you persistently on the way of good: not enough to give you that progressive, continued improvement of your condition which you seek: now, without God, whence is Duty? Without God, for whatever civil system you would adhere to, you can find no basis but blind, brutal, and tyrannical Force. You cannot avoid this: either the development of human things depends upon a law of Providence which we are all missioned to discover and to apply, or it is trusted to chance, to the circumstance of the moment, to the man who can best turn it to account. Either we ought to obey God, or serve man, no matter whether one or many. If no supreme mind reigns over all human minds, what can save us from the arbitrary will of our fellows, when they find themselves more powerful than us? If there exists no sacred, inviolable law, not created by men, what rule have we to judge whether an act is just or not? In the name of whom

shall we protest against oppression and inequality? Without God there is no other dominator but Fact: the Fact before which materialists always bow, whether its name be Napoleon, or whether it manifest itself constitutionally as Louis Phillipe: the Fact, of which the materialists even now, in Italy and elsewhere, make themselves a buckler to defend their inertness, even when agreeing theoretically with our principles. Now can we command them sacrifice, martyrdom, in the name of our individual opinions? Can we convert, in virtue only of our own interests, theory into practice, an abstract principle into action? Undeceive yourselves!—as long as we speak only as individuals, in the name of whatever any individual intellect suggests to us, we shall have only what we already have,—adhesion in words, and not works. The cry resounding in all great revolutions, the cry of *God wills it*, the *God wills it* of the Crusades, can alone convert the inert to activity, give courage to the timorous, the enthusiasm of sacrifice to the calculator, faith to him who now doubtfully repels every human conceit. Convince men that the work of emancipation and progressive development to which you call them is the design of God; and none will rebel. Prove to them that the earthly work of perfecting themselves here below is essentially connected with their immortal life: all calculations of the moment will vanish before the importance of futurity. Without God you can impose, but not persuade:—you can be tyrants in your turn, not educators and apostles.

'*God wills it! God wills it!*' The cry of the People, O Brothers, of *your* People, the national Italian cry.^a Do not allow yourselves to be deceived, O you who in the earnestness of love are labouring for your nation, by those, who perhaps will tell you that the Italian tendency is but political, and that the religious spirit has departed from it. The religious spirit never departed from Italy, so long as Italy, however, divided, was great and active. It left her only when in the sixteenth century Florence falling, every free evolution of Italian liberty falling under the foreign arms of Charles V and under the tergiversations of the Popes, we began to lose our national tendencies, and became Spaniards, Austrians, and French. Then our Literati began to take office as court-fools, to tickle the satiety of their patrons by laughing at all and everything. Then our priests, seeing that every application of religious truth was impossible, began to make a market of religion, and to think of themselves, and not of the people whom they ought to have enlightened and protected. And then the People, despised by the literati, betrayed and devoured to the bone by the priests, banished from all influence in public business, began to revenge themselves, by laughing at the literati, distrusting the priests, rebelling against all beliefs, seeing the ancient one corrupted, and unable to foresee a new one. From that time, we have been dragged between incredulity and the superstitions imposed upon us either by habit or by our governments: abject and impotent. But we wish to rise again great and honoured. And we will remember the national tradition. We will remember that with the name of God on their lips, and with the banner of their faith in the midst of battles, our Lombard brethren vanquished, in the twelfth century the Austrian invaders, and with their own

^a And has God no will regarding England?

hands reconquered their liberty. We will remember that the republicans of the Tuscan cities assembled their parliament in the churches. We will remember the Florentine Artisans, who, rejecting the determination to submit their democratic liberty to the supremacy of the Medici family, elected by a solemn vote Christ as the Chief of their Republic,—and the friar Savonarola preaching both the dogma of God and that of the People,—and the Genoese of 1746, who with only a storm of stones and the name of their patroness, Mary, freed their city from the Austrian army which occupied it: and a chain of other similar facts, in which the religious thought protected and fructified the popular Italian thought. The religious thought sleeps in our People, awaiting its development: he who shall be able to rouse it, will have done more for the nation, than through twenty political sects. Perhaps to the absence of that thought in the imitators of monarchical constitutions and tactics who conducted the past attempts at insurrection in Italy, as much as to the absence of an object openly popular, may be attributed the coolness with which the People regarded those attempts. Preach then, O Brethren, in the name of God. He who has an Italian heart will follow you.

Preach in the name of God. The literati will smile: ask the literati what they have done for their country. The priests will excommunicate you: tell the priests, that you know God better than they, and that you do not want any mediator between God, his Law, and yourselves. The People will understand you, and will repeat with you: *‘We believe in God the Father, Intellect and Love, Creator and Educator of Humanity!’*

And with these words you and the People shall conquer.

DIRECT SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE.

No more President, no more Representatives.

Lédru-Rollin, in La Voix du Proscrit.

The Difficulty solved, or the Government of the People by themselves.

Victor Considérant. Watson, London: Melson, Liverpool.

Direct Legislation by the People, or True Democracy.

Rittinghausen. Watson, London: Melson, Liverpool.

No more Girondins.

Louis Blanc. Jeffs, London.

THE Direct Sovereignty of the People, or Monarchy: there are no other principles of Government. The constitutional and representative systems, with which the nations have been afflicted, are, one and all, either dishonest conceal-

ments of tyranny under a more or less popular mask, or bungling endeavours to establish some half-compromise between the two irreconcilable antagonisms. *Monarchy*—the domination of one, which is in principle precisely the same as the rule of *a part*, however numerous,—and the *Sovereignty of the whole People*: between the two there may be half-way houses for Whigs, but no sure ground upon which to found the Nation.

Ninety years ago Rousseau laid down the principle of the Direct Sovereignty of the People. The French Convention of 1793 adopted, though it did not thoroughly carry it out. After nearly sixty years of governmental experiments we revert to the same point.

Here is the dogma, as put forth by Rousseau, in his *Social Contract*:—

‘The sovereignty, being only the exercise of the general will, can never be alienated; and the sovereign, which is only a collective being, can be represented only by itself.

‘The deputies of the People are not and can not be its *representatives*; they are only its commissioners, *they can definitively settle nothing*. Every law which the People, *in person*, has not ratified, is null; it is not a law.

‘From the moment that a People gives itself *representatives*, it is no longer free, it is no more.

And in the Jacobin Constitution of 1793 the dogma is rendered thus:—

‘The Sovereign People is the universality of the citizens.

‘It deliberates concerning the laws.

‘The legislative body proposes the law and issues decrees.

‘The laws have to be accepted by the People.’

Here too is the commentary of Robespierre:—

‘The word *representative* is not applicable to any agent of the People, because *will* can not be represented. The members of the legislature are agents to whom the People has given the first power; but in a true sense, we can not say that they represent it. The legislature prepares *laws* and makes *decrees*; the laws have not the character of law *until the People has formally accepted them*. Up to this moment they have been only projects: they are then the expression of the People’s will. The decrees are executed without being submitted to the sanction of the People, only because it is presumed that it approves them. Not remonstrating, its silence is taken for an approval. It is impossible for a Government to have other principles.’

Shades of the ever-calumniated martyrs of Thermidor! your genius had overstepped your time. Your gospel remains to be accomplished.

The theory of GOVERNMENT DIRECTLY BY THE PEOPLE is formulized by Lédru-Rollin, in the *Voix du Proscrit*, as follows:—

‘The People exercising its sovereignty, without limits, in a permanent manner in the electoral assemblies;

‘Having the initiative of every law which it may judge useful;

‘Expressly voting the laws, adopting or rejecting, by ay or no, the laws discussed and prepared by an assembly of delegates;

‘An assembly of delegates or commissioners appointed yearly, preparing the laws,

and providing by decrees for things of a secondary importance and of state-administration ;

‘A president of the executive, charged to provide for the application of the law and the decrees, and to choose his ministers,—a president elected and always revocable by the majority of the assembly.’

Three years ago, says Lédru-Rollin, we taught—‘Let us have no president : a president elected by the nation is antagonism and war.’ Only too quickly facts have verified our anticipations. Now, impelled by the same logic, we say—No more *representatives*, but simple delegates, commissioners, not to say clerks, appointed *only to prepare the law*, leaving to the people the care of voting it ; in other terms—DIRECT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE BY THE PEOPLE : . . . the People voting the laws, and the Assembly of delegates providing by decrees for secondary necessities. . . .

‘Let us all have but one rallying cry, one device—the *Direct Government of the People* ; and soon the People shall do more than triumph,—for the first time, at length, it will be without a master, *it will reign*.’

The People—adds Considerant—will thus have at last ‘a sure criterion for distinguishing *every where* the real democrat from the aristocratic democrat, the whig-radical democrat, the sham democrat. It will easily perceive what democrats desire that *it should govern itself*, and what democrats desire *to govern it*.’

Against this popular principle the foremost opponent is the socialist orator and schoolmaster—Louis Blanc.

Louis Blanc would not allow the *direct* sovereignty of the People ; he permits it to choose Representatives, but denies it the initiative and the vote upon the laws ; he would have the laws made by the People’s ‘representatives.’ He cites, to support his opposition, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Robespierre ; and concludes for his own part, that the People as a whole is ignorant, incapable, easy to be led astray, full of obstinate and fatal prejudices, and that therefore the more enlightened minority should govern.

Montesquieu, after establishing that the People is well-fitted for choosing its representatives, has said—‘But would it—the People—know how to manage any special business, to understand places, occasions, moments, in order to profit by them ? No, it would not know this.’

But what has this to do with the *Direct Sovereignty of the People*,—as set forth by Lédru-Rollin ? The People would not know how to manage a special business : nor is it within its province. Such are not matters of legislation but of *administration*, to be conducted by the People’s servants, not to say clerks.

Louis Blanc quotes the following passage from the *Esprit des Lois* :—‘The People, which has the sovereign power, *ought itself to do all that it can well do*, and that which it can not well do must be done by its ministers. Its ministers are not its own if it does not name them. It is, then, a fundamental maxim of this (democratic) government, that the People name its ministers, that is to say its magistrates. It needs, like monarchs, and even more than they, to be conducted by a council or senate ; but in order that it may have confidence in them it must elect the members.’

From this Louis Blanc concludes that Montesquieu admits the interference of

the greater number only in the choice of these ministers or representatives. On the contrary, the author of the *Esprit des Lois*, in spite of his anti-democratic tendencies, proclaims the logical necessity of the People doing for itself *all that it can well do*; and even his 'council or senate' is provided for in the formula of Lédru-Rollin. But Montesquieu is even more precise than this, for he says '*It is a fundamental law of Democracy that the People alone should make the Laws.*'

In his quotations from Rousseau M. Blanc is equally unfortunate. The Genevese philosopher asks 'if the blind multitude could itself execute an enterprise so great, and so difficult, as a system of legislation,' and he concludes with the necessity of a legislator. And yet this does not go beyond the opinion of those who would have an Assembly of delegates to *prepare* the Constitution and the Laws, but requiring also that neither Constitution nor Laws should have force *until ratified by the People*.

Let Rousseau himself define what he means by a legislator. 'Even the decemvirs never arrogated to themselves the right of passing a law on their own authority. Nothing of what we propose, said they to the People, can become law without your consent. Romans! be yourselves the authors of the laws which ought to make you happy. *He, then, who draws up the laws has not, or ought not to have, any legislative right; and even the People can not, if it would, divest itself of this incommunicable right*, because, according to the fundamental pact, it is only the general will which obliges individuals and we can never be sure that an individual will is in conformity with the general will till after having submitted it to the free suffrages of the People.'

M. Blanc refers also to Robespierre as proscribing in the most formal manner the permanent sovereignty of the primary assemblies. M. Blanc however depends upon exceptional cases, which by no means prove his position. When, at the trial of Louis XVI, the Girondins proposed an appeal to the People, Robespierre opposed that appeal. He knew perfectly well that to reserve the judgment of the tyrant for the People, would be only to open the arena to the royalists, to make every section a battle-field, and to discredit the Assembly. Besides, this was a question, not of legislation, but of administration. And hear again how decisive Rousseau is upon this point:—'I would specially have avoided, as of necessity ill governed, a Republic where the People, believing it could do without its magistrates or with only leaving them a precarious authority, should have imprudently kept in its own hands the administration of civil affairs and the execution of its own laws. Such was the rude constitution of the first governments arising out of a state of nature; and such also was one of the vices which ruined the Republic of Athens.' But this distinction between the making and the administration of law is insisted upon as much by Lédru-Rollin and Robespierre as by Rousseau, and is no condemnation of the exercise of the People's Sovereignty in the making of the laws.

Louis Blanc however finds that Robespierre went further, that he looked upon the appeal to the People as the destruction of the Convention itself, that once convoked the primary assemblies would be urged by all sorts of intrigues to deliberate upon all sorts of propositions, even to the very existence of the Republic. It should be remembered, however, that Robespierre spoke in the

face of revolted or revolting departments, in presence of a terrible foreign war rendered yet more dangerous by intestine treasons: this was not the moment to give the primary assemblies an opportunity of legitimatizing anarchy. And this, again, is but an exceptional case. Against it is the overpowering weight of Robespierre's support of the Constitution of 1793, without need of requoting the words we have given above, beginning with—'the word *Representative* is not applicable to any agent of the People, *because will can not be represented.*'

Gathered, not from exceptional instances, nor from garbled quotations, the opinions of Rousseau and Robespierre, and even the acknowledgements of Montesquieu, are decidedly in favour of the doctrine of direct legislation by the People. The Convention also consecrated the same principle. Let M. Blanc now speak for himself, since the authorities are against him.

The popular Socialist asks if it is not true that men of intelligence are fewer than the ignorant, the devoted fewer than the selfish, the friends of progress fewer than the slaves of habit, the propagators of just ideas fewer than the partisans of error: whence he deduces that to demand that the greater number should govern the less is to demand that ignorance should govern enlightenment, selfishness devotion, routine progress, and error truth. That is to say M. Blanc is the defender of despotism, the glorifier of the Czar, the Pontiff, and *the Patriarch*. Many thanks then for his 'socialism'! But let us follow out his theory of governmental capacities!

If the enlightened, the devoted, the friends of progress form but a minority, and if the greater number is inevitably condemned to ignorance, selfishness, routine and error,—if therefore the few ought to rule the rest while the blind or vile multitude have but to obey, it follows that universal suffrage is not right, that political equality is a falsehood. Remarkable enough that Socialists and competitive Whig-Radicals should find a point of agreement on this common ground of capacity. One, truly, seeks only the *liberty* of the stronger: but the other is looking for *fraternity*. And yet they meet in the denial of *equality*. Will M. Louis Blanc allow his logic to carry him to the end?

And if the minority is always right, is it not also right even within the Assembly. Should it not be, not only the minority of the Country, but the minority of that minority, ascending at last perhaps to the Patriarch himself, which should command, in virtue of the greater capacity? But M. Blanc would defer to a parliamentary majority. He is however shrewd enough to foresee this objection, and thus replies:—

'In an assembly composed of citizens who have been elected as the most enlightened of all, there does not exist, there could not exist, between the majority and the minority, that enormous disproportion of knowledge, intelligence, education, study, experience, and ability, which exist naturally, in the midst of a civilization imperfect or corrupted, between the smaller and the greater number, taken in mass. In every assembly of elected citizens, *and from the very fact of their being elected*, the majority and the minority, as regards *competence*, are worthy, or are reputed worthy; and this is what renders reasonable *there* this law of the majority, which *elsewhere* no longer presents the same character.'

Is there then so very little to choose between our representatives? - We deemed them bad enough, but did not think there had been so little difference. Are parliamentary majorities always so enlightened and liberal? Alas for the counter evidence of the Law of the 31st of May (though possibly M. Blanc considers that only a step in the right direction, toward the rule of a national minority), for our own *no House* when a popular question is to be brought forward. We might also ask the accomplished sophist how it is that so much wisdom resides in the majority of the elected, who must be the representatives of the ignorant majority outside. To such an absurd pass comes the doctrine of *the People's right to choose its representatives without the right to legislate for itself*.

And again, the advocate of capacity refers to the thousands of men overwhelmed in ignorance and prejudice. What then? how came they in this state? Was it not your government of the few—always the enlightened few—which placed them there? And by whom or how shall they be redeemed except through their own exertions?

Yet still the eloquent Socialist is the advocate of Universal Suffrage. Be consistent, with Messrs. Thiers, Hume, Cobden, and the like; and let us know the exact value of your intentions. There is not one of your arguments against the direct legislation of the People which does not apply equally against universal suffrage; which does not go, in fact, to the justification of every despotism, from that of the Czar to that of the time-serving 'Radical.' This doctrine of an enlightened few is the doctrine of a limited suffrage,—Who shall say how limited?

For if the People are incapable of making their own laws, can they be capable of judging who shall be fittest to make their laws for them? Is it so easy too for them to deceive themselves in matters of fact directly concerning their own interests, and so very difficult for them to be deceived as to persons? Surely then the old system of a caste set apart as hereditary legislators—not altogether unlike the communist division of labour—must be the best, if not encroaching too much on the divinity of the still fewer and so far wiser kings. It is an easy course toward despotism.

We do not assert that the majority is wiser than the minority, or that it is more devoted, or in any way better. But who is to pick out the better minority? There lies the difficulty. Either *their Capacities* must be self-elected, which makes strange work, when we call to mind what sorts of animals have taken themselves to be endowed with legislative faculties; or they must be elected by the stupid majority, and then again recurs the question—Are you likely to choose the best law-givers when you are so utterly unable to form any judgment even on the nature of law?

M. Blanc finds surety in the power which the People has of dismissing its representatives. Could he not find equal surety in the power of revoking a bad law? But what is this power of dismissing the offending servants, and electing better in their stead, when you have given to the offenders the very power of preventing your protest? What power of dismissal and election had the French People when their Representatives disenfranchised them on the 31st. of May? Well may Rousseau say—'From the moment that a People gives itself repre-

sentatives, it is no longer free, it is no more.' Well may he say, the English People thinks it is free: it deceives itself. It is so only during the election of members of Parliament. So soon as they are elected, it is a slave, it is nothing.

There is a story of Ninus, the Assyrian monarch, surrendering his power to his wife for only one day. She was merely his 'representative;' but as such she took possession of the army, the treasury, and the civil government, and concluded her representation by dethroning and decapitating her *Sovereign*. Like Ninus, Peoples commit suicide by proxy; and fraternal philosophers are found to argue for the right.

As to the exercise of revocation even where possible (and in the worst needs it would not be possible), it would be a foolish setting of limits to the conscience of the representative, who might as often err in his integrity as from any dishonest motive. Besides it is impossible to foresee all cases, even for a single year. The people's servant must be free to act within certain bounds: what should those bounds be but the line where matters of secondary importance or of administration ceases and the province of permanent legislation begins?

We repeat that we do not consider the majority of the People capable of sound legislation. And when has a representative body shown itself capable? What more tyrannical, more foolish, more partial laws could be passed by the most tyrannical and foolish majority, than disgrace the codes of the best-governed of 'constitutional' countries? How shall the People without practice ever become capable of legislating? They will blunder: be it so. They will so learn through their experience. They will not wilfully err as their 'representatives' do now. The will, be it wise or not, of the majority of the People will no longer be set at nought by legislative quacks or scoundrels. Wise or blundering, the People's will would be done. Wise or blundering: who has the right to gainsay it? If a Louis Blanc, or a million of Louis Blancs, may gainsay it in virtue of any presumed capacity, why may not a Nicholas or a Napoleon presume as capaciously? What difference of *principle* is there between limiting the right of Humanity at one point rather than another? What difference, except in degree, between the Humes, the Thiers, or the Louis-Blancs, and the Czar or Thibet Lama?

It is worth considering, too, how far direct government by the People would crush the hopes of all the sects, and sectarian politicians, who aspire to lead 'the enfranchised People.' Place the power in the People's hands, and what could the pretenders do? Your scheme of social reform may be good; mine too, has some excellence in my own eyes. Under the representative system you and I and all of us would be contending for possession of the government to try our experiments upon the body politic. But, all laws having to be made by the People, we should be forced to content ourselves with convincing a majority of the People, instead of intriguing to obtain *a party in the House*. There is some advantage here.

Yet what time could the whole People have to consider and make the laws? Well, Parliament sits now, making all deduction of off days and holidays, little more than four months in the year; and surely half at least of that time is wasted upon private measures, local measures, worthless measures, and measures intended only to amuse 'our constituents.' At even such a rate of superabun-

dant legislation the one Sunday in every week, with an occasional holiday in great emergencies, would be enough for all national purposes. And the People would be better engaged than on Sundays now; they might then find reason to meet in their churches, and pray there together in effectual fervency that God's will be done on earth, his kingdom come.

We cannot suppose however that one tenth of the time now consumed in legislation would be so wasted even by the most ignorant and discordant population. There would no longer be the same object in heaping law upon law, to feed lawyers and to provide for innumerable partial 'interests.' The constitution (the statement of first principles so far as ascertained and generally acknowledged) once framed as the compact between the ever fluctuating majority and minority, and a code of general laws established, there would be but seldom an occasion for additional legislation. The good sense of the People is well aware that great as is the good of having the greatest possible multitude of councillors in law making, there is no wisdom in a multitude of laws.

M. Considerant differs somewhat from Lédru-Rollin. He appears careless about any 'central institution whatever,' though he 'concedes it in order to avoid any refuge in impossibilities.' He rather confounds administration and legislation, desiring that the People in its sections should make the laws directly and decide directly *upon all the acts* of the government, without regard to cases of emergency in which the promptitude of a central power, no matter how responsible, would be necessary. The central government, 'which is in fact only a *committee* of the general assembly of the People,' votes a project of law, prescribes an administrative or a governmental measure. There is no occasion for a direct vote of the whole People. The sections are always open; the People has always its initiative. If within a given period there is no opposition to the project of law or proposed administrative act, or if the opposition does not number sufficient votes (Considerant suggests 500,000) it is an indication, as certain as a vote, that the People accepts the proposition. From this would follow that in all cases of trifling importance, or not sufficiently interesting the fixed number of voters, the People's 'Committee' would act on presumption of the People's consent. In more important questions the opinion of the People would have direct expression. In this system the national administration, whatever it might be, exercises a *function*, and not a *power*. The power is in the whole Nation, and nothing is done by its agents except with its consent, tacit or direct. It preserves, moreover, integrally its initiative, whether of the propositions that it thinks proper to convert directly into laws, of the acts that it means to signify to its government, or of the nomination of a new government. The People remains absolute sovereign.

One objection, however to M. Considerant's solution, graver than his forgetfulness of the sometime need of promptitude, lies in his repudiation of any Constitution. 'The Constitution'—he says—'is henceforth simply the existence, the thought, the will, the self-government of the universal People.'—There are no more paper constitutions,' etc. Considerant forgets that the Constitution is

the acknowledgement of certain ascertained principles of Humanity, forming the ground-work of the social compact, establishing the terms upon which the individual consents to trust his liberties to the will of his fellows, and laying down the bases upon which to build up the duties of individuals to society. What state of society would that be, in which there was no common rule of right, no recognition of any law of Humanity superior to the caprice of the majority of a People? The Constitution is the ground of universal action, as well as the acknowledged bulwark of individual right over which even the greatest possible majority may not step. For society combines for organization, for stronger growth of all, not merely for protection of individual liberties.

M. Rittinghausen, who, unaware of Rousseau and the men of 1793, claims to be the discoverer of the principle,—seems to object to organization of any sort. He would have no projects of law. The only initiative of the minister consists in determining that on such a day meetings will be held for the purpose of deliberating concerning a law on a certain subject. The minister is obliged to summon the People within a prescribed time whenever a certain number of citizens demands it. It is only in matters of external policy that the minister can submit to the People propositions which have not been indicated to him by the number of citizens fixed by law. *The law will emanate in an organic manner from the discussions themselves.* It is only after the opinions of the People have reached the Minister that a commission will frame them into a simple and clear form of law. Every project of law produced by any commission whatever is of no value, inasmuch as it is not the work of the general mind.

No Council, no preparation of the laws to be considered, no Assembly; an Executive merely to carry out whatever popular wish might happen to obtain a majority of voices, powerless else however grave the emergency; the absence of anything like government or organization, and the whole people so unorganized having to provide for every act of administration: a repetition in fact of what Rousseau describes as one of the causes of the ruin of the old democracies:—this seems to be the ideal of M. Rittinghausen. This is not the theory to which we would invite the adhesion of our fellow-republicans. We want not merely that every one should be a law to himself, doing as he listeth; we want the organization of all by all for the growth and progress of Humanity. We desire with M. Rittinghausen the absolute Sovereignty of the People; but we do not desire that the People should refuse to organize its own government, through an exaggerative reaction against the government of Usurpers. We would have the People Sovereign, not that it should play, however pleasantly, the game of the present Anarchs, but that it should rule its own life, for the better performance of human duty, for the perfection of human nature, and for the service of the Eternal.

I shall be told, says Considerant, that this Sovereignty is impossible. 'I might content myself by replying that I am sorry for it, but that it is a thing historically *necessary*. And this answer should suffice. *Impossibility*, indeed, has never prevented anything. Can there be cited an accomplished progress, great or small, which has not, in its time, been declared *impossible* by the wise-men, that

is to say, the Whigs of the period? The history of the progress of Humanity is only one immense tissue of realized *impossibilities*.'

'The old social formation, that gigantic granite formation of feudalism and the middle ages, is destroyed. What remains of it? Nothing but the ruins. A residuum, under the name of *the great party of order*.

'Thou hast riven and ground to dust the great granitic chains, O Liberty! and the slimy sediment would hope to clog thee.'

MONARCHY OR THE REPUBLIC.

MONARCHY or the Republic: these two principles embrace every form of government.

By the Republic we mean *the Direct Sovereignty of the People: the whole People making its own laws and governing itself*. There is no other Republic: all else is Monarchy of some sort.

The law of human progress, of human life, is *the equal freedom of all human beings FOR THE SAKE OF THE WHOLE OF HUMANITY*.

Christianity, the doctrine of human equality under God, is the first chapter of the law of human progress. The realization of Christianity is the first step in the accomplishment of God's law.

Tyranny is whatever opposes this law of *equal freedom for the sake of all*.

Monarchy is the rule of the exception—the tyrannous usurpation of a part, instead of the enthronement of the whole.

It matters not whether there be one absolute Monarch, or a number of Monarchs; whether the Monarchy be assumed by an individual or by any numbers of individuals: the principle is the same in all cases.

The monarchical principle is the right of usurpation, the right of a fraction of Humanity to usurp the sovereignty which belongs only to Humanity *as a whole*.

What matters how large the fraction is? By merely increasing the number of usurpers, does the usurpation become less?

If one man (call him a Czar or a Pope; it is of little consequence what) should make himself the sovereign of the world, would any sane man doubt that he would be an usurper, a tyrant?

This is Monarchy in its nakedness. There is no mistaking the monster here. But it has many disguises, under which it beguiles even thinkers of very great respectability.

Suppose one man escapes into the desert, not out of the realms, but out of the reach of the self-called Universal Sovereign: should we deem the Usurper any less an Usurper, on account of that one man's escape?

Or call the one man a million, does that alter the fact of the Usurpation; or does the Usurper cease to be an Usurper, when he rules over only a million of men instead of over the whole world?

The fact of the usurpation remains the same. The Usurper is he who assumes rule

over his fellow man, in violation of the law of human equality, in treasonous contempt of the only Sovereign—Humanity itself.

The absolute sovereign is then in all cases an Usurper, a rebel against Humanity.

In all cases: it is not in any respect a question of how he uses his usurped power. His very sovereignty is his crime.

He is a thief: for he has stolen the rights of his fellows. We need not inquire as to his benevolence.

He is a traitor: for he has rebelled against the law of Humanity; and so stands accursed, whatever his 'advantages.'

He is a liar: for he calls himself—a part—a fraction of Humanity—the equal, or the superior of the whole.

His very sovereignty is his crime. His usurpation, the sum of all usurpations, is the greatest of all crimes.

But he would make a compromise with the rest of Humanity: so he becomes a constitutional monarch.

That is to say—the Usurper bribes some men to be content with his usurpation. Is it not still an usurpation?

The thief restores a portion of his booty: that is, the constitutional thief. Is not his theft still theft?

The rebel compounds for his treason. Does that make rebellion anything less than treasonous?

The liar quibbles, persuades few or many to believe him. If the whole world believed his lie, would that alter the nature of falsehood?

Such is constitutional monarchy: a restoration of a portion of the rights of Humanity, a composition for the treason of the royal rebel, a sanctification of the inherent falsehood of monarchy by certain voices of men who can not judge between right and wrong.

Monarchy remains an usurpation though the whole world acclaim the constitution in virtue of which it continues to usurp.

But how an usurpation, if the world consents?

Because no man can consent to surrender that which is not his own. The sovereignty of Humanity is not mine or yours; but belongs to the whole.

But the whole 'consents.' It is impossible. Even the objection of one man would be sufficient to prevent the act of 'universal abdication.' It is not a question of a majority, but of the whole.

Humanity is the sovereign,—not a majority, but the whole of Humanity.

And were it possible for the whole of Humanity at any given period to surrender the sovereignty into the hands of a monarch, or a number of monarchs, constitutional or absolute, the act would be null and void: for the vote of the whole world can not make wrong right, falsehood truth, robbery honest, or usurpation other than usurpation.

Humanity is the sovereign: not any given generation of human beings, but all the generations of mankind.

Nay, not even one man may abdicate his share in the collective sovereignty: for he holds it, not absolutely in his own right, but *as an integral part of Humanity*, from which, from whose law and destiny, he can not sunder himself.

He can make himself a slave, the accomplice of the Usurper; but he can give no right to the wrong doer, he can not make the usurpation less by sharing it.

Humanity is the sole sovereign. Monarchy under all its aspects, malignant or benevolent, naked or wrapped, with or without accomplices, is an usurpation, a wrong. The voices of all time could not absolve it.

What! can not even the number of accomplices make a wrong righteous? Let us see.

The Usurper grows tired of his solitary position. He is fearful, or perhaps prefers that his subjects whip themselves to save him trouble; so he charters a few—*accomplices*.

There is no use in avoiding the logical necessity of calling the new Usurpers the accomplices of the old one.

The monarchy has not ceased. The imperial rule was not at an end because the Cæsar associated another with him in the empire.

It is still a monarchy, a monarchy with accomplices.

By and bye the monarchy becomes constitutional: that is to say, the accomplices become too strong for the principal, the tools too strong for the user. They, instead of he, dictate the terms of their conspiracy.

The government remains the same in principle: a monarchy: but a monarchy held in commission. Still an usurpation, managed no longer by one Usurper, but by a Committee of Usurpers.

If the Committee choose to call their Chairman a President instead of a King, that does not affect the question of usurpation. A new name will not make a rogue honest.

If the Committee prefer to have no Chairman, but a dummy, to set the Crown on a bundle of old clothes that can do no wrong, neither does that alter the question of usurpation. With or without a real Chairman, there remains the Committee of Usurpers.

But some sudden fit, of remorse perhaps (if Usurpers are subject to remorse), impels the Committee of Usurpers to associate some eight hundred thousand or so of their fellows with them in the Commission.

Well then, they have eight hundred thousand associates, or accomplices. There are just so many more Usurpers. And does that do away with the reproach of usurpation?

Is not the evil principle of monarchy still there, the principle which violates the equal right of all, which rebels against and usurps the sovereignty of Humanity?

And if the reformed Committee enlarge their usurpation by admitting even four millions, what then? Will the cleverest of political arithmeticians inform us what number of accomplices is required in order that usurpation may cease to be usurpation, wrong become right, and a lie be true?

At what figure short of universal suffrage of men and women will you calculate the collective sovereignty of Humanity?

There only Usurpation ceases, when the real Sovereign, the whole People, ascends the car-borne throne of progress.

But what is meant by Universal Suffrage?

The Voice of the whole People, uttering its will: that will its sole government.

‘But how can a People govern itself? Surely only through its representatives?’

That is to say, when no longer able to maintain an open usurpation, you would endeavour to usurp by other means.

It is the expression of the sovereign will that is required: how represent that?

How can one depute his *will* to another?

How can one exercise and abdicate sovereignty at one and the same time?

The appointment of a representative is an act of abdication.

He who abdicates, resigns his duty as a part of the collective sovereignty. He betrays the trust God placed in him; he rebels against the law of human progress; he treasonously helps some one to usurp a power which is against Humanity.

If I choose one to do my bidding, I appoint a minister, a servant; I am still sovereign. This is choosing one to *obey* my will, not to *represent* it.

But if I choose a representative, another in my stead, there is an end of my will: at least for so long as he may continue in the place of power to which I help to raise him.

But he shall only work my will. How shall he know it?

I will frame a Constitution.

A Constitution can contain only the broad principles upon which I would base my action. Again, how shall my representative know my will?

The law is the expression of the People's will. If your representatives make the laws without consulting your will, not you but they are sovereign.

Appoint men to frame projects of law—that is a servant's work: but how shall the servant know his master's will unless that will be expressed?

It is no question of representation at all. Either the People or a portion of the People make the laws. If the whole People, that is the direct exercise of their sovereignty; if only the portion, whether 'representatives' or not, it is an usurpation; the evil principle of monarchy is there, however disguised.

Again, you have no right to abdicate that which is your mission upon earth. The laws which rule your life are *words* which become *acts*. Who but yourselves shall so determine your future?

But the 'division of employments,' 'greater capacities,' 'difficulties in the way,' and other special pleas of the advocates of usurpation?

God's law recognizes no such division of 'employments' as the division of usurpation for this man, and slavery or neglect of duty for another. It is not within the scope of human rights to divide men into slaves and tyrants, under any pretence of employment.

What shall hinder you from being *advised* by even the 'greatest capacities'? No need therefore to *enthron*e them. Still, though you take counsel, your will must remain sovereign.

As to 'difficulties in the way,' they are a sort of roaring lion which may be very frightful to grey-headed slaves, but which cannot hinder Humanity. There are after all no insurmountable difficulties in the way of God's law.

Choose, O People, whom you will to *advise* you; appoint whom you will to *execute* your sovereign mandates; but dare not to abdicate your *legislative* power. Have your ministers, but be sovereign.

Make your own laws; express your own will; regulate your own course of life. Surrender into no hands the sovereignty which can not be deputed, which must be exercised or abdicated.

Abdication is a denial of the divine mission of life, an abandonment of duty: it is suicide, atheism.

It matters not to show that some monarchs are benevolent and cheap and beautiful and harmless; it helps not to prove that representatives are convenient, or that sometimes they even square their wills with those of the 'masters' whom they rule.

It is no question here *how* you shall put an end to usurpation.

The question set before you, for your consideration, is the difference in principle between Monarchy and the Republic, between usurpation and real sovereignty, between the tyranny of any class and the law of liberty ordained by God.

Judge ye for yourselves!

And be your actions the honest echoes of your thought!

WHAT THE WHIGS WANT:

AND WHO THEY ARE.

'They would be stronger if their institutions were garrisoned by three or four millions. . . . He knew of no natural right to the franchise. . . . He would take property as its basis. . . . And he said, once for all, God forbid that any change should take place in our form of government.'

So spoke Richard Cobden, on the 6th of July, 1848, on the introduction of Joseph Hume's measure of Parliamentary Reform.

'The present condition of the country is perilous in the extreme. . . . disorganized, . . . no leaders . . . character . . . energy . . . No hope but in an extension of THE POPULAR BASIS OF OUR INSTITUTIONS, . . . to a much greater extent. . . . It is impossible that an hereditary monarch can keep his ground without the intervention of a privileged aristocracy . . . of WEALTH, talent, and education . . . more or less of an hereditary character. . . . Such an extension of the democratic influence as we recommend is needed to confirm . . . the stability of the aristocracy as an element of our constitution.' And so to perpetuate a caste.'^a This is the *Express* of May 13, 1851.

And by way of clincher, Mr. Bunting, at one of our recent 'National and popular soirées,' finds that 'the Church' is to be saved by 'Household Suffrage.'

Not one word of human right, save Mr. Cobden's to ignore it. Not one word, even from the Norwich Operative, of the Rights of Labour, as anterior to those of Property. Is it not plain what the Whigs want? Need we ask?

The throne, the lords, the church, wealth and education for a caste, and a strong garrison to keep down the helots. In a word our present institutions, improved. And, above all things, constitutional agitation to gain our ends: meaning this Whig Order to be *final*.

^a 'All the scions of noble family, and their connections by marriage, who have been adverted to as constituting the nucleus of the House of Commons, resolve themselves into some half-dozen family groups, more or less distantly allied by birth or affinity to as many of the most powerful and wealthy noble houses. Now, in a government like ours, in which the House of Commons by holding the strings of the national purse decides who are to be the holders of administrative office, this circumstance limits the prospect of advancement in an official career to the relations or dependents of these noble groups. Hence it comes that our navy and army, our diplomacy, and the whole of our civil service, are full of men promoted not in virtue of their efficiency, but of their birth and connexions. They are animated by the spirit of a coterie, and moreover are characterised by the effeminacy of men who have obtained promotion without those preliminary hard struggles which develope and invigorate the faculties. It is to this we owe the anti-popular tendencies of officials of all parties, and that feebleness which even more than lack of political integrity has arrested the progress of improvement, and brought public affairs into their present lamentable state of confusion.'—*Express* of May 13.

Republicans do not want any of these things. Of the Constitution we know nothing, and defy any one to give us any information. For there is no Constitution. The old women and the Whigs appeal to a non-entity. The Constitution is Mrs. Harris, the friend of most respectable Mrs. Gamp. There was between a brigand leader and his banditti a bargain called *Magna Charta*; there was another bargain between certain Whigs and a poor-souled Dutchman, called the *Bill of Rights*. But even the King of Prussia would be ashamed of such a pretence for a popular *Constitution*.

We do not want the throne, the lords, or the church; nor do we want wealth and education confined to a caste. We do not want to divide the nation into a helotry and—a *Garrison*, Mr. Cobden! We would get rid of our present unequal institutions; and establish in their stead the Sovereignty of the whole People, based on that natural right which the 'free-trader' cannot understand. We would institute the organization of the Nation, not in castes, but in free associations, guaranteeing those rights of industry which are yet harder for the profit-monger's comprehension.

The Whigs want only to make the game last their own time. 'After us the deluge' is *their motto*. If change should come, said the patriot of the garrison, 'might it come when he was not here to witness it, *because* he was sure the generation that would benefit by it would not be that which achieved it.' A lofty sentiment, well worthy of the hereditary nobility of the Ingots.

The Whigs want security for their 'interests.' Duty be damned! is written in their hearts.

But who are the Whigs?

There are more of them than is generally supposed. A good many out of livery. Let us point at a few of the most prominent as they pass us in the crowd.

Yonder good looking young man *calls himself* a Radical, nay, in private he is 'inclined to' republicanism; but he sees no one to act with, thinks chartists low, republicans extreme, and has his business to look after. But believing that he has a conscience, he pets some refugee, Louis Blanc perhaps, to prove his sympathy with foreign freedom; allows that England is very different from other monarchical countries, thinking possibly with the eccentric Translator of Considerant's Solution, that the Direct Sovereignty of the People may easily dove-tail with a Queen and a House of Lords; and *subscribes* to Mr. Hume's swindle. Is not he very like a Whig? And yet he despises Lord John.

Here is a Chartist who is rampant for Universal Suffrage, talks aloud of it as he threads the streets. What for? my good man! He does not know, but that some one told him it would give him better wages, would lead to 'poor men's rights,' to an improvement of some sort, it may be through Communism; anything would be better than this present slavery. He would pull down the Peers; would let the Church shift for itself, and be at least as honest as Methodism; but he has less objection to Monarchy, because the present Sovereign does no harm; and he will give his penny to a monument for Peel. What difference, except in the depth of dye, is there between this man's principles—*motives or beginnings of action*—and the Whig's?

The next who passes is a wholesale manufacturer of republican silk-purses from the best warranted real pig-bristles. Let him go by before we call him whiggish, for fear of offending him. He is touchy as well as simple; and is very busy just now as a practical social reformer. He rather eschews politics.

We have spoken before of Whigs as a worst sort of Tories, as a gang of scoundrels who like to do wrong if they may preach the while, with many a pious wink, of the beauties of godliness. These are the Whigs proper (if such a term can be applied to them), the Whigs in livery—in *puris naturalibus*, that is to say, in the original buff. You will find picked specimens in *the House*. But a much larger species of Whigs, whom we are very far indeed from calling scoundrels, is the mob of those who want reforms for their own benefit, rather than for the advantage of Humanity; who do not wish to do *wrong*, but who will not leave their parlour-fire or their pot-house to do *right*; who are always hooking themselves on to some expediency truck or other, to save them from a disagreeable march on the road of duty. Men who would fly to heaven on the civillest devils' backs; but who would bargain for plenty of baiting-places on the way. This large class, however honestly inclined, would build human life and government (so doing unto others as they would be done unto) upon *shifty conveniences* instead of *principles*. These are the better sort of Whigs: of whom the best we can say is that, whatever they believe, not one of them was ever christened by the name of Martyr.

But as the times grow more earnest what of manhood there is among these, blushing to remain in the whig ranks, in the pay of Tyrants, will come little by little, as their manner is, to swell our republican muster. For the days are not distant in which this England shall be divided into three camps—that of the Monarchists, that of the Republicans, and that of the Constitutionalists—who are neither one thing nor the other, like the bats in the fable. Let them take sides in time. We will reserve a fire for their decision, knowing their tendencies.

Whosoever is not with us is against us. He who does not *act* as a Republican, is more or less an abettor of Tyranny.

MORE MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

ON THE CROSS OF THE NEW PEACE APOSTLE.

'Peace upon earth and good-will among thieves':
 So Cobden sang to jaunty Palmerston,
 Under the Russian Devil's scaffold eaves,
 Where laughing Haynau couch'd, his murders done.

ANOTHER FOR LORD JOHN.

(Michael and Satan contended for the body of Moses.)

Michael and Satan once again
Have had a serious tustle :
For Satan would not foul his reign
With such a corpse as Russell.

FOR A TESTIMONIAL TO FATHER MATHEW.

(For the base of an elegant design of a temperate slave-holder administering the whip to a teetotal black: commemorative of the Father's successful mission to America.)

Lift, sober Slave! the exultant brow,
Though chain and whip yet scathe you;
No drunken master flogs you now :
Thank God for Father Mathew.

FOR A TABLET IN ALL-SAINTS' CHURCH.

(Hell, says the Portuguese Proverb, is paved with good intentions.)

If Cant, who always wishes well,
May supersede the Saviour,
Sleek Ashley has not gone to Hell
To be the Fiend's Arch-Paviour.

FOR HIS GRACE OF OXFORD.

(On his recent defence of the Bishop of 'Double-Gloucester.' Am I not a man and a brother?)

New-smoothe your smiles, ye philanthropic hacks!
The Wilberforced emotion never slacks :
Hear our sweet saint defend his reverend brother Blacks!

FOR AN OBELISK IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

(Erected to the Gentlemen of Puddledock.)

A page of the 'Times' the Devil read,
And he flung it down :—Ahem!
I'm the father of lies, I know, he said;
But I'm damn'd if I father them.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

From a host of correspondents who variously criticize our endeavours we select a few who may possibly be types of classes, in order that some explanations may clear our course.

A objects to the political character of our agitation; thinks that a nation can not so be regenerated; that the mere political is of little consequence, but the culture of poetry and art, and the bringing their humanizing influences to bear upon the masses, is far more needful. We would answer that *A* is right in his high estimate of poetry and art; but how make these most accessible to the people? How but by removing the social impediments in the way of the best growth and education of the whole People? This we believe can only be done through a thorough political revolution. All other attempts at *national* regeneration are of the character of Mrs. Partington's ocean-reform. *A* would have the higher-natured devote themselves, like Goethe, to the culture of the higher arts, and trust to the beneficial result of the exhibition of their works. Rather let them devote themselves to the worship of Beauty—which is Truth, which will sometimes lead them from the study to the battle-field, ay, even from the sanctuary to the daily strife between slaves and tyrants, between wrong and right. For Art is not worshipful for its own sake, but because it ministers to Humanity; and to forget Humanity at your devotions in the little chapel of Art is to turn idolator. Think not, O Artist! Poet! or Musician! so exclusively of thy work as to forget for whom thou doest it, even Humanity for whose service God gave thee genius and thy divinest longings. And *A* loses sight of the scope and meaning of this word *polities*. Let him carefully reconsider the purpose of our labours, and he will cease to depise *polities*, which are *the application of God's law in the government of the world*: an application which we would make systematic, instead of leaving it the anarchical chances of 'every body sweeping his own door.'

B thinks we English are already as republican as Jonathan; that social changes are slowly but surely progressing, in spite of all that despotisms can do; and that we may trust to readier communications by means of railways, to the beneficences of trade, or to the advances of social experiments, to give us all we want. *B* is right, if all we want is material wealth, without caring too exactly about the distribution. We do not disesteem either, that great leveller and bringer together of friends, the Railway, and we know that material improvement is wanted, and that even in the most exclusively material improvement man's spiritual nature may find food for growth. But we would not leave even the material to make its way *in spite of despotisms*; we know that the spiritual can be lost in the material; and we are not content with being as republican as Jonathan, who, to say nothing here of his rascally slave-huntings, is at the best only leading an Arab sort of life, with plenty of liberty (for all who are strong enough to exercise it), but without even a dream of the true equality of a brotherly organization. We would be more republican than that; and therefore our endeavour for a beginning.

C goes with us in our hopes, is 'a true Republican in principle,' but thinks an immediate organization toward obtaining the Republic is of little consequence, as should a political crisis arrive, we shall conglomerate into a phalanx instinctively. Good friend! have you read history,—nay, never mind about history: have you looked only at the last three years' newspapers to so little purpose? Was the phalanx so readily formed in 1848?

Among your own friends can you raise a troop of Ironsides (we speak morally of course), at so short a notice? Come the crisis when it will (and who shall say how soon it may not come?) the scattered '*Republicans in principle*' who have not even met together to know what their common principle is, will find themselves, like foolish virgins, shut out from the paradise for which they are so ready. We do not undervalue the intuitive force of the masses. That is always strong enough to snap asunder, like a weak twig, the burliest staff of despotism. Any moment may call forth the untaught giant's strength. But, despotism destroyed, what then? We tell you, friend! that the dead Tyranny will horribly revive on the morrow, (as already it has revived in Paris, in Vienna, in all Europe,) if there are none *prepared* to rivet it in its grave. No stake, caught hastily from a peasant's hand, will hold the royal vampire down. Join our organization, friend! and lose no time. An organized republican party, be it never so few, will be the only party capable of using a victory.

D objects to the severity of our personal criticisms. 'It may prevent reconciliation with many who might serve us.' We want no reconciliation with those who are proved enemies. There can be no reconciliation between the two principles. Republic or Monarchy: we say again there is nothing between them. Whoso is not with us is against us. We want no half-friends who are more fatal than whole enemies. For the *personal*, we attack no man's motives, but we cannot speak of particular acts without involving the actors; and we deem it wholesome, and for the information of many, to brand a confirmed malefactor wherever we can catch him. Specially while our own trusted friends are so ready to be reconciled.

E finds fault with the large proportion of foreign teaching in our pages. We take no real teaching to be 'foreign.' Matters little whether our Duties are taught us by an Italian or an Englishman, unless the Italian can better teach us. But we own to the wilfully drawing largely from foreign sources. It is time that Englishmen should learn what opinions are abroad beyond our circling seas. That we may not be ignorant of the merits of the coming struggle *which will be recommenced by foreigners*. May we follow them! Also, we will not forget in due time to compare their views with the teaching of our own masters in liberal thought, that our Republicanism, though enriched by many a lesson, may be of English growth, characteristic of the genius of our people. Once for all, it is for an English Republic that we work.

THE SHADOW OF A GHOST.

We learn that some of our Chartist friends have taken umbrage at the *Ghost of Chartism* in our June number. Will they reconsider the matter, and they may find it was not insinuated that no Chartists had principles, nor that the Charter itself is not based on principle; the accusation was that *the new Convention-programme lays down no principles*. How correct the estimate of Chartist earnestness, judge by the 'national' subscriptions to the Charter-fund:—£39 2s. 6d. for three months! Is this earnest? As regards the Polish Refugees there can be no question of the sympathy for them. The reproach was directed against the utter want of organization, which made the expression of that sympathy so difficult. For the rest, the writer of that article is yet doing his part as a member of the Chartist Association, and might claim even on such ground alone a right to state unreservedly his opinion of the 'movement,' even if he was not

One twelve years in the ranks.

RHYMES AND REASONS AGAINST LANDLORDISM.

EMIGRANTS.

We'll not forget you, Mother!
 In the land that's far away;
 We'll think of you, dear! at our work,
 And bless you when we pray.
 Look cheerly, that your smile may be
 Before me night and day,
 On our long journey o'er the sea,
 To the land that's far away.
 Stay those sobs of woe;
 Smooth thine hair so grey:
 'Twill wring my heart to see thee so,
 In the land that's far away.

You'll tend the white rose, Mother!
 On our little Nelly's grave:
 I can not help these foolish tears,—
 And yet I'm very brave.
 And you'll take care of Tom's dog, poor thing!
 And Nelly's skylark, too;
 And think, whene'er you hear him sing,
 He sings of us to you.
 Nay! look calmly, do!
 Mother! Mother! pray:
 How will I bear to dream of you
 In the land that's far away?

We'll write so often, Mother!
 And Father—he can read;
 And you'll get some neighbour write to us,
 To say if you're in need.
 And tell us how you bear the cold,
 If Father's lameness mends:
 Dear life! he's not so very old;
 And God will bring you friends.
 O, this parting pain!
 Mother, darling! pray,
 Let me see you smile again,
 Before I go away!

We'll save our earnings, Mother!
 To help your failing years;

And some day come back to you, love !
 And kiss away your tears.
 Who knows but we may send for you ?
 You'll live to see that day :
 O, Mother darling ! bear it through,
 While we are far away.
 Stay those sobs of woe !
 Smooth thine hair so grey !
 'Twill wring my heart to leave thee so,
 In the land that's far away.

EMIGRATION.

Stoops the sun behind the ocean ;
 Darker shadows hide the bay ;
 And the last weak words are spoken
 From heart-breaking to heart-broken,
 As the ship gets under weigh.
 Now the yellow moon is waning
 On the dim and lessening strand ;
 Darkly speeds 'The Exile,' draining
 The life-blood of the land.

 Reck not Youth's intense emotion,
 Weeping Love or white-brow'd Care ;
 Look on Manhood spirit-broken,
 On the dark signs that betoken
 Progress of the plague Despair.
 Hopeless are the dim eyes straining
 Tow'rd that woe-worn pilgrim band ;
 Darkly speeds 'The Exile,' draining
 The life-blood of the land.

Yet the patriot's life-devotion——
 Fierce and bitter his reply :—
 'Love is mindful, by the token
 'That his young hopes, famine-broken,
 'In yon clouded grave-yard lie ;
 'Dead, as dogs die, scarce complaining :
 Let us quit the accursèd strand !'
 Darkly speeds 'The Exile,' draining
 The life-blood of the land. ^a

^a I do not reproach the emigrants. How many, tracked by the bloodhounds of the law for their share in endeavouring to raise their country, are compelled to leave it ! How many, too, have no resource but emigration to keep them from dying of famine here ! And, if those better able to help also emigrate, it is not much to be wondered at. But the fact remains the same ; and the terrible revenge of consequence halts for no conscientious justifications of individuals,

PATRIOTISM.

Love of Country!—Love of Ruin!
 Case thy heart in triple steel!—
 Yet Love quits not Her he knew in
 Days of loveliness and weal.—
 Days we knew not. To our thinking
 Patience looks too like Despair.
 Save yourself: the ship is sinking!
 Leave the wreck to perish there.

It may be that brave hearts linger,
 Some proud captain to the last:
 Yonder foaming wave will wring her,
 Stem and stern; she's breaking fast.—
 We are tired of battling ever
 With disaster's whelming sea:
 We are weary of endeavour;
 Let us die among the free!

PATRIOTS.

Where, my Country! are thy zealots?
 Where thy freemen? Echo saith:
 Yonder crowds of famish'd helots
 Have no country, have no faith.
 What to them the deathless story,
 Page historic, scroll of fame?
 What have they to do with glory?
 Can they lower sink than shame?

Give the serf a freeman's station,
 Root him firmly in the soil,—
 He'll not then desert his nation,
 Chary of his blood or toil.
 Swinehood, with or wanting victual,
 Patriot duty,—what care they?
 When your country's but a spital,
 Who but Wretchedness will stay?

Where, my Country! are thy zealots?
 Fellow-patriots! answer me:
 We were something worse than helots
 If we dared not to be free.
 Then, though flame from Hell enwreathed us,
 We'd not flinch, the while we stood
 On the land our sires bequeath'd us,
 To quench peril, even in blood.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

(From June 22nd to July 22nd.)

REPUBLICAN CHRONICLE.

Republican organization has commenced in Glasgow, and is beginning in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Our friends in Cheltenham have allowed their zeal to unduly hasten their proceedings. The consequence is a falling off of members who had joined without a full understanding of republican principles. We mention this as a warning to others, but neither as blame nor discouragement to those whose only error has been in too much trusting to their own fervour. They will not think us wrong in using the occasion to urge again the importance of allowing none to join our associations except those who can really signify their adhesion to our principles,—who are *ready* to join us, not merely in good faith, but because they have carefully considered and weighed the essentials of our creed. The *Republican Catechism* at page 145 (Tract 2) might serve as a form of examination to test the proficiency of candidates: the answers not to be given by rote. The Bethnal-Green Society has been holding public discussions, concerning republican principles. Lectures are to follow. This is well. We have nothing special to remark of other places.

THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE

has issued the following striking address TO THE ROUMANIAN POPULATIONS. ^a

Roumanians!

You are of the race of those who do not perish. The name which comes to you from your fathers, your language, your traditions, your tendencies, everything reminds you that you proceed from that people which twenty centuries ago marked the world with the footprint of a giant, on the way of European civilization. That people is now alive again; you also ought to return to life, for you also have a mission to fulfil in Europe, and the instinctive consciousness of this mission has never been effaced from your souls.

You are called to represent, in the midst of Eastern Europe, the thought of individual liberty and collective progress which has consecrated us Europeans as apostles of Humanity. You are the vanguard of the Greco-Latin race, and you should be one of the rings of junction destined to link its activity to that of the Slavonian and Magyar races.

It is the perception of your mission which constitutes and guarantees your nationality.

Develope it with faith and constancy; suffer, work, fight for it. It is your duty toward Humanity; it is your right in relation to the Nations which compose it.

It is in the name of the peoples who, from this present, have signed by our hands the

^a The Roumanian race, numbering some 10,000,000 souls, is spread over the 'Russian' province of Bessarabia, on the eastern bank of the Danube; the 'Turkish' provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, on the western bank; and the adjoining 'Austrian' territory of Transylvania and the Banat. The Roumanians claim to be descended from Roman colonists, their country being the ancient Dacia; their language also bears a close resemblance to the Latin. During the Hungarian struggle, Austria availed herself of the jealousies which she had excited between the Roumanians and the Magyars.

preliminaries of the European federal pact, that we establish this duty and this right. Be our brethren, as we are yours. A people can no more march alone upon the earth to the conquest of the liberty which is its breath of life, than an individual can be alone in the heart of a State. Peoples are the individuals of Humanity. Enter into the great family; at its hearth you will recover the titles of your future national existence. Grasp hands with us over the tombs of our martyrs. The same earth supports us; the same heaven stretches over our heads; let the same thought of love warm our hearts; let the same sign be witness of our brotherhood before God and men. Each for all, all for each: long forgotten by the peoples, and usurped by our oppressors for their own impious ends, this holy device will be our only safeguard.

A great battle is about to be fought in the world, between good and the spirit of evil, for liberty and justice against oppression, whencesoever it may come. It is there that every national flag will receive its consecration. It will be blessed by the brother nations, after the victory.

Hold yourselves ready, and hasten to the signal. But meanwhile purify your faith; meditate upon the word which issues from the entrails of the peoples and hovers over Europe. Rally your youth around the principles taught us by the lessons of wisdom and by our late reverses.

Never separate the question of liberty from that of independence. Peoples, like individuals, have a double life, the inner and the outer. He who forgets the first is not worthy to conquer the second.

Liberty is not anarchy; it is not the caprice or the selfish interest of each substituted for the arbitrariness or the interest of a caste or of a man; it is the faculty of choosing, without limits and with the assistance of one's brethren, the means which seem to each best fitted to attain the end. The end is the true, the good, justice and love. It is the same for all; only many roads lead towards it, and the choice between these diverse roads is liberty.

Nationality is the liberty of peoples. Nationality is not hatred, mistrust, or jealousy; it is not the captious, hostile, selfish feeling which in past times made a people call all who lived beyond its frontiers barbarians: that was only nationality such as kings, princes, and lords, could conceive and teach it. The nationality of the peoples is the spontaneous, instinctive feeling of a special duty to accomplish, of something to do freely in the world, in virtue of certain aptitudes given to a group of men placed in the same territorial conditions, speaking the same tongue, baptized in the same traditions. Nationhood is the sign of this group of workmen in the midst of Humanity; it is its right to a place at the common banquet, the flag which it would intertwine with other flags, declaring its faith in the general association for the good of all, and reserving at the same time its own right to regulate freely its private interests, to develop in its own manner its local habits and tendencies.

Roumanians! brethren! never forget these principles: for you are surrounded by enemies in disguise who make magic words resound in your ears, only to alter their true value, to stifle more surely the idea which they represent.

The Czar calls himself your protector; he talks to you of independence and nationality: repulse him without hesitation, for the Czar is a living Lie. There is no independence without liberty; and how could liberty come to you from the oppressor of Poland and Hungary, the man who at home reigns only by means of bayonets, and the knout, and Siberian mines?

The Tyrant of Austria tells you that your nationality consists in fidelity to his house and war against the Magyar. Repulse with horror his insinuations. This man holds the

same language to Magyar, German, and Slavonian: he divides to reign. His cabinet is the centre of European despotism: deceiver everywhere, tyrant everywhere. The power, whose brow is doubly branded with the horrors of Galicia and of Italy, has no right to touch your national flag.

The Slavonian and the Magyar, the Italian and the Greek, are your brothers; the Emperor and the Czar are their enemies and your enemies. You will have neither independence, nor liberty, nor justice, except through their fall; and their fall can only take place through the sincere and brotherly union of all those who suffer, pray, and fight against their double oppression.

Among the races which surround you some have been too long forgetful of you: to day they hold out their hands to you. Others have been unjust to you: they can be so no longer. They are learning justice and equality in their fall, in one common suffering. Do the same, and strength for all arise from out your mutual advances.

Serious territorial questions are yet in agitation between you. Adjourn their solution until the defeat of the enemy, and declare that this solution shall be peaceful. The future is not for the kings who in virtue of brute force arbitrarily parted the nations at the Congress of Vienna. The future is for the confederated peoples; it is for a coming Congress where all shall be represented upon a basis of equality, and which shall remake the map of Europe after the wishes of the populations, conformably to geographical conditions, to affinities of language, traditions and special aptitudes; the future is for universal suffrage, the supreme law of Democracy. Fear nothing, then, for your future. Where the voice of the People shall say in a calm and imposing manner—'Such is our wish,' that wish will be fulfilled. European Democracy will protect every right rendered sacred by the accomplishment of duty.

Organize yourselves; establish close relations between yourselves and all those peoples oppressed by the Czar and by the Emperor: it is in doing this that you will enter the European Alliance; thus will end an isolation which would condemn you to impotence.

The great Danubian Confederation will be a fact of our epoch. Let this thought direct all your acts. The bridge of Trajan has now but its extremities, on either shore of the Danube: it is the symbol of the actual state of things. Let new arches be thrown by your hands. This is your work toward the future!

For the Central European Democratic Committee.

LEDRU-ROLLIN—J. MAZZINI—A. DARASZ—A. RUGE.

THE MONTH'S NEWS are 'unimportant'; but there are items to prove how excellently we are 'governed' by what is called the party of order.

To begin with Ireland, in whose population, says the Census, there is a *reduction* of 1,659,330 since 1841. There are 269,353 fewer houses than in 1841. One million souls have emigrated, been transported. What the Famine, by the grace of misgovernment, has slain, is only to be guessed by estimating the difference between the actual reduction and what ought to have been the increase: some two million at least. Yet it is in the face of such results that ministers refuse (negativizing a motion by Mr. Scully) to allow the labour of Irish paupers to be productive.

The harmless Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, aggravated by an amendment carried against Ministers, is gone to the Upper House. A majority in a small House has voted uselessly for the Ballot; Lord John has declared himself in favour of abolishing the pretence of a property qualification *for Members*. But no man shall vote who has not paid his house-tax.

£32,000 is the avowed cost of Secret Service, spies, etc., for this year.

Lord Normanby's charge to the nation for his ambassadorship at Paris, during the last five years, is over £70,000. For this small amount he has given *our* consent to the Expedition against Rome.

The Falkland Islands cost us only £5000. There are 100 inhabitants, with a surveyor at a salary of £1167, a governor at £800, and a chaplain at £400. But it is thought possible that the Islands may serve as a valuable station in case of war with some undiscovered neighbours.

The 'Jewish Disabilities Bill' has been rejected by the Lords. Alderman Salomons on the following evening endeavoured to take his seat in the Commons. He was ejected, of course. Will he follow up his claim, and the country back him? It would be a fine opening between the People and the Usurpers.

The privacy of the bishops has been shamefully violated by Sir B. Hall, who wants to discover their real incomes, no bishop being able to ascertain the exact amount of his receipts. It is said the bishop of Durham has in the last fourteen years received £79,650 more than he ought—even according to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The Bench acknowledge to some £200,000 a year among them. Fifteen Roman Catholic archbishops and sixty-five bishops, in France, have £34,400 a-year, among them all.

The Hill-Coolies imported five years ago into Jamaica claim the fulfilment of the Government-promise to take them home again without cost to them. The government that lies to all in turn, is not likely to keep faith with Hill-Coolies; and of course objects. Nor will the House of Commons pay the Danish claims, depending on English honour since Nelson's piracy at Copenhagen.

Liverpool has just been disgraced by an Orange Riot—Orangemen with drawn swords, escorted by the police, parading through the streets; using their swords too on the unarmed crowd. Military outrages are frequent: in Liverpool and Edinburgh they have however exceeded the average of brutality. An excellent training for the military, keeping them also in ill-blood, in case of *need*.

For government on other matters, witness the Eastern Counties Railway Company barricading their line against the Great Northern: the highway stopped by the squabbles of two trading Companies. This is the present ordering of society.

For the Law, it may be enough to instance the case of the prosecution of the publishers of Dickens' Unstamped Household Words. The Judges are divided; can come to no determination as to what is the Law. Judgment stands over.

A horrible state of things is evidenced by the disclosure of irregularities at the Northwoods Lunatic Asylum. 105 persons have been detained there without the proper legal forms; one, a lady, for thirteen years; another only on the certificate of her husband. The *proprietor* has rendered himself liable to 280 prosecutions, but is not prosecuted, and has his license renewed by the justices.

Queen Adelaide was so poor that out of her £100,000 a year she could spare no pensions to her servants; so she desired to be buried 'without ostentation.' Her cheap funeral cost only £2,844, 3s. 11d.

Lord Palmerston has been obtaining the freedom of some of the Hungarians: an Austrian emissary *forcing them* to quit Kutayeh. For what purpose? Does lord Palmerston intend really to deliver Kossuth—to the Assassins?

Bakoonin has been given up to Russia, and sent to Siberia.

Let us finish for once with good news, though from the far end of the world. M'Manus, the Irish rebel, has escaped. Would that his friends had escaped with him: Frost also and his companions, whom Whig vindictiveness lets not from its fangs after so many years of torment.

OF THE DUTIES OF MAN.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

III.

THE LAW.

You have life: you have therefore a law of life. There is no life without a law. Whatever exists, exists in a certain manner, according to certain conditions, in virtue of a certain law. A law of aggregation governs the minerals; a law of development governs the plants; a law of motion governs the stars; a law governs you and your life,—a law so much higher and more noble, as you are superior to all other created things upon earth. To develop yourself, to act, and live according to your law, is the first, or rather your only Duty.

God has given you life; God has therefore given you the law. God is the only Legislator of the human race. His law is the only one which you ought to obey. Human laws are only valid and good so far as they are one with that, unfolding and applying it; they are bad whenever they contradict or separate themselves from it, and in such cases it is not only your right but your duty to disobey and abolish them. He who best unfolds and applies God's Law to human affairs is your legitimate chief: love him and follow him! But beside God you neither have nor can have other *masters*, without betraying or rebelling against Him.

In the *knowledge* of your law of life, of *God's Law*, lies therefore the foundation of Morality—the rule of your actions and your duties, the standard of your responsibility: moreover in that is your defence against unjust laws, which the arbitrariness of one man, or of many men may attempt to impose upon you. Without this knowledge, you can pretend to neither the name nor the rights of *men*. All rights have their origin in a law, and whenever you cannot invoke that law, you are but tyrants or slaves: tyrants if you are strong, slaves of the stronger if you are weak. To be *men* you need to know the law that distinguishes human nature from that of brutes, plants, and minerals, and to conform your actions to it.

How can you know it?

This is the question which in all times Humanity has put to those who have pronounced the word *duties*; and various have been the replies hitherto given.

Some have replied by showing a code, a book, saying: '*Within this is all the moral law.*' Others have said: '*Let every man interrogate his own heart; there rests the definition of good and evil.*' Others again have rejected the judgment of the individual, and have appealed to universal consent and declared that, '*when-ever Humanity agrees in a faith, that faith is the true.*'

They all have erred. And the history of mankind demonstrates by irrefutable facts the impotence of all these replies.

They, who affirm that all the moral law is to be found in a single book or in the mouth of one man, forget that there is no code from which Humanity after a belief of centuries has not withdrawn, to the search and inspiration of a better : and that there is no reason, especially now, to believe that Humanity has changed its method.

To those who maintain that only the conscience of the *individual* is the rule of *truth* and *falsehood*, or good and evil, it is enough to repeat that there was never a religion, however sacred, which had not its heretics, its dissenters convinced and ready to affront martyrdom in the name of their conscience. At present Protestantism is divided and subdivided into a thousand sects, all based on the right of *individual conscience*, all furious to wage war with one another, and perpetuating the anarchy of creeds, that real and only source of the discord which socially and politically torments the peoples of Europe.

And, on the other hand, to the men who deny the testimony of individual conscience, in order to appeal only to the accord of all Humanity in one faith, it suffices to repeat, how all the great ideas which have bettered Humanity began to manifest themselves in opposition to the creeds approved by Humanity, and were preached by individuals, whom Humanity derided, persecuted, and crucified.

Each of these rules is therefore insufficient for acquiring the knowledge of GOD'S LAW, of the Truth. And nevertheless the conscience of the individual is sacred : the common consent of Humanity is sacred : and whoever refuses to interrogate either the one or the other, deprives himself of an essential means of knowing the truth. Till now the general error has been, that men wished to arrive at it through one only of these means : a positive, and in its consequences a most fatal error ; because the conscience of the individual cannot be regarded as the sole rule of truth without falling into anarchy, nor can we at any given moment invoke as beyond appeal the general consent, without stifling human liberty, and crushing it under tyranny.

Thus (and we quote these examples to show how, much more than is generally believed, the whole social edifice depends upon these first bases)—thus men, following the same error, have organized political society : some only on a respect for the rights of the *individual*, entirely forgetting the educational mission of society ; others only on *social rights*, sacrificing the liberty and action of the individual. ^a France after her great revolution, and England also, teach us most signally, how the first system leads but to inequality and the oppression of the many ; and Communism, among other things, should it ever be able to become a fact, would demonstrate to us, that the second condemns society to a petrification, arresting every movement and faculty of progress.

Thus the one, only considering the pretended rights of the *individual*, have organized or rather disorganized the economical system, giving to it as its only basis the theory of unlimited *free competition* ; while the others, caring but for *social* unity, would trust Government with the monopoly of all the productive force of the State : two conceptions, the first of which has given us all the evils of anarchy, while the second would give us immobility and all the evils of tyranny.

God has given you the consent of your brethren and your own conscience as

two wings to raise you as much as possible toward Him. Why should you insist on cutting off one? Why should you either isolate yourselves, or be absorbed in the world? Or why wish to stifle the voice of the human race? Both are sacred; God speaks in both. Wherever they meet, wherever the cry of your conscience is ratified by the consent of Humanity, there is God; there you may be sure of having grasped the truth: the one is the verification of the other.

If your duties were but negative, if they consisted only in *not doing ill*, in not injuring your brethren, perhaps, in the present state of development of the less educated, the voice of your conscience would suffice to direct you. You are born for good, and whenever you act directly *against* the Law, whenever you commit what men call *crime*, there is always something in you that accuses you: some inward voice of reproach, which you may hide from others, but never from yourselves. But your most important duties are positive. *Not to do*, is not enough: We must do. It is not enough to limit ourselves to not acting *against* law; we must act *according to* the Law. It is not enough *not to injure*, you must *help* your brethren. Only too much till now morality to a large number of men has assumed rather a negative than an affirmative form. The interpreters of the Law have said—*Thou shalt not steal! Thou shalt not murder!* few, indeed none, have taught the obligations incumbent upon man: how he can and ought to help his fellows to carry out the Design of God's creation. Now this is the prime object of Morality: nor can the individual by consulting only his own conscience ever attain it.

The conscience of the individual speaks according to his *education*, his tendencies, his habits, and his passions. The conscience of a wild Iroquois speaks a different language to that of an uncivilized European of the nineteenth century. The conscience of the freeman suggests to him duties, which the conscience of the slave never even suspects. Question the poor Lombard or Piedmontese journeyman whose only apostle of morality is a caitiff priest, for whom—if he can read—the Austrian catechism is the only permitted book, and he will tell you that his duties are: to labour assiduously for any remuneration to support his family,—unlimited submission to the laws without examination, whatever they may be,—and not to injure others. To those who would speak to him of the duties owing to his country and Humanity, who would tell him—‘You injure your brethren by consenting to work for a price inferior to the work, you sin against God and your own soul in obeying unjust laws,’—he will answer by raising his eyebrows like a person who does not understand the question. Ask the Italian workman to whom better circumstances, or contact with men of a more cultivated mind, has taught a great portion of truth; he will tell you that his country is enslaved, that his brethren are *unjustly* condemned to live in material and moral misery, that he feels the duty of protesting with all his energy against such injustice. How is it that the suggestions of the conscience of two individuals of the same time and country should so widely differ? How is it that among ten individuals belonging in the main to the same faith, a faith which ordains the development and progress of the human race, we find ten different convictions as to the manner of applying that faith to their actions, that is, to their *duties*? Evidently the voice of the individual's conscience is not sufficient

in every circumstance, and without any other rule, to reveal to him the law. Conscience is sufficient to teach you only that a law exists, not what it is: sufficient to teach you that you have duties, but not what those duties are. And this is why, however egotism predominated, martyrdom was never exiled from Humanity: but how many martyrs have sacrificed their lives only for presumed duties, to the advantage of errors now manifest to all?

You need therefore a guide for your conscience,—a light that may break through the surrounding darkness,—a rule to verify and direct its instincts. And that rule is the *Intellect of Humanity*.

God has given *intellect* to every one of you, that you may educate it, to know his law. At present misery, the inveterate errors of ages, and the will of your masters, forbid even the possibility of your educating it; hence it is necessary to overthrow those obstacles by force. But even were the obstacles removed, the intellect of each would be insufficient to know the law of God, unless based upon the intellect of Humanity. Your life is short: your individual faculties are weak, uncertain, and need a point of leverage. Now God has placed within your reach a being whose life is continual,—whose faculties are the sum of all the individual faculties which have been exercised for perhaps four hundred centuries,—a being which, notwithstanding the errors and crimes of individuals, is ever improving in wisdom and morality,—a being in whose development God has written and yet writes, at every epoch, a line of his law.

This being is Humanity.

‘Humanity,’ said a thinker of the last century, ‘is a man who is always learning.’ Individuals die, but whatever truth they have thought, whatever good they have worked out, is not lost with them: Humanity collects it, and the men who walk over their graves profit by it. We are now, each of us, born in an atmosphere of ideas and of beliefs elaborated by all the bygone of Humanity: every one of us, often unconsciously, adds an element more or less important, to the life of the Humanity that will succeed us. The education of Humanity progresses like the rising of those eastern pyramids to which every traveler added a stone. We pass, travelers of a day, destined to perfect our individual education elsewhere; the education of collective Humanity proceeds here on earth. The design of God, which shows by flashes in each of us, reveals itself slowly, progressively, and continually in Humanity. Humanity is the living Word of God. God’s spirit fructifies it and manifests itself in it, age after age, more purely and more actively: one day by means of an individual, another by means of a whole people. From work to work, from faith to faith, on, ever on, Humanity is conquering clearer notions of its own life, of its own mission, of God and of his law.

God incarnates himself successively in Humanity. The law of God is one, as God is one; but we only discover it article by article, line by line, the more rapidly as the educative experience of the foregoing generations is treasured up, and yet more as *association* among races, among peoples, among individuals, increases in extent and intensity. No man, no people, no age, can presume to discover it entirely; the moral law, the law of the life of Humanity can only be discovered in its plenitude by Humanity wholly collected in association, when all

the strengths, all the faculties, which constitute human nature, shall be developed and in action. Meanwhile that portion of Humanity which is more advanced in education instructs us by its development in a part of the law we seek. In its history we read the design of God; in its wants our *duties*: duties which change, or, more correctly speaking, which increase with our wants,—because our first duty consists in concurring in order that Humanity may promptly reach that degree of improvement and of education for which God and the times have prepared it.

To acquire the knowledge of God's Law you must not only question *your* conscience, but also the conscience, the agreement, of Humanity; to know your duties you must interrogate the actual wants of Humanity. Morality is progressive as the education of mankind or of yourselves. The morality of Christianity was not that of Paganism; the morality of our century is not that of eighteen centuries ago. By separating you from other classes, by prohibiting every kind of association, by a double censure imposed upon the press, your rulers endeavour to conceal from you your own duties along with the wants of Humanity. And nevertheless, even before the time when the nation shall gratuitously teach, in schools of Universal Education, the history of the past of Humanity, and its present wants, you can if you will, in part at least, learn the first and divine the second. The present wants of Humanity express themselves, more or less violently, more or less imperfectly, in the facts daily occurring in all countries where immobility and silence are not the absolute law. What can prohibit you this knowledge? What force of suspicious tyranny can for any length of time keep back from millions of men, many of them traveling in foreign countries and reëntering Italy, the knowledge of European facts. If public associations are forbidden in Italy who can prohibit you secret ones, so long as symbols and complicated organizations are avoided, and when they consist merely of a fraternal chain stretching from country to country until it touch some of the infinite points of the frontier? Can you not at every frontier point of the land or seaboard find your men, men whom your rulers have driven out of their country, because they wanted to assist you, who would become your apostles of the truth and who would rejoice to tell you all that the studies and the sad facilities of exile have taught them of the present wants and the traditions of Humanity? Who can prevent you against your will from receiving any of the writings your brethren in exile are printing for you? Read and burn them, so that on the morrow's inquiry your master may not find them in your hands and use them as an argument of offence against your families; but read them, and repeat all you can bear in your minds to the most faithful of your friends. Aid us with your offerings to extend the sphere of the *Apostolato*, to compile and print for you manuals of universal and national history. Aid us in multiplying ways of diffusing them. Convince yourselves, that without instruction you cannot know your duties; convince yourselves that where society withholds from you instruction, the responsibility of every wrong is not yours but society's; and that yours will begin from the day when a way of instruction has been opened to you and you neglect it, from the day on which a means of changing a society condemning you to ignorance is pointed out to you and you neglect to use it. You are not culpable, because you are ignorant;

you are culpable if you are content to be ignorant, if, while your conscience apprises you that God has not bestowed upon you faculties without having at the same time ordered you to develop them—you allow all your faculties of thought to slumber in your soul,—if, while knowing that God could not have given you the love of truth without having given you also the means of attaining it, you despairingly renounce the search and accept without examination as truth the assertion of Power or of the priests who are sold to Power.

God; *the Father and Educator of Humanity*, reveals both in space and time his law to Humanity. Interrogate the tradition of Humanity, the agreement of your brethren, not in the narrow circle of an age or of a sect, but in all ages and in the majority of men past and present. Wherever that agreement corresponds with the voice of your conscience, you may be sure of the truth, sure of having one line of the law of God.

We believe in Humanity as the sole interpreter of God's law upon earth; and from the agreement of Humanity in harmony with our conscience we deduce all we shall presently tell you of your duties.

SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

^a 'WE (the Phalansterians) are not Communists.'—*Considerant*.

'Duty comes from men, attraction from God.'—*Fourier*.

'And when the Tempter came to him, he said—If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread!

'But he answered—It is written that Man shall not live by bread alone.'—*Saint Matthew*.

'This is what the Spirit of Falsehood yet says, and is always saying, to men. They are hungry; and instead of showing them, in the rule of justice and brotherly love, the remedy for this hunger, he urges them to seek it in pure matter: *Command that these stones be made bread.*'—*Lamennais*.

'Fourierists, St. Simonians, Communists,—you are all worshippers of *utility*, you have no other moral than that of *interests*, your religion is that of matter.'—*Mazzini*.

What is Socialism and wherein is it different from Communism, is the first question; and it will not be readily answered by 'Socialists.' For some of them occasionally deny their masters, lacking courage to follow them to the end; and others are of such foggy and uncertain mind that they are unable to define their own views.

It was said that Proteus would change himself into an infinite variety of shapes, to escape those who held him bound in order to obtain his opinion. 'Socialism'

^a Socialism before the Old World, or the Living before the Dead. *V. Considerant*.
Lectures on Social Science and the Organization of Labour. *James Hole*.
Social Reform. *Thornton Hunt*, in the '*Leader*.'

has the Protean faculty. Grapple with it under any form, and it takes refuge in another. We must follow it through all its appearances before we shall be able to close with its real spirit and meaning.

Christianity had for its basis the dogma of *human equality*. The Christianity of 1800 years has been the endeavour to realize this dogma through the establishment of *individual liberty*. The emancipation of the bourgeoisie by the revolution of 1789 was but one step upon the way. The bourgeoisie, enthroned in 1830, forgot this, forgot that the rolling ball had but increased its impetus, that there could be no stopping short of the liberty of the very lowest of society.

In the eyes of what was privileged to be called society in old time, *slavery* was the natural order of things. Christianity abolished this, and transformed the *slaves* into *serfs*.

Feudal society had no doubt that this was the right order: but the Christian dogma, advancing, abolished *serfdom* and changed the *serfs* into *journeymen—hirelings*.

Bourgeois society is satisfied with going so far. Now at least we have arrived at a settled order. Alas, the logic of History has no pity even for a respectable bourgeoisie. Humanity yet progresses, insists on going faster than our gigs. The Christian dogma of equality must abolish the slavery of wages. The *journeyman* serf must become the free *associate*. Individual liberty is not else complete.

The endeavour to stop short of this was the cause of the terrible Insurrection of June. Continue the endeavour, and that June conflict will have been but as a skirmish of a few stragglers from the advancing army of the Poor. You can not stay the rising of the tide.

Absolutism is dead, though the corpse yet moves. Feudalism is gone, though the ape of the baron's fool is some little longer-lived. It was historically necessary also that the bourgeoisie should 'have its day.' Every dog in turn. The bourgeoisie may now be packing up its movables.

The enfranchisement of the People is about to be the order of society. What does that mean? The enfranchisement of the middle-class was not merely political; it brought also its social advantages, sufficiently solid. The enfranchisement of the People will also be not only political, but social. They will not only assume power, but they will exercise power, and in their own behalf. This is the much dreaded 'Social Reform.'

Let us inquire now how the Reformers have laid down the course of proceeding. That there should be dictators of the course is natural enough. Notwithstanding, we may be allowed an endeavour to ascertain where the dictators differ, where they agree, and how far their differences or agreement may avail for our guidance. Victor Considerant—perhaps the most enlightened Socialist of the day—will help our inquiry.

BABŒUF would have established Communism with the strong hand. He desired a community of goods, to be obtained in the first instance by confiscation. His project pitilessly absorbed individuality in the community, abolishing liberty for the sake of equality, breaking every will, every personal spontaneity under the absolute despotism of the law.

OWEN would also put an end to private property, to the personal rights of

capital, labour, and talent, but without the intervention of force. He would form voluntary associations, and trust to the power of education to make the rising generation docile, well-disposed and contented Communists, the abundance of their common wealth being also sufficient to satisfy every individual craving. Religion he ignores or is afraid of; and his equality does not preclude a patriarchal tyranny. Of the passions and aspirations of men he takes no count. Let them be well-fed and comfortable. His system, rather sentimental than scientific, is that of one led away by his benevolence; well-acquainted with modern industry, but without invention, depth, or genius.

CABET is the French Owen. His system is also *negative*, getting rid of the difficulties of Property, Individuality, and Religion, by throwing away the principles. The whole amount of his economic and social science consists in the willing abandonment of private property and in the words—*Distribution according to wants*, and *Fraternity*. Every thing is to be done by individual devotion in the name of individual interest.

ST. SIMON, or rather SAINT-SIMONIANISM (for the school was not formed till after the master's death) also denies individuality and property. The voluntary surrender of their property by the rich and the legal suppression of the right of inheritance was to be the foundation of the Saint Simonian State, which would thus become universal proprietor, supreme regulator of labour, chief and absolute director of the three functions—Art, Science, and Industry. In one of these three functions every one would be a worker, his place assigned to him by the priests (for the Saint-Simonian rule was to be theocratic), a hierarchy composed *hypothetically* of the most loving and most capable, ruling in divine right, absolutely independent of any election. The Saint-Simonian formula was '*To each according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its works.*' It started from a principle of inequality and authority, while the schools of Communism base themselves more or less on democratic equality, and proclaim either absolute equality of distribution or the puerile device of *To each according to his wants*. In their methods of procedure therefore, Communism and Saint-Simonianism are at variance. Both however place all power in the State, making the individual only its tool, under the form of a public functionary. But Saint-Simonianism meditated no change in the *position* of society. The farmer, for instance, might remain on his farm; only he would be the servant of the State, employed, directed, paid and removable by the State. Conviction and religious exaltation were to induce submission to the new Priesthood; and life would thenceforward proceed under their direction.

FOURIER discovered the law of human progress,—that law the law of *attraction*. Duty is but a human device to make men content with misery. The true method of progress is to harmonize the conflicting interests and passions of men by satisfying all. Make life pleasurable; attract men by the exhibition of a terrestrial paradise, so admirably contrived that every one will therein find the special 'happiness' (however vile or exalted) for which he longs; there will no more be room for duty, no longer need of law. God will be an unnecessary supplement; religion impossible; sufficient unto the day will be the immensity of its own good; and life after life, age after age, will be but variation of enjoy-

ment. *Make labour attractive*: that is the whole art and mystery of Fourierism. Fourier, it is clear, does not destroy either individuality or property.

BUCHEZ, an old atheist and carbonaro, was converted to belief in God and in Saint-Simon; but, when Saint-Simonianism inclined toward becoming a new religion, he parted from it, to settle down in a sort of Christianity. His system is nothing more than an attempt to found communities of workmen, little industrial monasteries, where men might make shoes or pianos, and become independent of capitalists: common workshops only. The supporters of the 'ATELIER' are associates to this extent. PROFESSOR MAURICE and his friends are of the same class. A spice of orthodox religion and a *sentiment* of duty and disinterestedness help to bring into these little firms some few better men than would be led by the mere prospect of personal gain.

MINTER-MORGAN aspires to more than this mere partnership of labour. In his 'happy villages' also the love of God is to be an active element. A patriarchal scheme, with community of property, is to be established for enthusiastic and pious working men under the patronage of the Anglican Church.

THE LEEDS REDEMPTION SOCIETY stands on the other side of M. Buchez' plan. It is simply a partnership for economical purposes, without any question of politics or religion.

LOUIS BLANC's system is also similar to that of M. Buchez. But in place of the religious sentiment M. Blanc would depend upon the instinct of fraternity, which he deems more philosophic. Industrial corporations, with equality of wages for a time, and in the end *distribution according to wants*: to be set going by the State and kept together by spontaneous cohesion; the whole forming one scheme under the superintendence of the State. It is the system of Buchez, with the action of the State instead of the dependence upon religious impulse; the Saint-Simonian theory of functions, rendered democratic after the first start,—or partly democratic, for M. Blanc would regulate the suffrage.

Well now, what is a Socialist? and what is a Communist?

A Socialist we would define to be one, who is not merely convinced of the necessity of social reform (for every republican is convinced of that), but who has the whole or part of a remedial measure ready cut and dry for immediate use. He may or may not be a Communist. The Fourierists, says Considerant, and indeed it should be clear enough without his telling, are not Communists. A Communist is one who would have property held in common, or have men live in common; or perhaps both. The Socialist does not necessarily attack individuality; the Communist does.

We are aware that our definitions are disputable; that men will say the mere organization of labour is Communism simply because men labour together, however the produce is held, or whether they live in community or not. We can not surely prevent the abuse of terms. All we can do is to request our readers to bear our definitions in mind while they judge of our remarks. Recollect that we speak of 'Socialists' and 'Communists' only within those limits. And now to our objections. Those once cleared away, we shall be able to see how far we can work together.

The vices of Communism we take to be these. The denial of property, indi-

viduality, family, country, and religion. More or less, one or other of these vices taints every scheme of Communism.

Communism would have no private property because men have abused the right of property. Have they not also misused their arms? Would you therefore cut them off, denying that they *can* be used legitimately? The wrong of private appropriation is when one takes that which ought to belong to another. To take from the robber does not benefit the robbed. This objection to property is but a violent reaction excited by the tyranny of capital, by the excesses of competition. It is the violence which (like Jack in the Tale of a Tub) cannot stay to reform, but destroys. It cannot untie the Gordian knot; so thinks it is enough to cut it.

The denial of individualism is consistent with the denial of property. When you deprive a man of all right to the result of his own active life, you make him to all intents and purposes the slave of the State. It matters not whether you would establish Communism by force or by universal consent. The only difference is that in the one case you kill the man, in the other he kills himself. For slavery is the death of the soul. From the assertion that the man's life,—or work, which is the fruit of his life,—belongs absolutely to the State arises naturally the necessity of the State directing that work. The State is task-master as well as pay-master. It is no longer a question of human growth, each as he will rendering of his first fruits, as a duty, to Humanity. It is the forced growth of the plant in a hot-house, the forced labour of the beast in the field; well-trained, and well-fed, it may be; but beast-like, machine-like, slavish, nevertheless.

And if the man is but the machine of the State, women and children of course are but the same. What meaning can there be in all those mysterious affinities and sympathies, through which the parents lay the groundwork of the education of the child? The State wants machines: that is all. It is easier, perhaps, to classify them in communal stalls, or cells, as number one, number two, number three, etc. If, in spite of the very natural reluctance, even abhorrence, of communists themselves, such a system should end in abolishing marriage, it would not be surprising, nor inconsistent. If the State is absolute master, may regulate life, labour, and reward; why not the beginnings of life also, for the better service of the State—appointing this man to that woman as may occasionally seem best to the direction?

The prejudice of Country follows. The Community is all. Patriotism being too narrow for us, we shut ourselves up in communal barracks, and in our cosmopolitan indifference forget the very existence of Humanity as a whole. Our little Utopia is the known world.

And religion. The slave has none. In place of duty we have interest, in place of God and his law of growth we have the Communist Patriarch or Patriarchs and the dictation of an unnatural and intolerable formalism. Thank God that the Patriarch has not yet dethroned Him, that His law of growth is strong enough to burst the most inveterate form of Communism, if by any chance it could be established.

Communism is the negation, explicit or implied, of individualism and its

attributes : that is to say, it is Tyranny. It matters not that men consent to it. My submission does not make me less a slave, nor my master less a tyrant. Nay more, a majority, where the Communists would elect their government (which is not always the case), is no less tyrannous than a single Patriarch. I can not abdicate my right to controul my own life, I can not consent to suicide, to make myself the slave even of a majority, albeit I may have the chance to-morrow of being tyrant in my turn.

Communism is the destruction of anything like real cooperation ; for, it is simply the ordering of galley slaves, instead of the combined efforts of free men.

Socialism is in this respect different from Communism, that it does not necessarily attack individuality. The willing partnership of a number of individuals agreeing to arrange together their work, with certain stipulations for returns, does not necessarily imply the destruction or abdication of individuality. The partnership may be dissolved at pleasure. But when a nation becomes Socialist, when the Government, no matter how constituted, even though elected by a majority, dictates the labour and its reward, how shall the objecting partner escape ? He has no choice but between slavery and exile, possibly not that. This is tyranny ; and make it as advantageous as you can, it will be tyranny.

Babœuf's Communism was Tyranny, to be established by force. Owen and Cabet would establish the same tyranny by persuasion. The Saint-Simonian, who is not a Communist, would also tyrannize. Louis Blanc would do so. The private experiments of a few religious enthusiasts, or the commercial partnerships of men associating simply for the sake of personal gain, have but little opportunity of exemplifying the principle. Fourierism certainly is not tyranny.

But there is another evil principle running through all these schools, of which Fourierism is even the most notable example : it is the error of basing all their reforms upon utility, upon interest, upon selfishness. Self-love is not the ground of human action : and there every school of Socialism or Communism is at fault.

It is true that Saint Simonians, and some others whom we have named, appeal to some vague religious sentiment ; but they do so only as a help ; they dare not depend on it. The real inducement held out is personal gain. A home in a happy village, a cell in some comfortable bee-hive, a promise of every possible gratification, even of the lowest appetites,—though there may be difference in the kind of reward held out, it is reward ; it is still in all their systems the appeal to the selfishness of man. What difference is there between this and the 'old immoral world' system ?

The difference, it will be said, is that very wide one between coöperation and competition. But there is coöperation now. There is coöperation so far as man's selfishness thinks it advisable. Your whole social reform resolves itself then into a question of how best to minister to the selfishness of men. It involves no alteration in the principle of the present system ; it is only an extension of the system, or an improved method. Then we must needs give the preference to Fourier, who does not affect a jargon of duty, sacrifice, and religion, but boldly offers to be pander to all and any of the lusts of man.

His Socialism alone is consistent. He attempts no compromise between love of God, which is duty to Humanity, and selfish enjoyment of all that one

can *attract* to oneself; he repulses the communistic sophistry of enslaving oneself for one's own advantage. He preaches boldly—'Eat, drink, and enjoy thyself; God is not, thy brothers are but so many ministers to thy pleasures; duty is a pious fraud, invented to prevent thy happiness; sacrifice and martyrdom are but eccentric modes of enjoyment, the pranks of fools. This at all events is honest. We can understand at least the logic of such socialism as this.

Is this all? Is this stying of the human animal in the most elegant of phalansteries the be-all and the end-all of our life? We appeal to the Socialists themselves, to those, and they not few, among them, who in contradiction of their own theories nobly suffer for their brethren. In the name of what? Is your martyr-course indeed only a sham? is it that you 'like to be persecuted'? What difference then between you and the worst of Tyrants, who also consults his liking, only *he* likes to persecute? Is not choice free under your defence of selfishness? But again we appeal to those who do really suffer to redeem the world:—In the name of what are ye martyrs, if God's law is but happiness—self-interest, what you call utility?

But you will answer—We do not think this. We acknowledge the nobleness of duty, we would not degrade human longings to the level of the beasts; but we believe that man cannot be ennobled, cannot rise into true human dignity, while he continues to be the slave of his material wants.

And we republicans can believe that with you; but we believe also that appealing to his selfishness will not raise him out of the slough; for he needs even health and purity of will more than strength of body. And though you acknowledge with us the necessity of elevating the moral nature, as we recognize with you the need of immediate material amelioration, we still must cavil at your means. Do what you can to remedy the material evils, but do not mislead mankind by telling them that *through that process* they shall ascend to the improvement of their souls. They may be rendered comfortable, and yet remain slaves, irreligious, and beasts. But seek first the reign of righteousness, and all other things will be added unto you.

When the first christians became communists, their guiding motive was self-sacrifice for the sake of the brethren. How miserable is your modern parody.

The most degraded of our population need moral even more than physical regeneration. There is brute strength even now in our wretchedest holes and cellars to shake to pieces in a day the whole monarchical framework of society. But there is no moral power. What hinders the progress of your own partial experiments: for what is your 'fastest' progress, considering the relative numbers of the populations among which you preach? What is it, but your want of any high principles round which to gather your hearers. Raise up the banner of a Charter which should be only as a key to future reform, and two millions of men could follow it. In one night the French Monarchy is overthrown by the very name of the Republic. And that charmed word Country, how men gave their blood for it in Hungary and Italy. Who follows to your shabby cry of personal gain?

You think to regenerate the world bit by bit, while the very system which has caused our need of regeneration remains dominant and almost unassailed. You

expect that Power will remain a passive spectator of your attempts to sap it. It does so, in silent contempt of those who would overthrow a selfish tyranny by a newer adaptation of selfishness; knowing well too that could you succeed there would be nothing changed, except the form.

Yet continue your *experiments*. Every wretchedness that you remove shall be carried to the account of your good works. We too dare not hesitate to help your endeavours in that direction. But we will neither preach to men that the material redemption is the one thing needful, nor remit our efforts to inspire that higher spirit of patriotism, of religion, and of devout sacrifice, through which alone a People can be regenerated, and rendered worthy of enjoyment. Work on, preaching to slaves in the language which slaves only can understand! Who shall forbid your sympathy? But for us we will rather follow in the track of the Apostles and Martyrs of Humanity, summoning the spirit of manhood that lives even in the lowest, rekindling the sacred fire even in the slave's heart, till forgetting all except that deepest wrong of slavery itself, he shall rise! ay crippled as he is, and overthrow Injustice, and build upon the morrow of his victory, with unshackled hands, not a palace for his own appetites, but a temple in which he may be healed, wherein he may serve God, the True, the Beautiful, the Eternal.

PHYSICAL FORCE.

ADDRESSED TO REASONABLE PEACE-MEN.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been talked about physical force: some for it, it may be; but certainly very much against it. Without any clear apprehension of the meaning of the term, many men declaim against physical force as a crime, as an immorality, the opposite of moral force.

It is not necessarily the opposite of moral force. It may be the servant of the moral, and by such service become moral and justifiable. But how many hands will be held up in horror against such a sentiment! how many voices will exclaim—'Never! physical force can never be moral!' Gently, good people!

If you see a man struggling against drowning, and you leap into the water and save him, do you not employ physical force?

If you see two foolish men fighting, and, unable to convince them of their folly, you, never so quietly, step in between them and receive the blows from both, is not that very stepping between them an act of physical force?

But that is beside your meaning. You 'do not employ the term in such a sense.' Whose fault is it that you attach an arbitrary sense to common words? But, to come within your limits.

My little girl is asleep beside me. A wolf rushes toward her. As he is about to seize her, I snatch up the first weapon in my way (not nicely considering), and

dash out his brains. This is physical force. Is my act immoral? 'No! but there is a difference between men and beasts.'

My two children are playing together. I see approaching them an armed madman of whose ungovernable ferocity I am well aware. He is deaf; but I hasten forward to restrain him. Before I can overtake him, he has struck down one child; his axe is raised over the head of the second. My rifle is in my hand. Shall I not fire?

'But all men are not madmen.' True! some are Cossacks; some Croats; some Frenchmen; some 'intelligent' statesmen and bombardiers. The Tyranny of Wrong has many sorts of tools. How shall I proceed against them?

First, what is my justification for the use of physical force against the wild beast or the madman? Clearly that, only by such means I could prevent a mischief which it was my duty to prevent. There lies the whole question—between the never-to-be-abandoned duty of warring against Wrong, and the choice of the best weapon.

If I could have tamed the wolf, his death would have been a wanton or at least unnecessary cruelty; if I could have tamed the madman, was he not a man even as myself, made in the same likeness? But it was my duty to protect the innocent; and no other means could be made available. I was guiltless of choosing ill. The duty was clear before me.

Nay! have I not the right to defend myself against either wild beast or madman? May I not fire into the ravenous wolves that beset me in the forest; or draw my sword against a band of assassins, of whatever country or calling? Is the instinct of self-preservation altogether false, then, *and suicide a virtue*? Shall the mother doubt her heart, and lay down her babe at the murderer's feet, and refuse to defend it? Or is the generous impulse at fault that makes the blood to boil, and the cheek to glow, at the very mention of wrong done to another?

Shall I defend my own life; shall I defend my child; and shall I stand by unheeding, or content myself with a cowardly, cold-blooded, egotistical 'sympathy' when my neighbour is injured? Have I no duty toward him?

Shall I save one neighbour from drowning, from the wild-beast, or the assassin; and shall I hold back, and advise my countrymen to hold back, when many are in danger?

If one has the right of self-defence, have not many? If one may defend the injured, though it be only by dint of physical force, may not the many? If I was right in saving my child from the assassin, will not my countrymen be right in saving the children of Rome, or Hungary, or Poland, from assassins; even though at the cost of as violent means, even though the assassins be not what is called mad, though they be less excusable?

Was the French invasion of Rome less villainous than the act of the madman? Are the enemies of Hungary—the violators of women, the murderers of children, the bombardiers and massacrer—less cruel than wolves?

Shall I save my child, and then be told that war for a nation's existence is impious and unjustifiable?

War would be unjustifiable if there were other means. But if there are not

When two people would discuss a question, would you tell one to argue in a language which the other could not understand? And if kings and Cossacks will not, or can not, understand reason—‘the intellectual weapon of intelligent men,’ is it our fault that it only remains for us to argue with the ‘stupid guns’?

If so, give up liberty! renounce the hope of freedom! for once proclaim that you will not defend yourselves, nor—O cowards! your brethren, from the brutality of tyrants, and the wild beasts of every royal jungle will be let loose upon you. Your ‘intellectual weapons’ shall nought avail you; for the tyrants, who will not reason, know how by brute force to put down reason.

Opinions are not all-powerful; not the most reasonable opinions. But force with reason, that is, with truth upon its side, is stronger than the force of brutes and madmen.

The denial of force on the side of the just is not only an error; but it is an error no one could follow to its end. You would disband your armies while the world is full of armed savages. It is possible you may escape slavery, unnoticed in the general ravage. But be consistent! If force may not be used against the foreigner, neither may it be used against the citizen. Disband your armies; disband also your police. If it is a crime to use force, it is a crime to employ another to use force. If force may not win liberty, neither may it maintain order. Proclaim the thieves’ millennium. ‘Yes!’ say the honestest among you, those consistent in the repudiation of physical force; ‘we shall trust to education. So educate that force shall not be needed.’ Let it be so, and he who would advocate force would be a monster; but, *till the world is educated?*

While there are wolves and Cossacks; and while the wolves not only abound, but hold rule, and forbid and prevent education, it is our duty to defend the wronged and the innocent against them,—though it be with sword and fire, though it be to the death, whenever and wherever we are debarred from better weapons.

—Give us breath,
Clear ground of equal right;
The heralds of our pure intent
Shall be peace-provident:
But ’gainst the trampler Force, the stab beneath,
We cannot choose but fight
Even to the death.

There are some will exclaim against the prudence of this argument, as tending to encourage rebellions, war, and violence. I answer, it is not imprudent to take this question out of the domain of prejudice, from off the ground of an ignorant assumption, whereupon men who should be acting together are led to quarrel, and to denounce each other, the one side as ‘sanguinary’ and ‘atrocious,’ and the other with the no less offensive epithets of ‘base’ and ‘cowardly’ and ‘hypocritical.’ For the rest I will but answer in the words of Martin Luther:—‘I am for tearing off every mask, for managing nothing, for extenuating nothing, for shutting the eyes to nothing, that truth may be transparent, and unadulterated, and have a free course.’

PEACE OR WAR?

Is it peace or war?

Not peace with thieves or murderers,

Is it peace or war?

Not peace with usurpers, with tyrants.

Is it peace or war?

Not peace with those who rob men of their rights, who would enslave their brethren : who prevent the accomplishment of human duties, who strive to hinder the destined growth of Man.

Is it peace or war?

Not complicity with evil doers.

Is it peace or war?

Not silent assent to Injustice, to Crime ; not peace with Vice, with Suffering, or with Ignorance.

Is it peace or war?

Not peace as a cloak for Wrong.

Is it peace or war?

Not sham peace, the handmaid of Iniquity.

Is it peace or war?

Not cowardly selfishness under the mask of peace.

Is it peace or war?

Not an unjust and ignominious peace.

Is it peace or war?

Not abnegation of duty.

Is it peace or war?

Not death : but life, however stormful.

Is it peace or war?

War : life-long war for Right, or till Victorious Right shall become manifest as Peace.

Is it peace or war, O ye nations and peoples of the earth?

War : war against Usurpation, whatsoever it may call itself ; war even to the knife rather than compromise with any incarnation of Wrong.

THE ADVENT OF PEACE.

Over the red field strode an armed knight :

Men knew him not ; but when the fray did cease,

God's Angel stoop'd to bless VICTORIOUS RIGHT,

And bade the hero's name thenceforth be PEACE.

RHYMES AND REASONS AGAINST LANDLORDISM.

THE WAY OUT.

Hold together, flinch for nought!
 Set thy foot by mine, my brother!
 Shield of each one shade the other!
 Well resolved is bravely fought:
 Well begun is half-way wrought:
 Hold together, halt for nought!

Hold together, flinch for nought!
 Let our hearts beat close together!
 Love can fence the foulest weather:
 Faith o'erflies the runner Thought:
 Fairly aim'd is firmly caught:
 Hold together, halt for nought!

Hold together, flinch for nought!
 Right and Will are friend and brother:
 We'll take counsel of none other!
 True as steel is Captain Ought:
 Worth is won wherever sought:
 Hold together, halt for nought.

COMPENSATION.

Yonder Lord cries 'Compensation'!
 Compensate! cry we:
 And the compensated Nation
 Owes——how much to thee?
 Landlord's cousin, Thimblerrigger,
 He too hath old claims to press:
 While we compensate the bigger,
 Shall we starve the less?

Turpin, lord of Nimblehand,
 Robbeth where he may:
 Filcheth purses, stealeth land,
 On the king's highway.
 Hang the rascal for the purse;
 But for the land he stole——
 Vote him feathers on his hearse
 And masses for his soul.

Thimblerrigger's compensation,
 When you stop his trade,

Should be more than mere starvation :
 Give the rogue a spade !
 'Contra'—Read 'arrears of wages':
 Landlord ! filch'd by thine and thee.
 Who shall compensate thy ages ?
 Murder'd Industry !

COMPROMISE.

When the Patriarch with the Angel ^a
 Wrestled till the break of day,
 Trusted he but one evangel :
Grapple closely, come what may !
 Though the Angel lamed and threw him,
 Yet his strong grip never quail'd,
 Till the blessing bow'd unto him :
 So of old high hearts prevail'd.

Wrestling with the fiend Oppression,
 In the shadow of the day,
 Lame thyself with no concession ;
Grapple closely, come what may !
 Fling him ! Set thy foot upon him !——
 Fool ! that but a moment fail'd :
 Firmer tread had kept thee on him,
 And thy destiny prevail'd.

SWING.

'We are betray'd : what matters unto us
 'Their surerbargain? we must bear the same.
 'They could not see *our* miseries : light them thus !
 'Mayhap they'll read them by yon granary's flame.
 'We'll trust to no one now but Captain Torch :
 'Let "Too far" bargain with him, at his porch !' ^b

Ay ! there is water, plenty,—handy too ;
 And men ; if only will to help were here.
 But savage crowds stand round who bandy you
 Ill words of hate, and bitter gibe and jeer.
 'You'll feel, may be, for others while you scorch :
 'Ha ! ha ! he listens now to Goodman Torch !'

^a 'And Jacob was left alone ; and one wrestled with him until the breaking of the day.

'And he said—let me go, for the day breaketh.

'And Jacob said—I will not let thee go except thou bless me.—

'And he blessed him there.'—*Genesis, Chapter 32.*

^b I am neither recommending nor defending incendiarism. I only call attention to an historic lesson of but too frequent occurrence.

House, barn, and stock consumed ; and, look again !
 Yon sky is lurid too ; and there ; and there :
 Revenge, like a volcano's fiery rain,
 Is scatter'd from the wild hands of Despair.
 ' We'll have no leader now but Captain Torch :
 ' They'll hear his smooth tongue whispering at their porch !'

 ' Too late ! ' ' Too late ! '——Yet, ere the dream be true,
 Bethink you how all interests are the same :
 And Love, the Just, the Pitying, captain you !
 I hear your answer : from warm hearts it came,—
 No mocking fiend shall whisper at our porch—
 ' The darkness of your deeds requires a torch ! '

THE MECHANIC.

Weaving Will may starve at work :
 What doth Goldlord care ?
 Who calls Goldlord worse than Burke,
 Landlord worse than Hare ?
 Gold says—' Done with, let him die !'
 Landlord says the same :
 Yet one ' damns ' monopoly,
 One preserves his game.

Weaving Will works day and night,
 Hath his weekly wage ;
 Lives at best in sorry plight,
 Starveth in old age.
 Will's five children may not thief,
 Though Will's master may :
 Stop the mill, and give them leave
 To die on the highway.

Bread for work,—and work is not :
 Let them die at once !
 Idle Jem may be a sot,
 Steady Tom a dunce.
 Bread is scarce when land's untill'd,—
 Trade has cheaper slaves :
 Throng the town with toil unskill'd
 And pestilential graves.

Will may starve before his loom,
 Faint for lack of bread ;
 Seven are cramm'd in one close room,—
 Fever makes their bed.

Yet those seven are England's heirs,
 England's children born,—
 Fourteen goodly acres theirs,
 Growing golden corn.

What is that to Weaving Will?
 What to Tom or Jem?
 Wanting means and strength and skill,
 What's the land to them?
 Wherefore—let the land lie waste;
 Overcrowd the town;
 And farming Sam and Bob make haste
 To pull our wages down.

Fourteen acres Will should own,
 Yet he wanteth food:
 Though he hath nor till'd nor sown,
 Weaver-work is good.
 What if Sam should hold the land,
 Paying rent to Will?^c
 Sam could work it bravely, and
 The weaver eat his fill.

Why not? Ask of noble Greed;
 Ask of them who hold
 England's fields while English Need
 Is Famine-bought and sold.
 Ask the thirty-thousand lords^d
 Who bar you from the land;
 But manly daring forge your words,
 And when you ask, command!

Starved Mechanic out on strike!
 When thy breadless pine,
 Think how landlords and the like
 Murder thee and thine.
 Lay your babes in pauper graves—
 England's wronged heirs;
 And know that Famine kill'd his slaves
 While harvest land was theirs.

^c I do not mean that the land should be divided and every man be landlord of so many acres; but that every man should in some shape or other receive the value of his share in *the inheritance of the earth*.

^d The whole land of England is monopolized by some thirty thousand persons, that of Scotland by three thousand, that of Ireland by six thousand.

THE SMALL SHOPKEEPER.

Little Tradesman, thin and pale,
 Rising from thy sleepless bed,
 Weigh me ruin in thy scale,
 Now thy customers are dead !
 Sweep thy clean shop once again ;
 Stir the dust upon thy shelves ;
 Polish once more every pane ;
 Let thy spoil'd wares sun themselves !

Wholesale Firm supplies the 'House,'
 Serves his Lordship should he stay,
 Tired perhaps of shooting grouse,
 Having lost perchance at play.
 We, the poor folk, dealt with you ;
 We made up your modest gains :
 Though you then had 'nought to do'
 With our struggles or our pains.

Shut thy shop, man !—Nay, but wait :
 Some one cometh. What ! a frown ?
 Asks he for another rate ?
 Is the shilling now a crown ?
 And thy rent is yet unpaid,
 Though they rate thee to the full.
 Weigh me out the worth of Trade :
 Duller even than the dull !

REPUBLICAN MEASURES.

5.—RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

LIFE is a progress and an ascension. The vivifying flame breathed into us by God soars ever upward toward God. We believe in the immortality of the soul. This earthly life is but one stage of our existence.

Government is educational. The object of government is to assure the progress of all, to discover and to apply the laws of God, for the elevation of Humanity. The State is not merely a policeman or a purveyor of the kitchen.

Neither is the educational function of Government applicable only to the young. Life, from birth to death, is but a school-time, and the oldest have yet

their lessons. Are they only to learn of the things which pass not beyond this 'grave-rounded' life? Shall they not also inquire of their relation to Eternity? Life is one, however many may be its stages.

The aspirations of mankind are heavenward. The religious feeling,—the sentiment which makes God the beginning and the end of all, which looks upon past, present, and future, as links of one great chain of being,—is too universal and important to be left to chance. For is not this the basis of our whole scheme of Duty? The organization of religious worship is, therefore, a part of the business of Government.

In the name of Religious Freedom the individual claims a right, not only to think, but to preach and proselytize. Shall the minority, even the unit, have this freedom; and the majority, the State, be restrained? In the name of what? of Anarchy?

Shall the Prophet or Apostle have full liberty to prophesy and proclaim 'God's Truth'; and when the general consent of mankind has confirmed his assertion, shall 'Religious Freedom' forbid the organized publication of the Gospel? Shall every little sect possess its chapel; and the State, the Nation, have no Church, no place wherein to remind men even of truths the most generally acknowledged?

Or shall the State be trusted with the education of our youth, the training of the rising generation in the principles of morality, and yet not be empowered to express its definition of those principles? Shall it hold the right to apply a moral law to the young, and yet have no means of developing it, of publishing it, before the elders of the people? The doctrines inculcated in the State-School, shall they not be the doctrines expounded in the State-Church?

Truly a State-Church should not descend to the trivialities of creeds. These, peculiar to individual minds, and, if accurately examined, almost as various, must be left altogether to individuals. Let the sects, in their private chapels, or possibly meeting in turn within the national temples (taken out of monopolist hands, and restored to the Nation's use), adopt what divisional rituals may please them. The State-Church must be the Church of the Nation, the utterer and echo of its faith, the explainer of the general truths of the relation of Humanity toward God.

One would not now dare even attempt to draw up a form of faith, nor prescribe a form of national worship, nor indicate who should be its ministers or how the service should be arranged. Only when they who now usurp the throne and the altar shall give place to the whole People, when the People shall be both King and Priest, will it be possible to organize a national worship.

But will there be occasion for this when every man shall be his own priest, when his daily life will be a prayer, a thanksgiving, or a sermon, a continual service in the temple of Humanity? Even then the ceremonial association of one with another will not be a mere idle form.

Now the new-born child (we note not the baptism into sectarianism, speaking here of national matters) is registered by the State; but registered as one might enter in an account-book the increase of stock. Then the presentation in the temple will be of one more servant to society, one more worker to the world;

the public recognition by the State of the nation's duty toward a new member, in virtue of the equal right, all society standing sponsor for it: it will be the admission not merely formal and of one without will into some narrow congregation, but of one devoted as a priest in one of the national churches of Humanity.

For 'confirmation' there will be the vow of the boy and girl, as of the Greek of old, 'to make their country greater and more glorious'; and the public investiture of the young man or woman with the full rights and faculties of citizenship. In the temple also will the loving publicly fulfil their troth (no matter what added ceremony peculiar views may enjoin); and, as men learn a purer morality, no lighter or less holy connection will degrade the race. There too the patriot will receive the olive or the oaken garland; old age be crowned with silver honour; and when the course is run, there too the very unbeliever will approach, and listen, no longer shocked by formal anathemas, to the loving, hopeful words which the true may lay upon the grave of even the most estranged by the variance of speculation.

Nor need religious services be merely ceremonial. There shall likewise be the perpetual ministration of the priests of human life: the preaching and aspiring prayer of our poets, our prophets; why not also those 'sermons in stones,' the accuracies of Science, no longer sceptical, but wisely reverent,—tracking from the very vestiges of creation the harmony and wonderful growth of Life. All things above the actual business of the day will find their expression in our ritual; nor even the commonest avocations be divorced from the religious. Again mankind will assemble in their temples to frame their laws, to formulize God's Law in adaptation to human occasions, to take council together how best to magnify and exalt their Country, for the service of Humanity, for the glory of the Eternal.

That Englishmen should be jealous of any State-Church is natural enough: not only because our popular struggles hitherto have been solely for individual freedom, not yet generally understood as preparative of the organization of freemen,—and so any concentration of power seems repugnant to the habit of our thought (not always to be so); but also because our 'State-Church,' at least since it was reformed, has been nothing but a greedy corporation, an unspiritual step-mother, growing fat upon our unremitted service, starving our minds and exacting from the sweat of our brows, utterly careless of our education, and altogether alien to the nature which has outgrown even the possibility of her directing it.

But when the Republic shall be established, when every man and woman shall be recognized as God's priest in virtue of the sanctity of human life, then it will be understood that individual freedom may be preserved intact even while men associate in common forms; the faith, the aspirations, of the majority will find a voice, a formulized expression, and progressing, age after age, will change the formula in accordance with the growth of life.

Even now, notwithstanding all the chances that divide us, and the innumerable difficulties in the way of understanding one another, thoughtful men are seeking for some common worship, anxious to discover some temple yet unmonopolized by sectarian intolerance, wherein they may at least associate in the expression of

a general hope, in the exercise of that faculty of adoration which distinguishes man from the beast; where too the millions, who have no church, nor creed, nor ritual, might assemble, and learn, from the higher-natured there kneeling beside them, the ennobling lessons of a faith in the future.

The first stone of that temple may be laid by our republican organization. We associating, no matter in what rude huts, may form the first congregation of believers. But the State-Church can only be when we have indeed a State, a National Power, a Republic.

Then men,—without fear of Power, for Power will be their own, themselves,—will acknowledge that it is not enough to organize and rule the ‘secular’ concerns of life; but that the religious, that which links the generations to Eternity, needs also, and even more urgently and primarily, the most careful organization. And thereafter they may find that, as in the inner spirit, so likewise in even the outward regulations of life, there is no duality: that ‘religious’ and ‘political’ government are one and the same,—‘politics’ being only the practical application of religion, and ‘religion’ the theory upon which alone true polity can build.

The time may be far distant: nevertheless those for whom we hope, the Eternity for which we work, shall surely behold and rejoice in its arrival.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

(From July 22nd to August 22nd.)

REPUBLICAN CHRONICLE.

The Press thinks it more prudent to ignore our endeavours. None of our opponents dare follow up the outspokenness of the *John Bull*. The very ‘Liberals’ steal along the wake of a would be damning silence. Even our Celtic friends, generally warmer-hearted. The article on *Republicanism in Ireland*, which erewhile had called down vehement denunciation, is now dealt with on another tack. The *Nation* avoids it, the *Vindicator* is afraid of it; only the *Dundalk Democrat* has the courage to give us a passing notice. But letters from Irishmen respond to our appeal. The work begins in Ireland.

ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.

Note, as a sign of the times, an able article in the last number of the *Westminster Review*, in advocacy of the enfranchisement of women. Even the ‘philosophical radicals’ are beginning to acknowledge that universal male suffrage is but a whig ‘finality.’ In America the much needed reformation in the dress of women is fast progressing. Which of our gentlewomen will dare commence it here?

THE CENTRAL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

TO THE POLES!

You have nobly suffered; you have bravely fought; each of you is a living incarnation of his country. Thinking of Poland, all Europe repeats the words addressed by a Pope to your ancestors—*‘Every handful of your earth is a relic of martyrs.’* You are then worthy to hear the truth. We love you, and we feel ourselves worthy to speak it to you.

You are called to conclude an European struggle, which your brothers of the south and of the centre will first sustain. The last battle between absolutism and liberty may perhaps be fought upon your plains; your war-cry then must be a formula of life for the Slavonian world. You have therefore great duties to accomplish; your People has always had the presentiment of them, and for that reason, come what may, you are and always will be a nation. And yet in 1848 you did not respond, with the energy of which you are capable, to the appeal of the Peoples. Wherefore? Because since 1846 you have wanted an unitary organization. *Thought* has progressed with you; *action* has lost its continuity and strength. One would say that you, the descendants of ancestors who listened to the Gospel sword in hand, have given up bearing witness to your national faith; awaiting from the slow course of things, or the convulsions of the West, the resurrection of your country and liberty.

Undeceive yourselves; country and liberty will be restored to you only as you are ready to sacrifice yourselves for them; for, if the general laws of Humanity point out to us the end, it is we as apostles, combatants, martyrs if need be, who ought to attain it. Ah! doubtless your brothers of other European countries can do much for you; they will not forget that your breasts were their bulwark against Mahometanism. But, above all, it is necessary that the conscience of the Polish People should be ready to assert aloud and unceasingly the right that Poland has to exist. Now a right—be sure of this, is only made manifest by the accomplishment of a duty; life is not thought, it is thought translated into action.

Awake, then, and act!

Some men in 1848, showing you Berlin and Vienna in revolt, said—*‘All is done, liberty will fall upon you from on high, like heavenly manna, without efforts, without battles.’* But have you not too surely learned, that against despots liberty can triumph only by force; that nationality cannot be recovered by concession, but must reconquer itself? Yes, we know it; Vienna and Berlin will rise again; but it is not by sending them deputations from your national committees, it is not by demanding reforms from them that you will restore your country; you can do it by paying its ransom with your lives, by responding to the movements of Vienna and Berlin by a sudden outbreak, by placing yourselves between the nations and the Kings as the reserve of the European democratic army; by drawing the sword for the new Gospel of Humanity, *‘for our liberty and for yours.’* These noble words, which you addressed to the Russians in 1830, must be repeated in the thick of the fight to all the Peoples of the crusades.

O all you Slavonians, Latins, Germans, it is no longer a question of a particular interest, but of a principle,—we would almost say of a dogma, of the dogma of human solidarity. Your nationality will only reffourish with all the rest of the oppressed nationalities. The old map of Europe yet bears the ink-stain of Catherine: it is this map which must be remade. An alliance of Kings has consigned Poland to the tomb: an alliance of Peoples alone can break its lid.

The spirit of weariness and inertness—the spirit of individualism and mistrust,—these are the two vices which you must labour to destroy. Employed by your aristocracy, they

have done you mischief in the past: let the Polish People to constitute its future life, eradicate their very roots. Let every traditional hostility disappear from amongst us; let a grand moral fusion be worked out in one common holy idea; let the young nationality of the Peoples efface the old dynastic and aristocratic nationalism. Races are now for us only the functionaries of Humanity. The hatred which fermented in the corrupted air of palaces, is unknown in the hovel of the poor, in the republican assembly composed of those who have been cradled in the same patriotic songs. The air which circulates amongst the ranks of the People bears with it not hatred but love.

Germans, Slavonians, Latins, we have all but one single aim—Liberty, association, justice. To-day there are but two camps in Europe. Whosoever should attempt to raise a solitary tent between these two camps, would meet with vengeance on the one side, abandonment and indifference on the other.

Poles, brothers! aristocracy, the country of caste, has perished for you. It perished at Targowica.^a It is of that which Kosciusko spoke, if it is true that falling he exclaimed, '*Finis Poloniae.*' Arise to new life in equality, in the country of all, in the NATION; and every race, every people in Europe will hold out to you with enthusiasm a brotherly hand.

Does not Europe know indeed that you have brought a grand idea into the world—the federation of the Slavonian Peoples. This idea appeared under Boleslaus the Great; the aristocracy was unable to comprehend it. By its culpable inaction, it allowed the power of initiative, which this idea should have given you, to perish; like every aristocracy, it centred its life within itself; if ever it departed from it, it was in an interest of egotism. Everywhere, abroad as at home, even in the Russian lands, the first halting-place of those barbarians who went, unconsciously, to receive the consecration of Rome, caste-nationality—by oppressing, tyrannizing, and stifling the popular inspiration—abdicated the grand mission of Poland: that grand mission must now be recommenced, through popular inspiration. The Peasant himself must at last realize that which Boleslaus the Great divined.^b

We have said a federation of the Slavonian nations, not Panslavism. Panslavism is a pantheistic unity; it is not the world of liberty. A monstrous conception—the issue of military despotism—and which all Europe would repulse: has it not been given the lie, in 1825, even on the banks of the Neva?^c Panslavism is the Czar. It is not with him, but with the martyrs of Russian liberty—Pestel, Mouravieff, Bestuzeff, and their companions, that the Polish People can, and ought to link themselves.

What is now wanting to Poland? An initiative. The day on which, fully understanding her mission, she shall take her place as an initiative people—that day she will be saved.

Poles! wherefore should it not be thus? Why should not the watchword of the Slavonian world be given by you to-day? Why should not Warsaw be the Rome of the North, the centre and focus of the northern races, as Rome has been of those of the centre and the south? While France and Italy organize an alliance in the bosom of the Greco-Latin races, while an inward thrill announces the approaching unification of the Germanic world, why should not Poland, united with the Hungarians—her friends of old—in the name of the services she has already rendered to Europe, in the name of her long martyrdom, send round the *fiery cross* of the last battle, the last watchword which shall resound even to the eastern shores of the Adriatic?

^a Or *Targovitsa*, the name of a small town, where met the noble confederacy formed by the machinations of Catherine II against the Polish Diet.

^b *Boleslaus the Great*, King of Poland, endeavoured to emancipate the serfs, for which the nobility sneeringly called him the Peasants' King.

^c By the republican insurrection of Pestel and his companions.

For this all that is wanting is to will. To will strongly and unceasingly—to will in every and at every hour of the day—to will with love, sacrifice, and constancy. Will then, and onward! Europe begins to believe that you are exhausted by the struggle of 1830. Repeat to Europe the words of Reytan:^d—‘There is no despot strong enough to crush me, nor artful enough to corrupt me.’

For the Central European Democratic Committee,

LEDRU-ROLLIN—J. MAZZINI—A. DARASZ—A. RUGE—D. BRATIANO.^e

TO THE ITALIANS.

The hour of deliverance is near; from without as from within, everything conspires to hasten it.

From without the nations feel that henceforth their interest is closely allied to yours, that the Revolution will only triumph through the simultaneous explosion of all the peoples, and through their brotherly solidarity.

From within, never has implacable tyranny more efficaciously contributed to temper men’s minds, to fortify their souls, to penetrate them with the holy love of freedom.

In two years, political despotism and clerical despotism, protected by foreign bayonets, have renewed all the ferocious persecutions of the middle-ages; at Rome, at Naples, at Milan, at Palermo, they have reigned only by means of spies, prisons, chains and gibbets. In two years they have managed to make of a generous people—full of clemency and magnanimity when it was master—a people of hatred and revenge. It is just the old time in all that it had of fratricidal and savage: the knife replies to the axe, the dagger to the musket.

A terrible proof, Italians! which you support with an heroic courage, because you know that the cause which stirs in Italy is not only that of your independence and your liberty, but that it is the cause of the very conscience of Humanity.

In the struggle commenced between light and darkness, between movement and immobility, between life and death, in fine between free thought and catholicism, it was necessary, in order to tear off all veils, to efface the last prestige, to edify timid spirits, pusillanimous consciences, that the papacy should be obliged to revert to its fatal law of religious anathema, of secular extermination; it was necessary, to open all eyes, that it should talk of liberty in the midst of executioners as of old it spoke of mercy at the stake; that, in a word, the terrorism of dogma should anew be transported into the State. It was necessary that the haughty institution which had ruined, destroyed all the nations servilely bowed beneath its yoke,—Italy, Spain, Portugal, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, Austria, the republics of the middle ages and the southern republics of the New World,—should reign anew by means of punishment in order that from the revolted human mind might escape this cry of independence—No more theocracy, no more papal despotism; absolute, unlimited freedom of conscience!

The men who fell, in France, on the 13th of June, for the Italian Cause, understood this well; they thought not only of defending some narrow text of a constitution, nor even the more eminent principle of the solidarity of peoples; they had in their fall, together with a thought of the future, all the grand protest of the eighteenth century in favour of free thought. They knew well that a people enslaved in soul has never been seen to in-

^d *Reytan* was a member of the Polish Diet, of the time of Stanislaus Augustus and the Empress Catherine. He was a true and rigid republican; and died of a broken heart, foreseeing the evils coming upon his country.

^e *Bratiano* is a Wallachian. During the brief revolution, in 1848, of the Danubian Principalities, he was his country’s chargé d’affaires with the French Republic.

crease in political liberty, that the Revolution, the child of philosophy and of the right of inquiry, is irreconcilable with priestly orthodoxy.

Italians! in this last crusade of the human mind against the monstrous oppressions of the past, you have a noble part to fulfil. When armed Europe shall say—No more Kings! it is from the Rome of the People should go forth this word of emancipation—No more Pope!—every member of the new city being, under the collective inspiration of his brethren, his own pope and his own king.

Thus on the same day shall be broken this power of evil which under two names has trampled the world for so many ages,—this sword with two edges, one of them called *theocracy* and the other *royalty*.

To make the human conscience enter in full possession of itself, such, Italians! is the object next assigned to you as a nation in the common work of nations. Is not this a page worthy of your old epic? You have had the Rome of irresistible conquest; the revived Rome of the Renaissance and the Arts: have now the Rome of religious freedom! Have this incomparable glory, that the theogonies, before which all has passed in this world, have in their turn successively passed before your Capitol yet standing. The day on which you shall have shaken off the dust of the tombs to enter into the new life, you will become a strong and great nation.

What need you, to attain this end, to be reborn for yourselves? Two things already half-accomplished.

To conquer your independence;

To constitute your unity.

In 1848 did you not overpass the roughest portion of the way?

Already, have you not known how to drive out the foreigner? Have you not already been masters from the Alps to the Sea? Why should you not again?

At your need, there are your brethren who will come to your aid; the hands which are clasped in London are the pledge of the alliance of the peoples; and the year which approaches, threatening for the old tyrannies, is for us pregnant with hopes and propitious occasions. Prepare yourselves therefore, and have confidence.

But independence once conquered, it can be durable only on condition of making of Italy but one sole body, from Palermo to the frontiers of France.

No federalism: complete and absolute political unity, homogeneity and adhesion.

It was the royal federalism which destroyed you in 1848. Condemned for ever at Milan and at Novarra, it will no more return. But beware equally of republican federalism. It would slay you with anarchy, as the other by the denial of the sovereignty of the people.

While in Italy there remains one king, one duke, one oppressor of men, no independence is possible. For a monarchy in your flanks is the leaven of discord. While a single element of separation shall subsist, it will tend by its very nature to subtract from the national thought, to fractionize the country, to enfeeble it, to introduce jealous rivalries and a foreign influence into its bosom.

Well! this second step toward brotherly fusion, toward a life at once collective and unitary, is not more difficult for you to make than was your first step toward independence. Vainly the enemies of your greatness say the contrary. It wills, it is able to be one, indivisible, the nation whose little parcelled lands, severally held by an impious calculation in age-long hatreds, had, in the midst of the torment of 1848, but one remembrance, that of the great and immortal country, one cry everywhere repeated, everywhere the same—Viva l' Italia!

Constitute yourselves then in unity.

And even as you have had but one cry, have also but one flag, that of your fathers, that

which the men you loved have for twenty years from afar made brilliant in your eyes; that republican flag which they planted in the midst of the struggle, set up conquering on the summits of your monuments, bore with them into exile from their country, to bring back to morrow.

When the hour is come, beware of confounding two things essentially distinct: the combat and the victory,—Italy freeing herself, and Italy free.

Who knows better than you? Italians! that a combat against the foreigner can only be maintained by silencing the venal voices, the hostile voices, which would sow trouble and disorder in your ranks; that an insurrection attempted in the midst of foreigners can succeed only through strong and united action.

It is necessary then that, during the battle, one only power, invested with exceptional faculties, prompt as lightning, powerful as the People in action, should be called by the country to direct the struggle, until the moment when the People, emancipated and master of its own, can speak freely.

Doubt not, for fear of your liberty, this passing concentration. Have not you for guarantee this device, of which your national committee is the most vigilant guardian, and which resumes at once both your belief and your undeniable sovereignty: *God and the People*?

What can these two words of your symbol signify, if it is not No—more tyrants of either soul or body; priests or laymen; no more intermeddlers between the creator and the creature; communion of the same people in the exercise of its sovereign right, practised under the eye of God?

What signify they if they would not say—Living Equality: in other words, Republic of the People by the People and for the People?

Ah! cursed be whosoever should have otherwise understood them: he would not be worthy to fight either for the Italian cause or for the sacred cause of Humanity.

For the Central European Democratic Committee,

LEDRU-ROLLIN—J. MAZZINI—A. DARASZ—A. RUGE—D. BRATIANO.

We call the attention of our friends to the formation of a society similar in spirit to the 'Peoples' International League,' only confined to one country:

THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY:

whose objects are—

1. By public meetings, lectures, pamphlets, and the press—and especially by affording opportunities to the most competent authorities for the publication of standard works on the history of the Italian national movement—to provide materials for a correct public appreciation of the Italian question in this country.

2. To promote the same object, on fitting occasions, in Parliament.

3. And generally to aid, in this country, the cause of the Independence, the Unity, and the Political, Religious, and Commercial Liberty of Italy.

Offices of the Society, 10, Southampton Street, Strand, London.

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT.

The 'Invisible Government' is an extensive and complete organization, pervading Italy, but more developed in Lombardy and Romagna, having for object Italian unity and independence, and possessing its funds, revenues, arms, soldiers, agents, and police; mysterious and unfailing in operation as the *Vehmgericht* of the middle ages. The whole nation seems conspiring; three out of four individ-

uals in Rome and the chief parts of Romagna are enlisted in this society, and daily proofs are afforded that the conspiracy pervades every department of the state, the police, the army, the post-office, and the very antechambers of the Vatican. It has its regular press, distributing thousands of its flying sheets with all the regularity which attends the delivery of a London paper; yet so extensive are the ramifications of complicity, that neither press, printer, writers, nor distributors, have ever yet been seized. No arrest is ever effected which has been a few hours preconcerted, and no denunciation is made without the name of the denunciator transpiring, so accurate and extensive is the knowledge of the Invisible Government. Its levies in Romagna are regimented and officered, and its revenues in the form of a national loan are regularly levied to meet its current expenses and provide a store of arms and ammunition for the day of insurrection.

From a Correspondent of the *Daily News*.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

has again been sitting—upon its addled egg. We could pity the imbecility of amiable fanatics; but it is not pity which we owe to a mischievous *Jesuitism*. What is the meaning of this peace-resolution, moved by Mr. Cobden?

‘That the standing armaments with which the Governments of Europe menace each other amid professions of mutual friendship and confidence, being a prolific source of social immorality, financial embarrassment, and national suffering, while they excite constant disquietude and irritation among the nations, this congress would earnestly urge upon the Governments the imperative necessity of entering upon a system of international disarmament.’

There are two falsehoods insinuated in this one sentence: the first that *Governments* are not at friendship with each other, the second that *nations* are in a constant state of ‘irritation’ against each other. And these two falsehoods are put forth as the basis of the peace folly, which is a recommendation to Governments to commit suicide. We say falsehoods, because at least the mover of the resolution knows well that all the present Governments, our own included, are perfectly in accord, and that they maintain their armaments as a police to keep down the peoples, who have no quarrels save those fermented by their rulers. Here is another disingenuousness, fitly proposed by pious Mr. Henry Vincent.

‘This congress, believing that the intervention, by threatened or actual violence, of one country in the internal politics of another, is a frequent cause of bitter and desolating wars, maintains that the right of every State to regulate its own affairs should be held absolute and inviolate.’

This is the justification of England’s abandonment of Rome and Hungary, under cover of a regard to ‘the right of every State to regulate its own affairs.’ A most despicable piece of humbug!

Honest men! and practical withal. Witness their resolution to convert the Haynaus and Palmerstons by providing, or rather proposing, new toys for the rising generation. Instead of having its tyrannous propensities fostered by ‘boxes of soldiers,’ it shall learn the very best peace-principles from little models of factories, full of the smallest possible children, worked by steam. And some ex-murderer, like M. Girardin, shall preach to it on Sundays. Why not invite Szela and any Irish ‘depopulator’ to begin, at once? Or rather some wordier mill-owning friend, who can explain the machinery of the toy.

THE LANSDOWNE MURDER.

At the Tralee Assizes, an Irish peasant and his wife have just been sentenced to two years imprisonment for the manslaughter of their nephew, a lad of twelve years old. They had flung him out on the high road, hand-tied and starving, to die at their door, because their landlord, the most noble Marquis of Lansdowne, had prohibited the harbouring of any of the family of one evicted, under pain of the harbourer losing his holding and forfeiting one year's rent. Landlord law!

NOTIONS OF LIBERTY.

Thirteen years ago, one Luxmoor, a blacksmith of Devonshire, having shown symptoms of insanity, his father caused a ring at the end of a chain some seven or eight feet long to be riveted firmly on his leg; the end of the chain carried through the floor of his bedroom, and made fast to a beam below. Afterwards a cell was built for him, seven feet long, between four and five feet wide, seven feet high, boarded entirely and overhead. There was a sort of a framework of a bed with the legs cut off, so that it rested on the floor. The cell had a small aperture, about a foot square, with iron bars to it. In this den 'chained like a mangy wolf,' on a little stinking straw, stark naked, and never cleaned, the unfortunate man remained for thirteen years before the State took notice of his position. The whole neighbourhood, including the magistrates, knew of it. The curate was in the habit of visiting the family, saw the lunatic, looked upon his treatment as 'not improper.' After all there was no cruel intention. They knew not what else to do with him. Nevertheless, at the last assizes at Exeter, a jury very properly condemned the man's brother-in-law, who had been his keeper for the last four years.

Luxmoor has been taken to an asylum, has been washed, and dressed, and treated like a human being; and he is found to be perfectly harmless, if not so wise as his fellows.

But upon what ground is the verdict right, and the State's interference justifiable? Not on any ground of 'political economy.' The man was worthless, and his family very commendably (on the economic theory) kept him off the parish or the county. Society has interfered on the ground of a violation of human liberty. Liberty then must consist in something more than in being *let alone*,—the strong let to exploit or crush the weak. Individuals are not to be left to the *mercy* of individuals. They are the charge of society. That is acknowledged, even by our present laws, in the case of the insane and imbecile. It is always difficult to draw a line. And yet we must ask why the sane should be less cared for than the insane. We put this to the utilitarian, who can not fail to perceive how we *let alone* the most valuable of our social materials. 'But will not this law of the State caring for its members lead directly to the Republic?'

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL.

The one Act of the British Parliament of 1851 has become law, and furnishes further proof of the vagueness of men's ideas of freedom. The son of the Duke of Norfolk is elected for Limerick as the champion of religious freedom; and shows his free spirit by kneeling publicly on the hustings to kiss the priest's foot. One wishes the priest had kicked him, if only proving to what freedoms a cur can submit. This is the 'religious freedom' which so interests our 'liberals.' 'But has not a man a right to follow his own conscience?' Not into slavery; *which is a crime*. Do we then approve this Bill? By no means; it is worthless and falsely based. The real ground of action was the interference of a foreign power with the internal management of this country; a declaration of war

against the English people, which should have been answered politically, even though by war. Suppose here a Russian Church, whose chief tenet is the divinity of the Czar. The Czar through his priests, interferes with the conduct of the English, or Irish, people, beginning with the education of our youth; commands that our allegiance shall be such as was rendered by the Christians to Nero,—that is to say, the least possible; that we shall not submit to the ‘Godless’ teachings of the State, but learn from his representatives to prostrate our souls and bodies before him. All this meddling of a foreign power—say Lord Arundel, Mr. Bright, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Miall, Mr. John O’Connell, and Mr. W. J. Fox—is not political, but purely religious, a matter of sectarian conscience, and the State can have nothing to do with it. When the Cossacks land at Dover, or at least till then, you can safely appeal to *the loyalty of the Russian Church*. Say Romish for Russian, and how stands the argument? O, ‘the Pope has no Cossacks, and so’ political interference ceases to be political.

INDICATIONS.

And here are facts, indicating the nature of the liberty—religious, political, and social—which we so much ‘enjoy.’

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY:—Irish Catholics of all ranks banding against the Government, because that Government pretends to interfere with their right to be ruled by a miserable foreigner, the tool of the uncatholic Czar. So the Archbishops will ‘defy the Law.’ H. B. catholic as he is, might picture the whole affair, scarcely caricatured, in a sparring-match between Wiseman and Tresham Gregg, John Bright backing the Cardinal, and Lord John bottleholder to the Protestant.

POLITICAL LIBERTY:—Mr. Jacob Bell, in virtue of his not being a Jew, elects himself, by dint of bribery, member of Parliament for St. Albans; sits and honestly legislates accordingly. The House of Commons offers a reward for the apprehension of his accomplices. The rascals have only to keep out of the way till the Session closes. Then they return home merrily, there being no power to interfere with them.

SOCIAL LIBERTY:—Nine wretches, whom we dare not even speak of as brutes, in one night, *all in turn*, monstrously outraged a poor sick woman who had fallen into their power. What satisfaction is it to justice, to society, or to the yet living victim, that five of these miscreants are sent *to one of our colonies*? Is nothing else due even to the hapless woman, whom society left to the chance of meeting anywhere with so horrible a fate? That nine such ‘members of society’ could be found together,—that such an abomination could be possible,—is sufficient condemnation of Society. For what pains, preventive or educational, have been taken by Society? Answer, ye who call yourselves ‘maintainers of order’! Such order! Think that by some hideous accident even Lady———, or respectable Mrs. or Miss———, might have been the abused, instead of only a poor work-woman, for whom none cares, except God. Think of this, ye who send missions to the heathen! ye who preach peace to the despots of the East!

Is this a time to talk complacently of the easy virtues of Royalty; of the gracefulness of a London Corporation studying new indigestions at Paris; or of the admirable success of the Exhibition of 1851? Send there those nine specimens of your work, that the world may see to what perfection of civilization your royal and constitutional ‘government’ has led us; and then curse the hope of the Republic, repeating your old cry of *Glory to Anarchy in the Highest*!

And do thou, virtuous well-wisher to Freedom! content thyself over thy wine with some ‘subscription’ toward a remedy, or the genteeler advocacy of some ‘sanatory improvement’ for your Sodom! There is no pressing occasion to disturb thee. Things will right themselves.

OF THE DUTIES OF MAN.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

IV.

DUTIES TOWARD HUMANITY.

YOUR first duties, not as to time, but in importance, are toward Humanity. You have duties as citizens, as sons, as husbands, and as fathers: sacred and inviolable duties, upon which we shall enlarge: but what renders those duties sacred and inviolable is the mission, the Duty, which your nature as *men* commands you. You are Fathers to educate *men* in the worship and development of the Law of God. You are Citizens, you have a Country, to enable you, easily, in a limited sphere, with the concurrence of a race already bound to you by language, by tendency, by habits, to work for the benefit of all *men* who are and will be; which you could ill do, alone and weak, lost in the immense number of your fellow-creatures! They who in teaching you *morality* limit the notion of your duties to the family or the country, teach you a more or less restricted *selfishness*, and lead you into harm both for others and for yourselves. Country and Family are as two circles set within a larger one; as two rounds of a ladder without which you cannot climb higher, but upon which you are not permitted to stop.

You are *men*,—that is, *reasonable, sociable, and capable of a progress* to which none can assign limits. These are the characteristics constituting *human nature*, which distinguish you from all other beings that surround you, and which are confided to each of you, as seed to produce fruit. All your life ought to tend to the exercise and ordained development of these fundamental faculties of your nature. Whenever you suppress or suffer to be suppressed any one of these faculties, wholly or in part, you descend from the rank of men to that of the inferior animals, and you violate the law of your life, the Law of God.

You descend to the rank of the brute and violate the Law of God whenever you suppress or allow to be suppressed any one of the faculties that constitute human nature in yourselves or in others. God wills not that his Law should be fulfilled in you alone,—if God had willed this only, he would have created you to be alone,—but that it should be fulfilled on earth among men, by all the beings whom he created in his own image. What He wills is, that the Thought of perfection and of love by him set in the world should reveal itself, and shine, more and more adored and realized. Your earthly individual existence, limited both by time and faculty, cannot realize it but most imperfectly and by flashes. Humanity alone, continued through generations, and through the intellect which is nourished by that of all its members, can at once unfold that divine thought, and apply and glorify it. God has therefore given you life, that you may employ

it for the benefit of Humanity,—that you may direct your individual faculties towards the development of the faculties of your brethren,—that you may add by your work some element to the collective work of improvement, and of the discovery of Truth, which the generations slowly but continually promote. You ought to educate yourselves and to educate others, to perfect yourselves and to perfect others. God is in you,—doubt it not: but God is likewise in all men who with you people this earth; God is in the life of all the generations which were, are, and shall be, which have improved, and will progressively improve the conception that Humanity is composed of Him, of his law, and of our Duties. You ought to worship and glorify him wherever He is. The universe is his Temple. And every unwithstood, unexpiated profanation of the Temple of God, recoils upon all who believe in him. Little matters it that you may call yourselves pure: for should you even—by isolating yourselves—remain so, you still betray your duties, if at two steps from you is corruption and you do not seek to combat it. Little matters it that in your soul you worship Truth: you still betray your duties if error governs your brethren in another corner of this earth which is our common mother; and you desire not, nor attempt by every effort in your power, to overthrow it. The image of God has been disfigured in the immortal souls of your fellow-creatures. God would be worshipped in his Law, and his Law is misunderstood, violated, denied around you. Human nature has been falsified in millions of men, to whom as to you, God confided the harmonious accomplishment of his design. And you, remaining inert, still dare to call yourselves believers?—

A People—the Greek, the Pole, the Circassian—rises, under the banner of country and independence; fights, conquers, or dies for it. What is it that makes your heart beat at the story of their battles, that uplifts it with joy at their victories, that saddens it at their fall?—A man, a countryman or a foreigner, lifts himself up in the midst of the general silence, in some corner of the earth; he gives utterance to certain ideas which he believes to be true, maintains them through persecution and in chains, and dies on the scaffold, without having abjured them. Why do you honour him with the name of a Saint, and of a Martyr? Why do you respect and cause your children to respect his memory? Why do you read with avidity the miracles of patriotism registered in Grecian Stories, and repeat them to your children with a sense of pride, as if they were the stories of your own country? Those Grecian facts are two thousand years old, and belong to an uncivilized epoch, which neither is nor ever will be yours. That man whom you call Martyr died perhaps for ideas which are not yours, and by his death cut off every path leading to his own individual progress. That People you admire in its victory and in its fall is a People foreign to you, and perhaps almost unknown, speaking a different language, and its mode of existence not visibly influencing yours: what matters it then to you who rules it, whether the Sultan, or the King of Bavaria, the Russian, or a government issuing from the consent of the nation? But in your heart is a voice crying: Those men who lived two thousand years before you, those populations which now fight far distant from you, that martyr for ideas for which you die not,—were and are your brethren: brethren not only by community of

origin and nature, but by communion of work and object. Those antique Greeks have passed away : but their work has not passed, and without it you would not have that grade of intellectual and moral development to which you now have reached. Those populations consecrated with their blood an idea of national liberty for which you still are combating. That martyr taught by dying that men ought to sacrifice every thing, and, if necessary, life itself, for what they believe to be the Truth. It matters little that he and many others signed their faith with their blood, thus cutting off their own individual development upon earth : God provides elsewhere for them. It is the development of Humanity which is of importance. It matters that the coming generation should rise, instructed by your struggles and sacrifices, higher and more mighty than yourselves, in the knowledge of the Law, in the adoration of the Truth. It matters, that, fortified by examples, human nature should improve, and verify more and more the design of God on earth. And in whatever place human nature improves, wherever a truth is conquered, wherever one step in advance on the path of education, of progress, of morality, is made, it is a step, a conquest, which will sooner or later benefit the whole of Humanity. You are all soldiers of one army that moves on different roads, divided into different corps, toward the conquest of one single object. At present you look only to your immediate chiefs ; the different uniforms, the diverse watchwords, the distances which separate the corps of operation from each other, the mountains which conceal the one from the other, often cause you to deny that truth, and exclusively concentrate your attention upon the object which is next to you. But he among you who can embrace the whole, and direct the general movement, is superior to you all. The secret of the battle is with God, and he will know when to assemble you all in one camp, and under one banner.

What a space between that faith which agitates our souls, and which will be the basis of the morals of the Epoch about to rise, and that on which the generations we now call ancient based their Morality ! And how close the tie existing between the idea we ourselves formed of the Divine Principle, and that which we have formed of our duties ! The first men had a sentiment of God, but without understanding him, without even seeking to understand him in his Law : they perceived him in his power, not in his love : they confusedly conceived a sort of relation between him and each individual ;—nothing more. Little apt to detach themselves from the sphere of sensible objects, they substantiated Him in one of them : in the tree which they had seen struck by a thunder-bolt,—in the stone near which they had pitched a tent,—in the first animal that presented itself to their view. It was the worship which the history of religion distinguishes by the name of *fetichism*. And then men knew but the *family*, the reproduction in a manner of their own individuality : beyond the circle of the family, were none but strangers, or, more commonly, enemies : to help themselves and their family was the only basis of their *morality*. Afterwards, the idea of God became enlarged. From sensible objects man timidly ascended to abstraction : he generalized. God was no more only the protector of the family, but of the association of many families, of the city, of the *race*. To *fetichism* succeeded *polytheism*, the worship of many Gods. Then also morality widened its round of

action. Men acknowledged the existence of more extended duties than those of the family, and laboured for the growth of the *race*, of the *nation*. Nevertheless they were ignorant of Humanity. Every nation called the foreigners *barbarians*, treated them as such, and sought by force or cunning their conquest or abasement. Every nation had foreigners and barbarians in its borders: men, millions of men, not admitted into the religious rites of the citizens,—believed to be of a different nature,—slaves among the free. The unity of mankind could only be admitted as the consequence of the unity of God; and the unity of God, divined only by some rare thinkers of antiquity, proclaimed by *Moses*, but with the fatal restriction—that one single People was the elect of God, was recognized only toward the dissolution of the Roman Empire through the work of Christianity. Christ placed at the head of his faith those two inseparable truths—*You have but one God and all men are the Sons of God*; and the promulgation of those two truths changed the aspect of the world, and extended the circle of morals to the very confines of the inhabited earth. To the duties toward the *family* and the *country*, were added the duties toward *Humanity*. Then man learned that, wherever he met with one like unto himself, there was his brother, a brother endowed with a soul immortal as his own, destined to rejoin its Creator, and that he owed him love, association of faith, and assistance both by advice and deed wherever it might be needed. Then, as a presentiment of other truths contained germ-like in Christianity, words sublime, unintelligible to antiquity, wrongly understood or interpreted by those who succeeded,—were heard from the lips of the Apostles: *For, as many members are in one body, and all members have not the same office: so we, being many, are one body, and every one members of one another.*^a *And there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.*^b And now, after eighteen centuries of study and experience and fatigue, the question is to give development to those germs: the question is to promulgate not only that Humanity is one single body, and ought to be governed by one single law, but also that the first article of that Law is *Progress*; progress here on earth, where we are to verify as much as possible the design of God, and prepare ourselves by education for better destinies. The question is to teach men, that if Humanity is one single body, we all, as members of that body, ought to labour at its development, and to render it more harmonious, and its life more active and vigorous. The question is to convince ourselves that we cannot climb toward God except by means of the souls of our brethren, and that we ought to improve and purify them even where they do not ask it. The question is that only the whole of Humanity is able to accomplish that part of the design of God which he would have accomplished here below, to substitute for the exercise of charity toward individuals, a work of association tending to ameliorate all together, and to direct toward that object both the *family* and the *country*. Other and vaster duties will reveal themselves to us in future, according as we acquire an idea less imperfect and more clear of our Law of life. Thus God, the *Father*, by means of

^a Paul to the Romans. Chap. xii. 4, 5.

^b John's Gospel. Chap. x. 16.

a slow but continual religious education, guides Humanity toward an improvement in which our individuality likewise improves.

It improves in that improvement, and without a common improvement you cannot hope to ameliorate the material or moral conditions of the individual. Generally speaking, should you even wish to do so, you cannot separate your life from that of Humanity. You live in it, from it, and by it. Your soul, save the exception of some very few extraordinarily mighty ones, cannot free itself from the influence of the elements through which it exerts itself; as the body, however robust its constitution, cannot withdraw itself from the action of a corrupted atmosphere that surrounds it. How many of you wish, with surety of not driving them into persecution, to educate your sons to unlimited sincerity, where tyranny and espionage impose the necessity of concealing or dissembling two thirds of your opinions? How many of you would educate them to contempt of riches, in a society in which gold is the only power that obtains honour, influence, respect, or protects them against the arbitrariness and insult of the masters and their agents? Where is he among you, who loving, and with the best intentions in the world, has not whispered to his beloved in Italy: '*Mistrust men,—every honest man should retire within himself, and shun public life,—Charity begins at home,*'—and other such maxims, evidently immoral, but suggested by the general aspect of society? Which is the mother who, although belonging to a faith that adores the cross of Christ, the willing martyr of Humanity, has not thrown her arms around the neck of her son, endeavouring to dissuade him from perilous attempts for the good of his brethren? And should you even find in yourselves the courage to teach the contrary, would not all society with its thousand voices, by its thousands of bad examples, destroy the effect of your words? Can you purify yourselves, or exalt yourselves, amidst an atmosphere of contamination and corruption? And to descend to your material conditions, do you think you could durably improve them by any other way but that of common improvement? Here in England, where we write, to the new tax, imposed upon every income exceeding one hundred and fifty pounds a year, the rich manufacturers replied by announcing to their workmen the diminution of their wages. But with an ill-ordered government, in a society in which the condition of the workmen is left to the arbitrariness of their employers, will there ever be any taxes imposed without the latter revenging themselves by the reduction of your wages? Millions of pounds are spent yearly in England in private charity, for the relief of individuals fallen into misery; and misery yearly increases, and individual charity is proved insufficient to stay the plague, and the necessity of collective organic remedies is more than ever universally felt.—Where the country is continually threatened,—in consequence of the unjust laws of those who govern,—with a violent conflict between the oppressors and the oppressed, do you suppose that capital can flow freely, and that vast, lengthy and costly, enterprizes can abound? Where tolls and prohibitions depend upon the caprice of an absolute government, which nothing modifies, and whose expenses for army, spies, functionaries, and pensioners, increase with the needs of its own safety, do you believe that the activity of industry and of manufactures can acquire an uninterrupted and progressive development? You may answer that it will suffice to better organize

the government and the social conditions of your own country?—It will not suffice. There is now no people which lives exclusively upon its own products. You live by exchange, importations and exportations. Every foreign nation which is impoverished, and in which the number of consumers diminishes, is a market the less for you. A foreign commerce subjected to crisis or to ruin,—in consequence of villainous ordinances,—produces crisis or ruin for yours. Failures in England or America lead to failures in Italy. Credit is now not a national but an European institution. Besides, every attempt you may make toward national improvement will find its enemies in all governments,—on account of the League contracted between the princes,—who will be the first to perceive that the question has now become a general one. There is therefore no other hope for you but in universal improvement, in a fraternity between all the European Peoples, and through Europe, with all Humanity.

Hence, O brethren, for your own duties' sake and benefit, you must never forget, that your first duties,—duties, without whose fulfilment you cannot hope to fulfil those which your family and your country command,—are the duties toward Humanity. Let your word and your work be for all, as God is for all, in his love and in his law. In whatever land you are, wherever a man is struggling for right, for justice, for Truth, there is your brother: wherever a man is tormented by error, injustice, or tyranny, there is your brother. FREEMEN OR SLAVES, YOU ARE ALL BRETHREN. One is your origin, one the law, one the aim of you all. Let your faith be one, one your action, one the banner under which you fight. Say not—*The language we speak is different*: tears, action, martyrdom, form a language common to all men, which all of you understand. Say not—*Humanity is too vast, and we too weak*. God measures not the strength, but the intention. Love Humanity! At every one of your actions in the circle of the country or of the family, ask yourselves—*If what I do were to be done by all, and for all, would it help or injure Humanity?* and if your conscience replies to you, that *it would injure*, desist! desist even though it seem to you that from your action an immediate advantage would ensue for your Country or for your Family. Be apostles of this faith, apostles of the brotherhood of nations, and of their unity, now admitted by mankind in principle, but denied in fact. Be this wherever you can, and as far as you can. Neither God nor man can require more from you. For, I say unto you, that in becoming such—be it only inwardly if it cannot be otherwise—you will help Humanity. God measures the steps of education which he causes mankind to ascend according to the number and the purity of the believers. When you shall be pure and numerous, God, who counts you, will open to you a path to action.



CARLOS III:

King of Spain, Naples, and Sicily,—1759—88. Padre de la Patria y Protector de las Ciencias (Father of his Country and Protector of the Sciences). Facsimile of a cast from the Royal Mint.

THE RUSSIAN CATECHISM.

(A Literal Translation of the Catechism published for the use of the Schools and Churches in the Polish Provinces of Russia, in the year 1832.)

Quest. 1. How is the authority of the Emperor to be considered in reference to the spirit of Christianity?

Ans. As proceeding from God.

Quest. 2. How is this substantiated by the nature of things?

Ans. It is by the will of God that men live in society: hence the various relations which constitute society, which for its more complete security is divided into parts called nations, the government of which is intrusted to a prince, king, or emperor, or, in other words, to a supreme ruler: we see then, that as man exists in conformity to the will of God, society emanates from the same Divine will, and more especially the supreme power and authority of our lord and master, the Czar.

Quest. 3. What duties does religion teach us, the humble subjects of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, to practise towards him?

Ans. Worship, obedience, fidelity, the payment of taxes, service, love, and prayer, the whole being comprised in the words worship and fidelity.

Quest. 4. Wherein does this worship consist, and how should it be manifested?

Ans. By the most unqualified reverence in words, gestures, demeanour, thoughts, and actions.

Quest. 5. What kind of obedience do we owe to him?

Ans. An entire, passive, and unbounded obedience in every point of view.

Quest. 6. In what consists the fidelity we owe to the Emperor.

Ans. In executing his commands most rigorously, without examination; in performing the duties he requires from us, and in doing every thing willingly without murmuring.

Quest. 7. Is it obligatory on us to pay taxes to our gracious Sovereign, the Emperor?

Ans. It is incumbent on us to pay every tax in compliance with his supreme commands, both as to the amount and when due.

Quest. 8. Is the service of his Majesty, the Emperor, obligatory on us?

Ans. Absolutely so: we should, if required, sacrifice ourselves in compliance with his will, both in a civil and military capacity, and in whatever manner he deems expedient.

Quest. 9. What benevolent sentiments and love are due to the Emperor?

Ans. We should manifest our good-will and affection, according to our station, in endeavouring to promote the prosperity of our native land, Russia (*not Poland*), as well as that of the Emperor our father, and of his august family.

Quest. 10. Is it incumbent on us to pray for the Emperor, and for Russia our country?

Ans. Both publicly and privately, beseeching the Almighty to grant the Emperor health, integrity, happiness, and security. The same is applicable to the country, which constitutes an indivisible part of the Emperor.

Quest. 11. What principles are in opposition to these duties?

Ans. Irreverence, disobedience, infidelity, malevolence, treason, mutiny, and revolt.

Quest. 12. How are irreverence and infidelity to the Emperor to be considered in reference to God?

Ans. As the most heinous sin, the most frightful criminality.

Quest. 13. Does religion, then, forbid us to rebel and overthrow the government of the Emperor?

Ans. We are interdicted from so doing at all times, and under any circumstances.

Quest. 14. Independently of the worship we owe the Emperor, are we called upon to respect the public authorities emanating from him?

Ans. Yes; because they emanate from him, represent him, and act as his substitutes; so that the Emperor is everywhere.

Quest. 15. What motives have we to fulfil the duties above enumerated?

Ans. The motives are twofold—some natural, others revealed.

Quest. 16. What are the natural motives?

Ans. Besides the motives adduced, there are the following:—The Emperor being the head of the nation, the father of all his subjects, who constitute one and the same country, Russia, is thereby alone worthy of reverence, gratitude, and obedience: for both public welfare and individual security depend on submissiveness to his commands.

Quest. 17. What are the supernaturally revealed motives for this worship?

Ans. The supernaturally revealed motives are, that the Emperor is the Vicegerent and Minister of God to execute the Divine commands; and, consequently, disobedience to the

Emperor is identical with disobedience to God himself; that God will reward us in the world to come for the worship and obedience we render the Emperor, and punish us severely to all eternity should we disobey and neglect to worship him. Moreover, God commands us to love and obey from the inmost recesses of the heart every authority, and particularly the Emperor, not from worldly consideration, but from apprehension of the final judgment.

Quest. 18. What books prescribe these duties?

Ans. The New and Old Testaments, and particularly the Psalms, Gospels, and Apostolic Epistles.

Quest. 19. What examples confirm this doctrine?

Ans. The example of Jesus Christ himself, who lived and died in allegiance to the Emperor of Rome, and respectfully submitted to the judgement which condemned him to death. We have, moreover, the example of the Apostles, who both loved and respected them; they suffered meekly in dungeons conformably to the will of the Emperors, and did not revolt like malefactors and traitors. We must, therefore, in imitation of these examples, suffer and be silent.

Quest. 20. At what period did the custom originate of praying to the Almighty for the prosperity of the Sovereign?

Ans. The custom of publicly praying for the Emperors is coeval with the introduction of Christianity; which custom is to us the most valuable legacy and splendid gift we have received from past ages.

Such is the doctrine of the church, confirmed by practice, as to the worship and fidelity due to the omnipotent Emperor of Russia, the Minister and Vicegerent of God.

THE ABOLITION OF ROYALTY:

AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE, BY THOMAS PAINE.

(Placarded on the walls of Paris, on the occasion of the flight of Louis XVI. Our copy is Englished from Duchâtelet's translation of Paine's manuscript, published in a supplement of the *Patriote Français* of Saturday, October 27th, 1792, No. 1167.)

Paris, October 25, 1792, the first year of
the Republic.

CITIZENS AND COLLEAGUES!

When we arrive at some great and long-desired good, our first impulse is to rejoice; our second is to reflect, reviewing all the circumstances of our new happiness: we compare it in detail with our ancient condition; and each of these thoughts becomes a renewed enjoyment for us. It is this enlightened and reflective satisfaction that I share with you, to-day.

Beholding Royalty abolished and the Republic establish itself, all France has resounded with an unanimous acclaim. However, there are yet among us some who do not well understand either the state they have quitted, or that upon which they are entering.

The perjuries of Louis, the plots of his court, the fury of his worthy brothers, have filled every Frenchman with horror; and this family was dethroned in men's hearts before it was dethroned by you. But, it is little to overthrow the idol: it is the pedestal which must especially be beaten down. It is the kingly *office*, rather than the *officer* himself, which is murderous. This is not seen by every one.

Citizens! why is *Royalty* an absurd and detestable government? why and wherefore is a *Republic* a government conformable to reason? To-day, a Frenchman ought to put himself in a condition to precisely answer these two questions. For, in fine, if we are content and free, ought we not to know why we are so?

I begin first with Royalty, or Monarchy. Though men have often wished to distinguish between these names, common usage has given them the same sense.

Certain bands of brigands assemble to overrun a country, to lay it under contribution, to seize the lands, and to enslave the inhabitants. The expedition at an end, the chief of the robbers assumes the title of king, or monarch. Such is the origin of Royalty, among all nations—hunters, husbandmen, or shepherds.

A second brigand comes, who ravishes by force that which was gained by violence. He dispossesses the first; takes him captive; kills him; and, at last, reigns in his place. Soon time effaces the memory of this original. His successors govern under a new form; they do some little good, for expedience's sake; they corrupt everything about them; they invent, or cause others to invent, false genealogies; they have recourse to everything to render their family sacred; the knavery of priests comes to their aid; they take religion for a body-guard: and thus Tyranny puts on immortality; and the usurpation of power becomes an hereditary right.

The effects of Royalty have been everywhere conformable to its origin: war without, extortion within. What scenes of horror, what refinements of iniquity, the annals of monarchies present! If we would paint human nature with such baseness of heart, and such hypocrisy, that men should perforce recoil from it with affright, and that humanity should disown it, it is, in my opinion, the portraiture of kings, of their ministers, of their courtiers, that we must trace.

And how, Citizens! should it be otherwise? What else should such a monstrosity produce, but misfortunes and crimes? What is Monarchy? Let them disguise it as they will, let them never so much familiarize the people with this hateful name, in its true sense this word signifies *the absolute power of a single individual*: who may be with impunity a blockhead, an impostor, or a tyrant. Is it not insulting nations, to desire that they should be so governed.

The government of a single person is inherently vicious, independently of the vices of the individual. For be the state never so little, the prince is almost always less. What proportion is there between one man and all the affairs of a nation?

It is true that we have seen some men of genius under the diadem; so much

the greater is the evil. A talented king is worse than a fool. His ambition carries him to conquest, and to despotism; his people are soon reduced to bewail his glory, singing *Te Deums* while they die of hunger.

But if Royalty is fatal inasmuch as it is Royalty, so, as hereditary succession, is it equally revolting and ridiculous.

What, Citizens! is there among our fellows a man who imagines himself born to govern us? Whence does he hold this right?—‘From his ancestors, and from ours,’ says he. But, how could they transmit to him a right which they had not? Man has no authority over the generations to come. I can no more be the slave of the dead, than that of the living.

An hereditary crown! a transmittable throne! What a notion! After the least reflection, is there a man who can tolerate it? Human beings, then, would be the property of certain individuals, born or to be born! We should deal beforehand with our descendants, as with brutes who would have neither will nor right! To inherit a government is to inherit the people, as if they were flocks and herds.

We are wrong in reproaching kings for their ferocity, their brutal apathy, the oppression of the people, and the vexations of the citizens: it is the hereditary principle which makes them what they are. The hereditary principle produces monsters, as a morass engenders vipers.

This is, in effect, the course of reasoning pursued by every hereditary prince. ‘I possess my power in right of my birth; my birth is the gift of God: therefore I owe nothing unto men:’ So, has he a minister at all complaisant, he forthwith conscienciously indulges himself in all the crimes of Tyranny. We have beheld this in all ages and in all countries.

A monarch is an egotist by nature; he is pre-eminently an egotist. Ten thousand traits show that this sort of men is nowhere connected with the rest of Humanity. The people demanded from one of the kings of the country in which I was born, (Charles II.,) the punishment of Lauderdale, his favourite, who had shamefully oppressed the Scotch. ‘*Ay!*’ said he, coolly, ‘*the fellow has done a great deal against the State: but I do not see that he has done anything against me.*’ Your Louis XIII. would often say:—‘*If I were to conduct myself according to the wishes of the people, I should do nothing for the king.*’

If Nature could make a law which should invariably fix wisdom and virtue in those privileged castes which perpetuate themselves upon thrones, objections to their inheritance would cease. But, if we take a review of Europe, it is the contrary that everywhere presents itself. All the monarchs there are the very dregs of Humanity. This one is a tyrant; that other an idiot; another a traitor; this last a debauchee; some are collections of all vices. It is as if Fate and Nature had taken pleasure in exhibiting, at this period, to all nations, the ridiculousness and enormity of Royalty. In whatever manner we consider it, we find the notion of Hereditary Royalty only foolishness and infamy. What is this office which infants and idiots are capable of filling? Some talent is required to be a common workman; to be a king no more is needed, than to have a human figure, to be a living automaton. We are astonished at reading that the Egyptians set upon the throne a stone, which they call a king. Well! such a monarch

was less absurd and less mischievous than those before whom nations prostrate themselves. At least, he deceived no one. None supposed that he possessed qualities, or a character. They did not call him the Father of his People: and yet it would have been scarcely more ridiculous, than to give such a title to a blockhead whom the right of succession crowns at the age of eighteen. A dumb idol is better than one animated,

Thus, Citizens! Royalty is as repugnant to common sense, as to the common right. It would be a scourge, even while an absurdity. For a people who can bow down to worship a folly is a degraded people. How can they be fit for great actions—the men who pay the same homage to vice as to virtue, who render the same submission to ignorance as to wisdom? Of all superstitions none has more debased men's minds. We seek the cause of abjectness of character in the monarchical system: there it is.

When you pronounced the abolition of Royalty, no one rose in its defence: it was expected. Only among the royalists were any found to prop up the monarchy or to plead in its behalf. Permit me to examine their most specious arguments.

'A king is necessary to preserve a nation from the tyranny of the great.' Establish the rights of man; let equality reign; make a good constitution; a good division of powers; let there be no privileges, no distinctions of birth, no monopolies; let there be freedom for Industry and for Trade; an equal division of successions; publicity for the acts of the government; liberty of the Press: with all these points guaranteed to you by good laws, you will have no great men to fear. Willing or unwilling, all the citizens will be under the Law.

'The Legislative Body might usurp the sovereignty; and a king is necessary to keep them in check.' With Representatives who are frequently renewed, who are neither ministers nor judges, whose functions are determined by law; with National Conventions—those primary assemblies which can be convoked at any moment; with a People who know how to read, and how to fight; with good muskets, good pikes, and good journals;—a Legislative Body would have some trouble in enjoying a few months of tyranny.

'A King is necessary, to give force to the Executive.' This might have been said when there existed Nobles, a Clergy, Parliaments, and Privileged Persons of all kinds. But who, now, can resist the Law, which is the will of all, and in the execution of which all are interested? On the contrary, the existence of an hereditary prince excites perpetual distrust among the friends of Liberty; his authority is hateful to them; to oppose despotism, they are, every moment, clogging the action of government. This is why the Executive has become so feeble, since we pretended to marry Royalty with Liberty.

Others advance this wretched argument:—*'If there be no hereditary chief, there will be an elective chief; the citizens will be divided—for the one, and for the other; and there will be a civil war at every election.'*—But is it not certain, that it was the hereditary principle alone which produced the civil wars of France and England; and that it was the pretended rights of royal families which twenty times brought upon these countries the scourge of civil wars?

What we should especially remark is that, if there be an elective chief, that

chief will not be a king surrounded by courtiers, overladen with pomps, covered with idolatrous homage, and portioned with a civil-list of thirty millions; and that no one will be tempted to take up arms, to place, during a few years, a citizen—his equal—in a post where he will have but a limited income, and very circumscribed power.

In a word, Citizens! whoever desires the equality and comfort of the People, will have no king. Whoever asks for a king, asks for a nobility and thirty millions of taxes. This is why my compatriot, Franklin, looked upon Royalism as *a crime equal to the crime of poisoning*.

Royalty, its fanatical eclat, its superstitious idolatry, the false prejudice of its necessity,—all these lies have been invented only to obtain from men excessive contributions and a willing servitude. Royalty and Papacy have the same end; they are supported by the same artifices; and they fall before the same light.

Your fellow-citizen and colleague, THOMAS PAINE.

THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRE.

(Abridged from Carlyle.)

‘It is unfortunate, though very natural, that the history of this Period has generally been written in hysterics.’—*Thomas Carlyle*.

Two great movements: a rushing against domestic Traitors, a rushing against foreign Despots. The Country is in danger: in danger, truly, if ever Country was. Arise, O Country! or be trodden down to ignominious ruin. Nay, are not the chances a hundred to one that no rising of the Country will save it: Brunswick, the Emigrants, and Feudal Europe drawing nigh? More desperate posture no country ever stood in.

Longwi, our first strong place on the borders, is fallen ‘in fifteen hours.’ Brunswick is at Verdun: Verdun surrendered. Eighty thousand of the invading army, sworn to rescue or revenge the Usurper, advance from stage to stage: who shall stay them? covering forty miles of country. Foragers fly far; the villages of the North-East are harried. Brunswick’s Manifesto offers no very pleasant ‘terms’ to the patriotism of Paris.

It is the 2nd of September when rumour of the fall of Verdun is in Paris. On the moment huge placards are plastered to the walls; at two o’clock the storm-bell shall be sounded, the alarm-cannon fired; all Paris shall rush to the Champ-de-Mars and have itself enrolled. Unarmed truly, and undrilled; but desperate, in the strength of frenzy. The very women offer to mount guard. Terror is in these streets of Paris; terror and rage, fierce desperation rushing to battle; mothers, with streaming eyes and wild hearts, sending forth their sons to die. Terror itself has become courage; for Danton has spoken for all:—It would not do to quit Paris and fly to Saumer; they must abide by Paris and take such attitude as would put their enemies ‘in fear.’ ‘It is not the alarm-cannon that we

hear: it is the pas-de-charge against our enemies. To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we require? To dare, and again to dare, and evermore to dare.'

But La-Vendée is rising at our backs,—eight thousand peasants at Châtillon, for a beginning: the loyal (which should have been patriotic) warmth of a simple People blown into flame and fury by theological and seignorial bellows. Treason is manifest enough. Are not thirty-thousand Aristocrats within our own walls, of whom but some hundreds are yet in prison, to be tried, perhaps to escape? If not thirty-thousand, yet more than it were wise to have in our rear, whether we advance, or only man the walls. Shall we be content to take the horses out of noble carriages, cutting the traces, seizing them by the bridle, that they may draw cannon; and shall we leave the nobles to sit there plotting? Think somewhat of this among your defences.

It is the 2nd of September. Through this Paris, frenzied with its agony, of frantic enrolments, of mothers' tears, and soldiers' farewell shoutings, while the tocsin is pealing its loudest, some thirty priests, who had refused to swear to the Constitution, men openly disaffected, fare in six carriages along the streets, from preliminary detention at the Town Hall toward the Prison of the Abbaye. They pass through the excited multitude: what else but curses could greet them on their way? Accursed Aristocrat Hypocrites, this is the pass ye have brought us to. Men mount even on the carriage steps; ever the reproaches grow more vehement. Pull up the carriage blinds! Not so; you *shall* listen to us. One of the prisoners strikes the hand that is on his blind; that not sufficing, smites, with his cane, the uncovered head sharply, and again more sharply, as he would smite a dog. It is perhaps only a poor man. Next moment the carriages are locked and blocked in raging tumults. The thirty priests, all save one, are massacred at the prison gate.

This sudden thunder-burst once over, a strange Court of Justice, or call it Court of Revenge and Wild-Justice ^a fashions itself in the Abbaye Prison, and takes seat round a table, with the Prison Registers spread before it. The like is done at La Force, at the Châtelet, in all the seven prisons of Paris: unwonted wild tumult howling all around. Swift: a name is called; bolts jingle, a Prisoner is there. A few questions are put; swiftly this sudden Jury decides: Royalist Plotter or not? Clearly not; in that case, Let the Prisoner be enlarged with *Vive la Nation*. Or be it yea; then still, Let the Prisoner be enlarged, but without *Vive la Nation*; or else it may run, Let the Prisoner be conducted to La Force. At La Force again their formula is, Let the Prisoner be conducted to the Abbaye.—'To La Force, then!' The doomed man is seized, conducted, not into La Force, but under an arch of wild sabres, axes and pikes. So at the prison gates corpse falls on corpse, and blood runs down the kennel; men horribly disfigured with many wounds, ghastly as if they had fallen under the sabres or the cannon of a Castlereagh or a Cavaignac. ^b Man and woman:

^a "Revenge," my friends! revenge is for evermore intrinsically a correct and even a divine feeling. . . . I perceive this same sacred glow of divine wrath to be the foundation for all Criminal Law and Official horse-hair-and-bombazeen procedure against scoundrels in this world.'—*Thomas Carlyle on Model Prisons*.

^b Yet 'amiable men,' respectable withal, talked coolly of grape-shooting the rabble, throwing a shell or two among them, on the Tenth of April, 1848, when the Country was not in danger.

like the orderly established Gallows, the People's wrath spared neither the brave, nor the beautiful, nor the weak, provided they are proved to be traitors. Yet the wild rage is measured. During the hundred hours of execution, from Sunday till Thursday evening, the circuit of King Louis' prison is guarded by a tricolour ribbon. There are pardons and acquittals too. Old Marquis Cazotte is doomed to die; but his young daughter clasps him in her arms; the heart of the killers themselves is touched; the old man is spared. In ten days more a *Court of Law* condemned him, and he had to die elsewhere. Old M. Sombreuil also had a daughter:—My Father is not an Aristocrat: O good gentlemen, I will swear it, and testify it, and in all ways prove it; we are not, we hate Aristocrats. 'Wilt thou drink Aristocrats' blood?' The man lifts blood (if Rumour can be credited); the poor maiden does drink. 'This Sombreuil is innocent then!' Yes indeed—— The pikes rattle to the ground, there are bursts of jubilee over a brother saved; and the old man and his daughter are clasped to bloody bosoms, with hot tears, and borne home in triumph of *Vive la Nation*, the killers refusing even money. Does it seem strange this temper of theirs? It seems very certain, well-proved by Royalist testimony in other instances, and very significant. So far our historian.

And here are extracts from the notes of one who was undeservedly acquitted; which may show the character of the tribunal. In his own words.

'Behold me haled before this swift and bloody judgment bar, *where all resources of ingenuity became null if they were not founded upon truth*: . . . "My name is Jourgniac Saint-Méard, an officer. . . . I am accused of editing the *Journal De la Cour et de la Ville*. But I hope to prove the falsity." ° . . . "You tell us you are not this and not that: what are you then?"—"I was an open Royalist." There was a general murmur, which was appeased by another of the men. "*We are not here to judge opinions*," said he, "*but to judge the results of them*." . . . "Yes, Messieurs," cried I, "always till the Tenth of August I was an open Royalist. Ever since the Tenth of August that cause has been finished. I am a Frenchman, true to my country, I was always a man of honour," etc. . . . The President, this cross-questioning being over, took off his hat, and said—"I see nothing to suspect in this man; I am for granting him his liberty. Is that your vote? To which all the judges answered: Yes, yes; it is just."

Thus Jourgniac escaped from the September Massacre, otherwise called Severe Justice of the People. 'Divine Wrath against Scoundrels.'

Others also 'escaped.' During the four days one thousand and eighty nine—neither more nor less—of whom two hundred and two were Priests, were executed. Horrible indeed! whether we call it massacre, justice or revenge. And yet three years later General Bonaparte in, not one hundred hours, but one hour, blows two hundred men into fragments; and it is not called horrible, because—— Perhaps some peace man will tell us. Or some friend of 'order' may compare this September 'massacre' or 'wild-justice,' with the following from an official paper, of Pesth no further back than September 1st, 1850.

'The 9th, ult: at dawn, the regular pillage began. The signal was given with trumpets; the plunder was granted to every regiment by turns. After a regiment had plundered it

° Jourgniac's defence, says Carlyle, is long-winded and uninteresting—with a loose theatricality in the reporting which tends toward unveracity.

was recalled and relieved by another. The Russians not only plundered, but flogged the citizens indiscriminately. The latter plundering regiments tore the boots from the feet of the inhabitants, and stripped them of their clothes, leaving them scarcely a shirt. The last band, furious at finding no more valuables, committed the most atrocious cruelties; they demanded money, and, as the inhabitants had no money to give them, they were tortured. The officers plundered with the privates. The last regiment came armed with bars and perches and destroyed everything which could not be carried away. Not a chair, not a table, not a door remained unbroken; they cut the feather-beds and flung away the feathers; they carried away in waggons the contents of the premises; they bounced open the cellars, drank as much as they could, and when they could drink no more they broke the barrels that the wine might run out. In their intoxication they committed such beastly excesses that even the Russian officers, unable to restrain them, lamented the misfortunes of the citizens. There is no pen to describe the dreadful fate of the women; no age was spared by the intoxicated ruffians. The plundering lasted the whole day; the town was during this time, always surrounded by the Russian army, nor issue granted to any one.^d Or why go so far from home, when two millions of our Irish neighbours have been massacred by Governmental Famine in the last ten years? No kennel running with blood, but bloodless corpses, famished and fever-stricken, scarcely less horrible; and the massacre lasted, not only four days, with 250 in a day, but with an average of 500 *a day for four thousand days*. Truly also, the difference is not only in the figures. That 'September Massacre,' was at least an endeavour at justice, however mad the few endeavourers; our Ten Years Massacre was the result of an atheistical indifference and neglect and absence of endeavour on the part of a whole society.

We have scarcely altered Mr. Carlyle's words. A word indeed here and there, but not the sense. His expletives, some few of them at least, we now subjoin. 'Bottomless Guilt'—'murky simmering'—'Madness, Horror and Murder'—'frantic Patriots'—'horny paws'—'unkempt heads'—'tiger yells'—'Night and Orcus'—'Phantasmagory of the Pit'—'howling seas'—'sabres-sharpening'^e—'sons of darkness'—'nether fire,' etc., etc., etc. All which had not much helped the story; but may now be applied by the judicious reader, wherever may seem most suitable.

We conclude however by commending the historian's own reflections to all men, Carlyle himself included.—'To shriek when certain things are acted is (perhaps) proper and unavoidable. Nevertheless . . . O shrieking 'beloved brother blockhead, close thy wide mouth; cease shrieking, and begin considering.

^d Quoted in the Athenæum of November 16, 1850.

^e As a sample of the exaggerative style:—'They open the folding gate; he is announced to the multitude. He stands a moment motionless, then plunges forth among the pikes, and dies of a thousand wounds. Man after man is cut down; *the sabres need sharpening, the killers refresh themselves from wine-jugs*. Onward and onward goes the butchery, *the loud yells wearying down into bass growls*. A sombre-faced shifting multitude looks on.' The number slain was 1089—not quite 160 at each of the seven prisons. There were 'shifting multitudes' at each prison,—pikes and sabres,—three men to be killed in every two of the hundred hours. Doubtless much need of 'sabre sharpening,' 'wine-jugs,' and 'loud yells wearying down into bass growls.' How much sabre-sharpening was at Waterloo? or in that same Paris, in one hundred hours of June, 1848? Truly, Mr. Carlyle! 'the head of man is a strange vacant sounding-shell, and studies Cocker to small purpose.'

WHO IS THE MURDERER ?

WE spoke last month of the murder of a poor boy upon Lord Lansdowne's ground; but since then the worthy and indefatigable Mr. Osborne has exposed the atrocious circumstances of the case, and we are compelled to recur to it. Here is Mr. Osborne's account:—

'On the estate of the Marquis of Lansdowne, in Kerry, there lived a few months ago a man and his wife, Michael and Judith Donoghue; they lived in the house of one Casey; an order has gone forth on this estate (a common order in Ireland), that no tenant is to admit any lodger into his house; this was a general order: it appears, however, that sometimes special orders are given, having regard to particular individuals. The Donoghues had a nephew, one Denis Shea; this boy had no father living; he had lived with a grandmother, *who had been turned out of her holding on account of harbouring him*. Denis Shea was *twelve years of age*, a child of decidedly dishonest habits. *Orders were given by the driver of the estate that this child should not be harboured upon it*. This young Cain, thus branded and prosecuted, being a thief—he had stolen a shilling, a hen, and done many other such crimes as a neglected twelve-year old famishing child will do—wandered about; one night he came to his aunt Donoghue's, who lodged with Casey; he had the hen with him.

'Casey told his lodgers not "to allow him in the house," *as the agent's driver had given orders about it*. The woman, *the child's aunt*, took up a pike, or pitchfork, and *struck him down* with it; the child was crying at the time. The man Donoghue, his uncle, with a cord tied the child's hands behind his back. The poor child, after a while, crawls or staggers to the door of one Sullivan, and tried to get in there; the maid of Sullivan called Donoghue to take him away; this he did, but he afterwards returned, his hands still tied behind his back. Donoghue had already beaten him severely. The child seeks refuge in other cabins, but is pursued by his character—*he was so bad a boy*, the fear of the agent and driver—*all were forbidden to shelter him*. He is brought back by some neighbours in the night to Casey's, where his uncle and aunt lived; the said neighbours try to force the sinking child upon his relatives; there is a struggle at the door; the child was heard asking some one to put him upright. A few hours after an eye that had never been off him saw him reel from the flagstone of his mother's sister's door; she, her husband, and his landlord were "retired to rest!" He tries to get his hands round from their cords, to press the forehead, to press the eye, as children do who die of famine; no, his uncle had bound him. In the morning there is blood on the threshold—the child is stiff, dead; a corpse with its arms tied; around it every mark of a last fierce struggle for shelter—food—the common rites of humanity.

'The Donoghues were tried at the late Kerry assizes—it was morally a clear case of murder; but, as it was said, or believed, that these Donoghues acted not in malice to the child, but under a sort of sense of self-preservation, that they felt to admit him was to become wanderers themselves, they were indicted for manslaughter, and found guilty.'

They were indicted for manslaughter! *They?* Who? The landlord, the

agent, the driver? No! the driven slaves who dared not for their lives to disobey their lord's ukase. Yet the *verdict* of manslaughter was right, though slaves are not responsible beings. But when the slave-master employs his slave as assassin, drives the assassin to his work, shall we content ourselves with a verdict of manslaughter recorded against the unwilling tool? Be your indictment, or your verdict, what it may, be the judge never so feeling and *so careful*, it is a murder which has been committed; and men will—must ask, WHO IS THE MURDERER?

The lesser culprits have been condemned, but the principal remains at large, and unaccused. Was there an inquest on the murdered, and yet no warrant issued against the real murderer, the well-known master of those who only 'slew' the victim?

Before God and man we arraign Lord Lansdowne of this murder. He owns the land; he claims and exercises his legal right to reduce his tenants to the condition of the Donoghues; he by his order directly instigates and virtually commands the murder of this child. Was there equal law in Britain, was there justice between man and man, between the serf and his peer, this most noble President of a Queen's Privy Council had stood in Tralee dock, beside his fellow-culprits, tools, agents, and drivers; and as principal, had borne the heaviest penalty. For as surely as if his dagger had struck the blow, his hand signed the death-warrant of Denis Shea.

The malignant *Times* can find fault with the Literature of the Poor, picking out in some unhappy corner a seeming provocation to murder. Will the *Times* inform us what kind of literature has educated this Privy-Councillor? Will the *Times* but tell us what provocation the Poor can need worse than this bloody scripture of Lord Lansdowne?

This is your boasted 'Order,' most respectable Loyalist! that a landowner may doom God's children to any horrible death, and judge, jury, and society conspire together to hold the offender guiltless. We say nothing of his degrading men *and women* to the level of the Donoghues: he has a legal right to the lives of his tenants; but is not bound to care for their morality.

This is your religion, most zealous Priest! to be mouthing in the Rotunda while through the heart of the land Coroneted Murder walks unreprieved.

And this is your patriotism, most able Leader of the Irish People! to set Irish and English at savage variance, and so secure the impunity of the Murderer: you who should be urging the people of both countries to make common cause against their oppressors.

Who are the Murderers of the Poor we know. But what are ye whose selfish apathy, or craft, or blundering intemperance, leaves Murder still unchallenged?

RHYMES AND REASONS AGAINST LANDLORDISM

SAINT PATRICK.

Ho, good Saint Patrick! at our need
 Come back to us again;
 And rid us of the vermin breed
 That still devour our grain.
 For vainly clear'dst thou deepest bogs
 Of all the noxious crew:
 Those Frenchmen brought not only frogs, ^a
 But locust landlords too.

If it be true that types of life
 Repeat themselves on earth,
 And Worth in olden ages rife
 Lives yet in later Worth,——
 O Hero! modernize thee then,
 The People's Chief to be;
 And drive these swarms of Middlemen ^b
 Into the Irish Sea.

So shall they read their word of fear,
 Like witches' prayers, reversed;
 And of themselves the country 'clear,'
 On their own malice hearsed:——
 'But should Saint Patrick nothing heed
 Our call?' Then I and you
 Must move with all the greater speed
 The saintly work to do.

THE SOLDIER.

Halt! who asketh passage here?—
 Freedom's heralds— they reply:
 Lo, our blazonries are clear;
 Soldier! we must hasten by.—
 I can read them! but my orders
 Are not less clear, to my mind:

^a At the invasion of Ireland by the French conquerors of England—the Normans. What had Saxon England to do with it? The very fact of the frogs (doubtless imported as an old-country delicacy) shows how thoroughly French was the occupation. The frogs indeed, as the Rev. W. P. Moore tells us, would not thrive; but the landlords are a living proof to this day,

^b Landlord and Company: all Middlemen.

Back there! we are loyal warders,—
Say to those you left behind.

Halt! again, who passes there?—
Freedom's vanguard—the reply:
Freedom's harvest-gifts we bear
For the Slaves of Poverty.
Soldier! thy old father lieth
Starving in thy peasant home.—
Still the passage he denieth:
Back! return to whence ye come!

Halt! again, who passes here?—
Freedom's host—the loud reply,
Like God's voice, so full and clear,—
Brethren sworn to pass or die.—
Soldiers' oaths are——To the Nation:
'Tis her will that speaks through us;
Answer you our acclamation
With your shout unanimous.

Ring the muskets on the ground;
Pile your arms,—no need of them;
Peaceful smiles are gleaming round,
Starring Freedom's diadem.
Who shall ban the Nation's Chosen?
Rusheth in the swollen sea:
Shall its crested waves be frozen
By thy breath? Finality!

THE PARKS.

The noble Parks of England,—
With all their clumps of green,
And dips of knee-deep grassy land
The graceful slopes between,
Their beeches—silver'd by the breeze—
So stately to be seen,
Their bird and squirrel palaces
Built high in oaken screen:

The grand old Parks of England,—
With their ancestral mien,
Their avenues where Sidney plan'd
His pastoral serene,
And their pleasant leaf-strown terraces
Whence the level sun is seen

Flinging over the miles of trees
Its glorious golden sheen :

Those Parks, despite their beauty's worth,
And memories proudly worn,
We value less than common earth
That grows the peasant's corn ;
We'd raze their bowers and plough them o'er,
Ay ! ' confiscate ' the best,
Ere one of England's Martyr Poor
Should hunger unredress'd.

It need not be : there's room for both
The means for man to live
And all magnificence of growth
The Beautiful can give. °
Our Parks we yet shall live to see
The Nation's own domain,
When Labour's daily path shall be
Across the sward again.

THE MARTYRS.

The glorious roll of martyr names—
The Angels of our earth,—
Our hearts beat high when praise proclaims
That constellated Worth ;
But in the shade of Time there lies
A tomb Love stoopeth o'er,
To read,—' The Scorn'd of Histories,
' The Nameless Martyr Poor.'

The Poor, the unthank'd labour-worn,
Who all unnoticed died,—
The Toilers trampled down by Scorn
Upon the world's way side !
Tell out the starry names that gem
God's heaven ! The sanded shore
Is countless : who shall number them—
The silent-suffering Poor ?

° Surely with fifteen millions of cultivable acres unreclaimed, and scarcely a bit of cultivated land doing its utmost, there is yet plenty of room for food without encroaching on the Beautiful. We will not plough up the Parks, but keep them as the holiday-grounds of the People ; and when the noble and gentle owners, disgusted at the sight of happy faces, give up their mansions, we will make them the homes of the aged and infirm, and use the banqueting-halls as lecture-rooms.

The world shall never know their names,
 Nor Fame recount their deeds;
 They had no high heroic aims,
 Nor strain'd at lofty meeds:
 They were but men of common mould,
 Yet royal crowns they wore: ^d
 What though their trials be untold?
God's Martyrs are the Poor.

They toil'd, they died,—Oblivion trod
 Above the dust of Slaves:
 Yet reach'd they hero-souls to God
 From out the lowliest graves.
 And yet a glorious shrine we'll raise
 Their buried memories o'er,
 Where reverent ages long shall praise
 The scarce-remember'd Poor.

COURAGE.

From the martyr-dust before thee,
 From the pinnacles of Fame,
 From the heavens bending o'er thee,
 Aye the Voices are the same;
 'Courage! we too have borne trial;'
 'Courage! if thou would'st aspire;'
 'Courage! Fate hath no denial,—
 'Through her ordeal of fire.'

Courage,—valour *active-hearted*: ^e
 Like a charmed sword, to be
 Never from the hero parted
 Even in last extremity.
 Sword that well can shield its master,
 Sword to lead the battle's front,—
 Keen to rive the worst disaster,
 Strong to ward despairing brunt.

Patience,—for the sick man's wearing,
 For the spirit-broken slave:
 Knightly weapon's noble daring,
 Though his threshold be a grave.
 Courage: neither fierce nor tardy,
 Lightning-swift if storm must be,

^d *Royal* means *real*. *Royalty* is *reality*. True old Chaucer uses the words as synonymous.

^e See the derivation of the word: *cœur-agir*.

Bold indeed, but not fool-hardy :
Feeling God's sure hand on thee.

Voices from the Martyr Ages,
Voices from the Heights of Fame,
Heaven and Earth—God's open pages,
Ever speak to thee the same.
Lone and worn and disappointed,
Wounded, dying, night and day,
Art thou one of Faith's Anointed,
Thou shalt echo what they say.

REPUBLICAN MEASURES.

6.—TAXATION.

'You have told us of measures for the organization of Labour and Credit; you have spoken of reform in the administration of Justice, of a costly system of Education, and of Religious Worship. But our great evil is the excessive burthen of Taxation. Unrelieved from that, what power have we?'

I purpose here to consider the question of Taxation.

The net revenue of the Country, taking an average of the three last years, amounts to about *fifty millions*.

This fifty millions is applied much in the following manner. I use round numbers.

Interest of Debt (called National)	£28,000,000
Army, Navy, and Ordnance	£15,500,000
Civil Service	£6,500,000
	<hr/>
	£50,000,000

This sum is raised as under:—

Profit of Post Office and Crown Lands ...	£1,000,000
Customs and Excise ... 32,000,000 }	£49,000,000
Other Taxes 17,000,000 }	

To which forty-nine millions we must add

Charges of Collections	£4,000,000
Interest of Customs and Excise ^a	£13,000,000
	<hr/>
	£67,000,000

^a The thirty two millions of Customs and Excise are paid by the wholesale dealer. They are so much capital invested chargeable with interest, with not less than *forty per cent*, it is calculated, by the time the *indirect tax is paid by the consumer*. The *globe* puts down the total cost to consumers of beer and spirits at four times the original amount of the tax.

Instead of this complicated, indirect, and burthensome system, I propose one single direct impost, in the shape of a land-tax: one equal rent-charge for every cultivable acre of the Nation's Land.^b I propose also to reduce the cost of our war-establishment by at least two-thirds.^c The saving to be effected by the two means would stand thus.

Saving in Collection ^a	£3,500,000
Interest of Customs and Excise	£13,000,000
Reduction of Army, Navy, and Ordnance	£10,500,000
	<hr/>
	£27,000,000

So reducing the amount of taxation *from sixty-six millions to thirty-nine*. Of which, setting aside the Interest of the Debt, the public service requires

	[only £11,000,000
Add provision for infirm and aged ^e ...	£4,000,000
	<hr/>

Total	£15,000,000
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That is to say the whole cost of the public service, even under the present extravagant arrangements, and including an ample provision for the infirm and aged, might be met by a rent-charge of *five shillings* an acre, on the sixty-millions of cultivable land belonging to the Nation.

There remain the two important items of the DEBT and EDUCATION.

The interest of the Debt should no longer be collected as a yearly-tax upon the Community. Let the State take possession of the Railways ^f (the public

^b An uniform charge, because the main difference in value of the land is the result of individual labour. The tax would be the Nation's rent. See *Organization of Labour on the Land*, page 121.

^c In the Republic every man would learn the use of arms. Every man would possess arms, and be liable to be called out in case of invasion. With this national guard, our unjust possessions given up to their rightful owners, and our colonies left to support themselves when they could, we should need scarcely any standing army; the ordnance department might be proportionably reduced; and even the navy bear some considerable retrenchment were it only in the items of retiring Admirals, Captain's not sea worthy, unused stores and dockyard experiments.

^d The advantage of directness. The Income of Property Tax is collected at a cost of less than £400,000. The Land Tax could be collected for the same amount, or less.

^e Saving all the present poor-rates. The able-bodied, having ready access to the Land and to Credit, would no longer be a burthen to the community. See *organization of Land and Credit*, pages 121, and 154.

^f As the present Acts of Parliament empower the State to do. The State would pay a fair price for all justifiable outlay. Nothing of course, for money merely squandered; but for all bonafide work. Here is a rough statement of the position of the Railways.

Number of miles of railways, Jan: 1, 1851	about 3600,
Cost of laying down, etc. getting laws, etc....	£200,000,000,
Cost per mile	£55,000.
Cost per mile of American railways,	£8,000.
Cost of French,	£27,000.
Money squandered, not to be considered in purchase, at least	£100,000,000.

That is to say there is about one hundred millions on account of Railways; to be paid back to the speculators. Put this in the shape of an Annuity terminable at a certain number of years; and apply the remaining profits to the payment in the same manner to clearing off the *National Debt*. The profits of Railways are capable of immense increase by

roads) and the Mines; and out of the profits accruing from them pay, not the eternal interest, but in terminable annuities *the principal of the Debt.* ‡

There are in England and Wales some 22,000 miles of turnpike-roads, upon which the rails are not yet laid. Some 50,000, railway and common road, in Great Britain and Ireland; which, if all railway, might be worked at a daily profit of £2 a mile. (the present daily profit on 1160 miles in New-York and New-England),—and so yield a revenue of £36,500,000 a year. I have no data for calculating the likely profits of Mines.

But the laying down the rails on the turnpike-roads must be paid for. In the Southern and Western States of America the lines are altogether constructed at a cost of £4000 a mile. £3000 a mile (the roads here being almost ready to our hand) for 46,000 miles is a total of £138,000,000. To meet that, provide for the next ten years £57,000,000 a year, by a rent-charge of *nineteen shillings*, upon every acre of cultivable land.

Public Service	15,000,000
Interest of Debt	28,000,000
Remaining for new railways	14,000,000
							<hr/>
							£57,000,000

The nation would still save ten millions a year (the present burthen being actually £67,000,000),—besides Poor-rates, high-way rates, and tolls. This also is making no allowance for the profits of the railways during the ten years. I believe, during that time the railways would pay their own cost, reducing our real taxation for ten years to an average of £43,000,000 a year. At the end of ten years our taxation might be reduced to £15,000,000, and the whole burthen of the Debt provided for by the rails. Again, I make no account of the Mines: setting their profits against any possible exaggeration of railway capabilities. The real extent of my proposition is a saving of £240,000,000, besides poor-rates, etc., during the next ten years; and a further saving of £1000,000,000 in the following twenty years; the nation at the expiration of thirty years to be out of debt.

The cost of Education would, of course, be immense. The maintenance and instruction of the whole population during the years between infancy and maturity. But is not that a charge now? On the closest ground of economy, will not this maintenance and education cost less under arrangement for numbers, than when, as now, provided for by individuals? Can you calculate the cost of this Nation's Youth under the present circumstances of inefficiency and isolation? Be sure it exceeds the necessary cost of a comprehensive arrangement. One need not care to add this to the statement of general taxation.

alteration of the present expensive system of management—long trains, heavy engines, and numerous servants,—and allowing also for reduction of fares to *one penny a mile for first class, and one halfpenny a mile for second class passengers.*

Let it not be said that it would be unjust to interfere with present proprietors. The injustice is in not interfering, in permitting private speculators to monopolize the public wealth, to possess the high roads of the country.

§ Adding nine millions a year to the present interest would pay off the whole Debt *in thirty years.* But, considering how often the creditors have been paid already, continuing the present payments for thirty years more would be a very handsome composition.

Who cares to calculate it now? Then as now it must be paid; and no penny-wisdom will be an educational economy.

I do not enter here into any lesser questions of saving in this or the other branch of the public service. Doubtless many are to be effected, and the service be no worse. But it is not little economies which can help our need. A million or more is of little consequence. The public expenditure will have to be altogether reorganized in accordance with republican requirements. But even allowing that the Republic might be as costly as the Monarchy, I submit to our political economists these three broad propositions:—

1—*The settlement of the National Debt, by Terminable Annuities, to be paid out of the profits of Mines and Railways: similar-compensation being given to the present 'proprietors; the present railway-fares being also considerably reduced.*

2—*The consolidation of all charges for the maintenance and education of the Youth of the Country in one national system: with a saving to the public of the difference between wholesale and retail management.*

3—*The reduction of our war-establishment to a cost of five millions; thereby enabling the public service (excepting education, but including a sufficiency for the infirm and aged) to be provided for at a maximum of FIFTEEN MILLIONS, to be raised by one direct and uniform tax or rent-charge of five shillings for every acre of cultivable land.*^h

I believe indeed that this sum of *fifteen millions* would be far more than sufficient for all the ordinary service of the State. I set it down as the very highest figure. The one tax of *five shillings an acre* would be scarcely felt by men freed from all tithes, poor-rates, and exorbitant rents.ⁱ There would, of course, also be local taxation for local purposes,—improvements, police, bye-roads, etc.,—to be determined by each locality. But this enters not into the general question.

It seems to me that such a measure of financial reform would be immediately feasible in the Republic, under the direct sovereignty of the People.

^h I have put down the cost of collecting this one tax at the rate of collecting one tax now: it might however be much less. Let the tax be made payable on certain given days, with a grace of so many days, at the District Banks. If not brought there within the time, by the Landlord, (the holder directly from the State), process would issue against the occupier. And one receipt for the tax being the only legal title to possession of the land, the landlord by omitting payment, would forfeit all hold upon his tenant. This in the case of subletting. There would be no difficulty with those holding directly from the State. With them the *tax* would be their *rent*.

ⁱ See Organization of Labour, page 121, for the way in which rents might be kept down. Tithes would be abolished, the expences of the Organization of Religious Worship being paid for out of the revenues of the State. Of the poor-rates I have already spoken.

A CARLYLEISM.

'You do not sufficiently bethink you, my republican friend! Our ugliest anomalies are done by universal suffrage, not by patent.'

And if so, I will yet prefer my own ugliness to being ugly by attorney. I will even sin for myself: and so have at least a chance of repentance and attainment of health! But 'the ugliest of all anomalies!' Is it not that very attorneyship which pretends to be handsome *for others*, your self-patented kingship or governorship, which thinks it has found out God's blunder,—the blunder of giving souls to *all men*,—souls, capabilities of *growth*. There is no growth by power of attorney.

John 'Pigsouled,' be he never so piggish, cannot be saved by John Russell,—nay, nor by Thomas Carlyle. God's law is that he save himself, whatever the difficulty. A sad error of Providence, Mr. Carlyle! altogether ugly and anomalous perhaps; but—since it is so: What might your Reverence advise? A 'reformation of Downing Street,' some new patent King Compost from the old Cess-pool, the Right Honourable Carlyle-Charlemagne-Russell as Prime Minister, 'Beneficent Whips' in ordinary, and heroic arrangement of our troughs and order of grunting? An excellent unanomalous recipe of salvation, may it please the Pigs!

OUR MARTYRS.

4—ROBERT BLUM.

ROBERT BLUM was born at Cologne, on the Rhine. His father was a cooper. The family were so poor, that they had no means of educating the boy; enough if he could learn to work: at an early age therefore he was apprenticed to a tinker. This occupation was, however, so little to his taste, that he left it, to become errand-boy to one Mr. Ringelhardt, the manager of a theatre. Here he learned many things: reading, writing; something, it is likely, from witnessing the representations of the dramas of the German Poets. So that by and bye Ringelhardt employed him as a secretary, afterwards as money-taker. The boy was manifestly a scholar and to be depended on. With Ringelhardt and his Company he sojourned in several German towns, selling tickets at the theatre-door; and thus at last became an inhabitant of Leipsic: Ringelhardt being for many years a successful manager there.

Blum first made himself known as a good speaker at dinner parties and such liberal meetings as in those days were allowed in Germany. The Saxon liberals found him useful, and got for him a small property in the city, sufficient to enable him to become a citizen and eligible as a town-commissioner. He was elected; and soon rose to be the leader of the liberal party in that body. But neither

this leadership, nor the influential position it gave him in Leipsic, took him from his business of selling tickets at the theatre. It was only after a change in the management of the theatre, that he found himself compelled to look out for other means of subsistence; and a year before the Revolution, his political friends helped him to set up a bookselling, or rather a publishing, office in Leipsic.

On the 12th of August, 1845, a Leipsic crowd on the public promenade dared to hoot Prince John of Saxony, who was unpopular on account of his well-known protection of the Jesuits. Whereupon the Saxon guard shot twelve of the promenaders. The whole population of Leipsic rushed out in direful indignation. The prince fled; and the few soldiers in the town had certainly fallen victims to the people's revenge, but that Robert Blum had influence enough to quell the tumult and to persuade the excited people to rely rather upon the justice of the Saxon Courts of Law. For one or two days he was the sole authority in Leipsic; and all parties, except the Court, felt indebted to him for his conduct in preserving peace. The Court of course hated him, and bore its spite in mind for a future opportunity. It is almost needless to say, no justice was got from the Royal Courts of Law.

When in 1848, the Revolution broke out, upon the proclamation of the French Republic, the Court was specially fearful of Leipsic and Robert Blum. But after the People's triumphs at Vienna and Berlin, the King of Saxony followed his masters' lead, and pretended to be submitted to the People. Blum might have become Prime Minister of Saxony had the liberal fit continued.

In the beginning of the Saxon revolutionary movement there was no question of Republicanism. The Republican held back the avowal of his principles, for fear of bringing discord into the popular camp. It was on this account that Blum repeatedly protested against the name of Republican. His policy was rather to act through legal channels. This same policy he followed out at Frankfort, whither he was sent as Member for Leipsic to the German Parliament. Indeed here he withstood his republican friends, Ruge, Struve, and Hecker; and voted with the constitutional (royalist) majority, the Gagern party, which afterwards betrayed the People. He was even so far trusted by the majority as to be elected a member of the Committee of Fifty, to which was confided the execution of the decrees of the Parliament. But as the open Republican Party progressed in public opinion, Blum took his right position among them; and at Vienna, where on the breaking out of the insurrection of November, 1848, he was sent by the combined Opposition, he stood faithfully beside the decided Republicans, fought with them at the barricades,—died for them also.

Taken prisoner by the Royalist Victors, he was sentenced to be hanged; but the sentence was commuted to shooting, for fear of his popularity. Having heard the verdict, he merely said—*'I expected it; it does not surprise me.'* He wrote to his wife—*'Support with resignation the news of my death; and bring up my children so that my name may never be tarnished by them.'* At seven in the morning of the 9th of November, he was brought in a carriage to the square called the Brigittenau. There he uncovered his breast and wished to look death in the face. The executioners refused this. He then tied his own eyes, kneeled

down, and fell, struck with two shots in his breast and one in his forehead. His dying words were few and simple ; '*I fall for the freedom of my country.*'

Active, honest, temperate, and brave, he was too deadly an enemy to Royalty to be allowed to live. The special hatred of the Saxon Court also had followed him to Vienna. The Saxon Ambassador made not even a show of interference to save the life of a Saxon Subject, the representative of a Saxon city. Had he not offended against the common cause of Despotism ? But the love and admiration of Saxony attended him to the Brigittenau, on which his blood was shed, —which shall be a sacred place for all posterity when Germany shall have won her freedom.

Nor sacred to Germany alone, but to all Humanity. The Tyrants were one in that day of blood. Let the Peoples be one in their labour for redress.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

(From August 22nd to September 22nd.)

CORNELIUS GEORGE HARDING.

Many of our readers no doubt recollect a little unpretending, but earnest, monthly publication called the *Republican*, issued in 1847-8. It is of its Editor that I have some few sad words to say.

Cornelius George Harding was born at Manchester, on the 16th of November, 1824. His father dying when he was quite a boy, he was forced at an early age to seek his bread, and to nourish in the toil and confinement of the warehouse and the desk the seeds of inherited disease. Weakly and debarred from much opportunity of cultivation, he yet on all occasions manifested a natural love of fair play, a disposition to help the oppressed, an active mind and a courageous heart, the elements of an excellence whose development was only stayed by the illness which repeatedly prostrated him, and which terminated his brief career on the 22nd of August last.

Harding was employed successively by a solicitor, a chemist, a manufacturer, a draper, a gas company, and a mining company. Most of these situations he left in consequence of illness. In 1847 he was employed by a gas company as inspector. His duties were very heavy, entailing much application and labour ; but in the midst of them, and despite his delicate health and limited resources, he projected the *Republican Magazine*, whose first number appeared in November, 1847. His exertions in this helped to lay him again on a sick bed. Medical advice and change of air could only partially restore him, and though he resumed work, (his last employ being in the engineering department of the Great Central Gas Company) the fatal mischief of consumption was but delayed. Early in the present year he suffered a relapse; and since then gradually wasted away, yet clinging feverishly to the hope that he might recover, his heart so set on the desire to serve the

cause of Humanity. Clinging feverishly, but with no coward fear: when at last he knew that his hour was at hand, he resigned himself to his sufferings, and his fate with a serene peace which a saint might envy.

I speak of one whom I loved; but I speak of him because his example should be a light to the young men of our party. Harding was the type of what our young Republicans should be. Gentle as a child, pure as a girl, irreproachable as a saint. So unobtrusive that none could be offended with him; zealous and yet never violent; outspoken without extravagance; ever at his post for the public service, never thinking of himself; and devoted without neglecting his daily work. Hard working and studious, though too fragile for fatigue, he shirked no duties, either of self-cultivation, toward his employers (whose esteem he held), or toward society. Poor, still poorer through his long illnesses, he was the sole support of his widowed mother; and had yet some help for his comrades. From his scanty means, from his little strength, from his great, noble, generous heart, he drew aid for the battle of Freedom. The *Republican*, of which fourteen numbers were published, was maintained like all works of its kind, with little help and much loss. During 1848 Harding was also active among the few who were then endeavouring to infuse some reasonable spirit into Chartism. At the committees and at the meetings of the *People's Charter Union* he was of the most punctual. Since then he has not failed to do the little his health allowed; and his last letter to me was an expression of regret that he could do so little. But some day, when health should be regained———Alas! the work is left to us; the recollection of his aspiring worth, the promise to do his share, like him at least to do our utmost, is the only wreath that we can lay upon his untimely grave.

He was not a man of genius; he had neither 'birth,' nor wealth, nor advantages. He was a simple, true-souled, poor man, who lived not only blamelessly, but actively and devoutly, and who, dying in the very morning of life, however little he may have accomplished, may be laid in honour beside the heroes of all time: for he fought the good fight; he too has done his duty.

W. J. L.

REPUBLICAN CHRONICLE.

The Press has not altogether forgotten us. The *Trinidadian* (a West Indian French and English paper) reprints from our first number the Address of the European Committee. It is a good beginning for the Colonies. The *Nation* has a garbled 'reprint' of our article on *Socialism and Communism*: and is horrified at the 'hypocritical application of' two 'Scriptural texts.' The *Sheffield Free-Press* misrepresents our views on the Direct Sovereignty of the People, in accusing us of omitting the right of the *popular initiative* in legislation. We would tell the *Press* and any others who may mistake us, that, on the contrary, we insist upon the right, though we maintain that it need not be exercised upon every matter of governmental detail nor always prevent the preparative work of a committee. It will be for the People regularly assembling in the exercise of their sovereignty, (not for M. Rittinghausen or any other theorist) to determine upon what occasions they will exercise this initiative, upon what occasions they will prefer to consider *projects* of law drawn up by their ministers, and upon what occasions they can trust their ministers to *act, not to legislate*, for them.

Our friends will be rejoiced to read the following extract of a letter from Mazzini to Mr. Charles Clarke of Glasgow, published in the *North British Daily Mail* of September 10.

'I shall most undoubtedly avail myself of the first opportunity to visit Glasgow . . . I hope to see before this month is over my friend Kossuth here and it may be that I come

with him. The Hungarian cause is so intimately connected with our own, that I should like to have the representative of the Magyar race sharing with me the marks of sympathy which you intend to give my own country.'

Kossuth, it is said, is safe on board an American vessel.

THE GERMAN AGITATION SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Under this name a society has been formed to help the emancipation of Germany. The new society will not busy itself with barren *discussions*, but proposes to *work*. It has no pretension to be a secret government of Germany. It approves the position of Dr. Arnold Ruge (one of its members) in the *European Committee*.

All friends of Germany, in Europe or America, are invited to send their communications, advice, or contributions of money, to Dr. Karl Tausenau, 8, Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

FRANCE prepares the revolution. The *Voix du Proscrit* has put forth an able programme for the Republicans, advising them to hold a Democratic Conclave: the democrats of each canton to meet in the first fortnight of October, not only to consider their choice of a president but to draw up a list of political and social reforms; delegates of these meetings, one for each canton, to meet in the second fortnight of October, at the chief-town of each department, to choose a delegate for the department; and the departmental delegates to meet in the first fortnight of November, at Paris. Each delegate of a department to have a vote for every 50,000 persons in his department. About 726 votes among 86 delegates. The business of these delegates to be confined to taking account of the votes, and in proclaiming the result. The citizen who should have obtained 361 votes to be declared the democratic candidate for the Presidency. And by the same means the policy of the party would be known, and unity of action obtained.—The Party of Order look forward less hopefully. Their feverishness is betrayed in every action. At Lyons (where the prisoners and their counsel have nobly refused to make any defence), the victims of their military tribunals are condemned to atrocious punishments; at Paris, they endeavour, by help of the ENGLISH FOREIGN POLICE, to concoct a new opportunity for vengeance. Some two hundred arrests have been made, so madly, that they are actually obliged to set half their prisoners immediately at liberty, unable to maintain even a pretence against them. The new plot serves however as an excuse to annoy the dreaded *Voix du Proscrit*, and to place all foreigners resident in Paris under the surveillance of the Police. Excellent Order! of which shuffling Admiral Prince Joinville wants to be President, for sake of himself or his nephew, who will come of age in 1855; and whose Pope should be miraculous Miss Tamisier, the bleeding picture maker of St. Saturnin, just exposed as a mountebank, to be believed by none but a country curé or Father Newman.

We are sorry to be obliged to notice a fortunately still-born attempt to divide the European Party—a 'French-Spanish-Italian Committee' formed of Members of the French Mountain—Michel (de Bourges) and others. Their first, and we hope their last, act is the issue of an eloquent manifesto from the pen of the venerable Lamennais: somehow strangely deceived into joining them.

'AUSTRIA' is now only a Boy-Kaiser. 'The State, it is I.' The Emperor declares himself absolutely absolute, the Constitution so much waste-paper, his ministers responsible only to him, he only to God. Whose will shall yet be pro-

claimed by the People, on the Brigittenau as elsewhere, despite Lord Palmerston.

In PORTUGAL there is talk of a reaction. May it be a revolution, with no whig Saldanha to overlay it.

In ITALY,—Rome, Lombardy, and Naples,—a continuance of Despotic and Papal savagery: though the *Times* confesses Neapolitan atrocities are not so atrocious since the patriots are really patriots; and though the liberal Irish *Nation* objects to exposing the infamy of 'His Holiness.'

For IRELAND has gone papal-mad. Irish priests dream of bathing in English blood; Irish patriots find it a fitting time to applaud or at least excuse a deplorable fanaticism: while the nation is perishing of famine and degradation. The Irish Tenant League is failing. The men of '48 can only 'back' a bill of Sharman Crawford's, or propose an Irish Freehold Land Society. Truly, the bill may moderate the tyranny of Landlordism, the Freehold Scheme (excellent to its extent) may afford an escape for many: but the national plague remains unremedied. Alas for Ireland! One good sign only can we see: even in the midst of this 'religious' mania, the priestly influence is declining. That is confessed by the *Tablet*, and evidenced, not merely by the 'Apostacy' of such men as the Duke of Norfolk, but by the determination of the Irish catholics to avail themselves of a 'Godless' education, notwithstanding the papal anathema.


'And England? what has she to boast of?' 'Order,' in our government: to wit, an establishment of foreign police under the immediate orders of our Home Secretary. 'Manifest Loyalty': that is to say, mobs at railway-stations, firing of guns, and shouting of exuberant charity children, cleanly washed for the occasion. 'Protection of family and property': that is to say, three, or sometimes six, months' imprisonment for killing a wife or any other woman, and ten years' transportation (three years additional at the prisoner's own request) for picking a pocket. 'Patriotism where least to be expected': shown by desertions from the army of ten men at a time,—fools who think they may prefer American service, with promotion for good conduct and no chance of the Cat. And 'Colonial Wisdom and Content': for Sir Harry Smith has driven the Caffres into the colony; taking from them 3000 head of cattle, while the defeated foe take 20,000 in return. Long live the Whig Ministry; and God preserve our Queen's contented people.

Jubilate! there is gold in Australia; and Cuba, though Lopez is no more, may yet become the property of the sympathizing slaveholder.

But the *Times* will not be jubilant. The Thunderer sees only evil a-head. The Convicts will all get free, and join Sir William Denison at the Diggins. There will be ruin for Australian Society, unless the paternal Government send out troops to guard the mines. Stupid British soldiers, who will take care of the gold for—how many pence a-day? And the Cuban attempt forebodes American liking for Jamaica. So the *Times* would threaten the States with an European coalition. Bah! says Jonathan: there is not a Kingdom in Europe dare go to war with me. To say nothing of Italy and Hungary, or even of Ireland,—what would you think of an army of Transatlantic Englishmen landing in Great Britain? Telling the volunteers drawn up in array against them—Brothers! we have no quarrel with you; but only with your Government. Listen a while. *We* have universal suffrage and some other things; *you* have———Well, shall we help you to reform all that? This in very plain English; and the volunteers are mostly chartists. Not war then, rejoins the *Times*; but will Jonathan join us in a peaceful League to protect each other's possessions? Soft Jonathan!

DISINTERESTEDNESS OF HUMAN ACTION

(*An argument from Hazlitt.*)^a

AN'S NATURE is originally and essentially disinterested: as a voluntary agent, he must be disinterested.

He could neither desire, nor will, nor pursue his own happiness, but for the possession of faculties which necessarily give him an interest out of himself, in the happiness of others.

Personal identity neither does nor can imply any positive communication between a man's future and present self; it does not give him a mechanical interest in his future being.

Man when he *acts* is always absolutely independent of and uninfluenced by the feelings of the being *for whom he acts*, whether this be himself or another. All morality, all rational and voluntary action, every thing undertaken with a distinct reference to ourselves or others must relate to the future,—that is, must have for object those things which can only act upon the mind by means of the imagination, and which must naturally affect it in the same manner whether they are thought of in connection with one's own future being or with that of others.

1—*Will relates to the future.*

All voluntary action,—that is, all action proceeding from a will or effort of the mind to produce a certain event,—must relate to the future.

The objects in which the mind is interested may indeed be either of the past, the present, or the future: but neither the past nor the present can be altered or affected by any effort of the will. Only the future can be the object of will, of rational or voluntary pursuit.

That which is yet to-come (future) is unreal, a non-entity, without existence. It is an ideal only.

If real, or existing, it could no longer be an object of pursuit, could no longer excite man's wishes or exertions. Man pursues not that which he has, but what he has not, the future.

That which is yet in the future, unreal, and not existing, can of itself excite no interest, nor act upon the mind in any way but by means of the imagination.

That is to say: not that the future exercises a real power over the imagination, for that which is not has no power; but that by means of the imagination we foresee the future—the probable or necessary consequences of things—and so are interested in it. The direct primary motive or impulse which determines the mind to the willing of anything must, therefore, in all cases depend upon

^a Essays on the Principles of Human Action, etc., by the late William Hazlitt. Miller, Oxford Street, London.

the *idea* of that thing, as conceived by the imagination; not upon the thing itself, which yet has no existence, but solely upon the *idea*.

Now, I have a real, positive interest in my *actual* feelings, an interest which I have not in the feelings of others. But the actual—pleasure or pain—can not be the object of voluntary action, or pursuit. The *actual* is: there is no more room for *willing*.

But there is no such reality in the idea of future pleasure or pain. This is simply an idea, of what may happen: an unrealized idea. I can have no real, positive personal *interest* in a mere idea.

As a voluntary agent, one *willing* to act, and concerned in the future, I am moved to pursuit or avoidance, of pleasure or of pain, not by the pleasure or the pain, but by the idea conceived in my imagination. This abstract pleasure and pain, ideal and unreal, has no more relation to me than to another. It is only when pleasure or pain becomes real, *real to me*, and no longer within the scope of willing, that I can be said to be selfishly *interested*. The interest which I have in my *idea of the future* in no way depends upon any relationship to myself.

If it should be asked then, what difference it can make to me whether I pursue my own good or entirely neglect it, what reason I can have to be at all interested in it, I answer that according to the dogma of natural selfishness I do not see any. For that which is not has no relation to my existing self.

But if it is admitted that there is something in the *very idea* of good or evil, which naturally excites desire or aversion, which is in itself the proper motive of action, which impels the mind to pursue the one and to avoid the other by a true moral necessity,—then it can not be indifferent to me whether I believe that any being will be made happy or miserable in consequence of my action, *no matter if the being be myself or another*. I naturally desire and pursue my own good (in whatever this consists) simply from my having *an idea of it* sufficiently warm and vivid to excite in me an emotion of interest or passion; and I love and pursue the good of others,—of my family, of a neighbour, of my country, or of Humanity,—for just the same reason.

2—*Man wills GOOD, not his own good.*

The idea of *Self* is nothing more than the first and most distinct idea we have of a being capable of receiving pleasure and pain.

The reason why a child first distinctly wills or pursues his own good is, not because it is *his*, but because it is *good*. It is his first distinct idea of good.

For the same reason he prefers his own gratification to that of others: not because he loves himself better than others; but because he has a clearer idea of his own wants and pleasures than of theirs.

A child is insensible to the good of others, not from any want of good-will toward them, or an exclusive attachment to self, but for want of *knowing* better. He can be attached to neither his own interest nor that of others, but in consequence of knowing what that interest is. And in the order of life he must learn his own first: the difference is in time.

We are not born benevolent: that is, we are not born with a desire of we know not what, and good wishes for we know not whom, (neither in this sense are we born selfish, for the idea of self has also to be acquired); but we are born

with a *disposition to benevolence*: which natural disposition does not mean that the mind possesses any innate abstract idea of good in general, or an instinctive desire of general, indefinite, unknown good; but that there is a natural connection between the idea of perception of good and the desire of it, independently of any attachment to the person who is to feel it, whether one's self or another.

It is necessary to bear in mind this distinction, between the general love of good which implies knowledge of it, and a general *disposition to the love of good*, which does not imply knowledge. It is the general property or disposition of iron to be attracted by the loadstone: but this attraction can only take place when the loadstone is brought near enough.

So the actual desire of good is not inherent in the mind of man: for he is not born with the knowledge of what good is. His desire must be brought out by certain accessory objects or ideas. But the disposition itself, the property of the mind, that which makes him liable to be so affected by certain objects, which makes him capable of the desire,—this is inherent in him and a part of his nature: as sensibility to pleasure and pain is natural to man, though the actual feelings of pleasure and pain can only be excited by the impression of certain objects.

The love of my own particular good must precede that of the particular good of others, because I am first acquainted with it; the love of particular must precede that of general good, whether my own or another's or the general good of mankind, for the same reason.

I do not therefore originally love my own particular positive good as a portion of general good, nor with a distinct reference in my mind to the good of the whole: for I have originally no idea of nor any concern about the whole. But I love my own particular good, that is to say *the first conception I have of some one desirable object*, for the same reason for which I afterwards love any other known good, whether my own or another's: and that is, because it possesses, or seems to me to possess, that essential property common to all good, without which it would cease to be good, and which has a general tendency to excite certain affections in the mind.

The knowledge of many different sorts of good must lead to the love or desire of all these. The law is not confined to any one sort, called *mine* or *another's*.

It is in virtue of this disposition to be attracted by good, that man seeks his own happiness. It is *good* which he seeks, even in his narrowest and absurdest searchings. If therefore he had no power of perceiving *good* (which interests him on account of its nature, not of its relation to himself) he would be unable to seek it even for himself.

3—*Personal identity refers only to past and present.*

Almost every one has a notion that he has a *real* interest in promoting his own good; but that his interest in the good of others is imaginary, a matter of sentiment, or at least not *so real* as the other.

His interest in the first is presumed to be absolute, and independent of himself, to exist with the same force whether he feels it or not, whether he pursues or neglects it; to be a part of himself, a bond from which he can not free himself without changing his being.

His interest in the second is said to be voluntary, existing only so long as felt.

His interest in his own good, it is thought, must, however distant, affect *him* equally at present, since he is really the same being who will enjoy or suffer hereafter; but with respect to the enjoyments or sufferings of others, he neither has any direct present interest, nor can have an indirect future interest in them, they are nothing to him.

This notion is utterly false and groundless. For the mind can take no interest in any thing, that is, in any object of will and practical pursuit,—except in strictly imaginary interest. It is absurd to suppose that it can have a *real* interest in any such object directly, whether relating to ourselves or others (this has been already shown): neither can the reality of my future interest in any object give me a real present interest in it, unless it can be shown that in consequence of my being the same individual I have a necessary sympathy with my future sensations of pleasure or pain, by which means they produce in me *the same mechanical impulses* as if their objects were really present.

An irritation in the extremity of one of the nerves is felt throughout the whole nerve; a violent pain in any of the limbs disorders the whole frame: nothing that passes in any part of my body can be indifferent to me. Here is a distinct idea of a real individuality of person and consequent identity of interests.

But can the same be shown with regard to present and future? Is there any diffusive conscious principle producing a real connection between my future sensations and present impulses; collecting and uniting the different successive moments of my being in one general representative feeling of self-interest, in the same manner as the impressions made on different parts of my body are all conveyed to one common principle of thought? Till this is shown, it is in vain to tell me that I have the same interest in my future sensations as if they were present, because I am the same individual. So long as there is an absolute separation, an insurmountable barrier, between the present and the future, so that I can not possibly be affected now by what I may feel hereafter, I am not to any moral or practical effect the *same* being. I *am* the same being as regards my *past*, but not as regards the unknown future.

The origin of that wide and absolute distinction which the mind feels in comparing itself with others is confined to two faculties——*sensation* (or consciousness) and *memory*. The operation of both these faculties is of a perfectly exclusive and individual nature; and so far as their operation extends (but no farther) is man a personal, or, if you will, a selfish being.

The sensation excited in me by a piece of red-hot iron striking against any part of my body is simple, absolute, and terminating in itself; not representing any thing beyond itself, nor capable of being represented by any other sensation, or communicated to any other being. The same kind of sensation may indeed be excited in another by the same means, but this sensation does not imply any reference to or consciousness of mine: there is no communication between my nerves and another's brain, by means of which he can be affected with my sensations as I am myself. The only notion or perception which another can have of this sensation in me, or which I can have of a similar sensation in another, is through the imagination. I can form an imaginary idea of that pain as existing out of myself: but I can only feel it as a sensation when it is actually impressed

on myself. Any impression made on another can neither be the cause nor the object of sensation to me.

The impression or idea left on my mind by this sensation, and afterwards excited, either by seeing iron in the same state, or by any other means, is properly *an idea of memory*. This idea necessarily refers to some previous impression in my own mind, and can only exist in consequence of that impression: it cannot be derived from any impression made on another. I do not *remember* the feelings of any one but myself. I may remember the object which caused such feelings in others, or the outward signs of passion which accompanied them: this, however, is but the recollection of my own immediate impressions of what I saw or heard; and I can only form an idea *of the feelings themselves* after they have ceased, as I must do at the time, by means of the imagination.

But though we should take away all power of imagination from the human mind, my own feelings must leave behind them certain traces, or representations of themselves, retaining the same properties, and having the same immediate connection with the conscious principle. On the other hand, if I wish to anticipate my own future feelings, whatever these may be, I must do so by means of the same faculty by which I conceive of those of others, whether past or future. I have no distinct or separate faculty on which the events and feelings of my future being are impressed beforehand, and which shows, as in an enchanted mirror, to me and me alone, the reversed picture of my future life. It is absurd to suppose that the feelings which I am to have hereafter should before they exist excite certain corresponding impressions or presentiments of themselves, or act mechanically upon my mind by a secret sympathy. *I can only abstract myself from my present, and take an interest in my future being, in the same sense and manner in which I can go entirely out of myself and enter into the minds and feelings of others.*

In short, there neither is nor can be any principle belonging to the individual which antecedently gives him the same sort of connection with his future being that he has with his past, or that reflects backwards the impressions of his future feelings with the same kind of consciousness by which his past feelings are transmitted forwards through the channels of memory. The size and taste of the river depend upon the water that has already fallen into it. It can not roll back its course; nor can the spring be affected by the water that afterwards falls into the lower stream. Yet we call both the same river. Such is the nature of personal identity.

It follows that, those faculties which may be said to constitute *self*, and whose operations convey that idea to the mind, draw all their materials from the *past* and *present*.

But all voluntary action must relate solely and exclusively to the *future*.

That is to say,—all those impressions or ideas with which selfish, or more properly speaking, personal feelings are naturally connected, are just those which have nothing at all to do *with the motives of action*.

The only proper objects of voluntary action are, of necessity, future events; these can excite no possible interest in the mind but by means of the imagination; and they make the same direct appeal to that faculty whether they relate

to ourselves or to others,—as the eye receives with equal directness the impression of our own external form or of the forms of others.

4—*The future belongs to the imagination and is beyond the confines of SELF.*

This proposition is involved in the three already argued. It may be further illustrated by considering the question—whether it can properly be said to be an act of virtue to sacrifice one's own final happiness to that of any other person or persons, if it could be possible for the one ever to be made the price of the other.

Suppose it to be my own case,—that it is in my power to save twenty other persons by willingly consenting to be damned for them: why should I not do a generous thing, and never trouble myself about what might be the consequence to myself, the Lord knows when?

The reason (it is said) why a man should prefer his own future welfare to that of others is that he has a necessary, absolute interest in the one which he can not have in the other; and this again is a consequence of his being always the same individual, of his continued identity with himself. The difference (it is said) is this: that however insensible I may now be to what will be my interest at any future period, yet when the time comes I shall feel very differently about it. I shall then judge of it from the actual impression of the object,—that is, truly and certainly; and as I shall still be conscious of my past feelings, and so shall bitterly regret my own folly and insensibility, I ought, as a rational agent, to be determined now by what I shall then wish I had done, when I shall feel the consequences of my actions most deeply and sensibly. It is this continued consciousness of my own feelings which gives me an immediate interest in whatever relates to my future welfare, and makes me at all times accountable to myself for my own conduct. As, therefore, this consciousness will be renewed in me after death, if I exist at all,———But stop!

As I must be conscious of my past feelings to be myself, and as this conscious being will be myself, how if that consciousness should be transferred to some other being? How am I to know that I am not imposed upon by a false claim of identity?

'But that is ridiculous, because you will have no other self but that which arises from this very consciousness.'

Why then, this self may be multiplied in as many different beings as God may think proper to endow with this same consciousness: which, if it can be renewed at will in any one instance, may clearly be so in a hundred others. Am I to regard all these as equally myself? Am I equally interested in the fate of all? Or, if I must fix upon some one of them in particular as my representative and *continuation of self*, how is my choice to be determined? Here then is an end put to my speculations about absolute self-interest and personal identity.

It is plain that the consciousness of my own feelings, which is made the foundation of my continued interest in them, can not extend to what has never been and may never be; that my identity with myself must be confined to the connection between my past and present being; that with respect to my future feelings or interests, they can have no communication with or influence over my present feelings or interests, merely because they are future; that I shall be hereafter affected by the recollection of my past feelings and actions, and my remorse be

equally heightened by reflecting upon my past folly and late-earned wisdom, whether I am really the same being, or have only the same consciousness renewed in me; but that to suppose that this remorse can *react* in the reverse order on my present feelings, or, before it exists, give me an immediate interest in my future feelings, is an express contradiction in terms. *It can only affect me as an imaginary idea, or an idea of truth.*

But so may the interests of others. And the question proposed was—whether I have not some real, necessary, absolute interest in whatever relates to my future being, in consequence of its immediate connection with myself, and that, too, independently of the general impression which all positive ideas—such as good, evil, etc.—have on my mind.

It is plain, as this conscious being may be discomposed, entirely destroyed, renewed again, or multiplied in a great number of beings, and as, whichever of these may take place, it can not in the least alter my present being, that *what I am* does not depend on *what I shall be*, and that there is no communication between *my future interests and the motives* which must govern my present conduct.

I can not, therefore, have a principle of active self-interest arising out of the immediate connection between my present and future self, for no such connection exists, or is possible: *I am what I am in spite of the future.*

My feelings, actions and interests must be determined by causes already existing and acting; and are absolutely independent of the future.

Where is no intercommunity of feelings there can be no identity of interests.

I have, therefore, no proper personal interest in my future impressions; since neither my ideas of future objects nor my present feelings concerning them can be excited, either directly or indirectly, by those future impressions (not yet in existence) or by any ideas or feelings accompanying them, without a complete transposition of the order in which effects follow one another in nature.

The only reason for my preferring *my* future interest to that of others must arise from my anticipating it with greater warmth of present imagination.

It is this being able to enter with greater force into my own future feelings which *seems* to identify them with my present being: and this notion of identity once formed, the mind uses it to strengthen its habitual propensity, by attributing to personal motives a reality and absolute truth which they can never have.

Hence it has been inferred that my real, substantial interest in anything must be derived in some indirect manner from the impression of the object itself: as if that could have any sort of communication with my present feelings, or excite any interest in my mind, *but by means of the imagination, which is naturally affected in a certain manner by every prospect of future GOOD or EVIL.*

Self-love is not the ground of human action.

The ground of human action is the desire of GOOD.

GOOD is an abstract worth, no more peculiar to me than to my fellows.

It is *future good* which is the object of action.

The *past* and the *present* can not be altered by any will, by any action.

The *future good* is an ideal good.

The interest I have in this ideal good is precisely of the same character whether it relates to myself or to others: for I have no interest in it except through the imagination.

The difference between my interest in my own future and in that of others amounts only to this: that, what is nearest is seen most clearly.

When I love my own good most, it is not because it is my own, but because my imagination can more distinctly apprehend it.

But if I have the clearersightedness to distinguish a good greater than or distinct from my own, then I love that also, in proportion to its clearness to me. Whether it be my own or another's is a matter which does not affect me. It is simply a question of perception. The near-sighted can *see* no good beyond his own thick skin: the film of *self* is over his eyes. The *seer* beholds a further good; sees to the very horizon of Humanity.

The nature of man is originally and essentially *disinterested*. The aim of his life is Truth—Good. *Self* is not the aim, but only the starting-point of the arrowy life; or rather, it is the bow from which the arrow flies, the first stage of the soul's course.

Our souls are as it were flung into a great ocean of Being, the first circle whereof is our '*Self*.' That naturally is first perceived. But the circles spread: as our vision grows clearer, and we see beyond ourselves to the outer waves of Family, Country, Humanity. And to the far-sighted that farthestmost circle is one's *Self*, even as the innermost. 'The love of Humanity is nothing else but the love of Justice:' says Rousseau. Is not the love of *Self* also a love of Justice? Justice in the first *instance*: Justice also to the outermost.

CHRISTIANITY.

WE base our Republicanism on Christianity.

We would build the future on the past. The life of mankind is a series of experiments: a trial of all things, to prove that which is good. The error dies out, perhaps violently; that which remains is truth. He is no wise reformer who would start with the assertion that 'the world has been altogether wrong till now; we must begin again.' Why not advise God to order a new creation at once? There is no leaping out of 'old irrational worlds' into utopias. Every thing that has been had its truth. It is upon the truth of the past that the present lays foundations for the future. We recognize the enduring truth of Christianity.

But what is Christianity?

Let us ask the professing Christians.

Illiberal Paul Cullen and the liberal Editor of the Irish *Nation* will tell us it is belief in the semi-divinity of a miserable old man who is only a blood-stained bishop of Rome by grace of certain French infidels.

The Protestant damns his Holiness for Anti-Christ.

The Romanist (to distinguish him from the Papist) declares the Adoration of the Virgin-Mother of Christ to be an essential of Christianity.

It is a worship (borrowed from old India) full of truth and beauty: yet one half of Christendom stigmatizes it as unchristian Mariolatry.

The Trinitarian (Catholic and Protestant) requires some mysterious renunciation of the laws of Number. Unless a man believe that 1 is 3, he cannot be a Christian.

The Unitarian insists that correct Arithmetic is in no wise unchristian.

That Christ is God is Christianity.

Christ is not God, retorts a host of Christians.

There was a sect of early Christians, which held as a fundamental tenet that the Holy-Ghost was the Divine Sister of Christ. The heresy is exploded; and yet 'one only begotten Son' need not preclude a Daughter.

Real Christianity is a belief in Emmanuel Swedenborg.

Or in less respectable Joanna Southcote.

Or in rascally Joe Smith, who stole the Mormon Gospel.

Pshaw! Mormonism is trash: the Bible is the Christian's rule of faith. A Christian is one who believes in the Old and New Testaments, no matter how he may interpret them.

The Bible is no rule at all; say the Christian Rationalists. A wonderful and excellent book, nevertheless; with a great deal of rubbish in it.

Prevenient grace in baptism makes the only true Christian: cries either the Bishop of Exeter or the Reverend Mr. Gorham. We forget which: but it is of no importance.

One thing our inquiries will make very clear: that we shall never learn what Christianity really is from the Christian sects.

O but there are plenty of things common to all Christians: the moral law—love thy neighbour as thyself,—belief in one God,—the immortality of the soul,—the atonement,—heaven, hell and——Not purgatory, which is more likely than either of the others.

But these things on which Christians agree are unfortunately by no means peculiar to Christianity.

Do unto others as you would they should do unto you—a general moral rule whose exactness we need not measure here——was perhaps not first uttered by Confucius; but was certainly known at least 500 years before Christ.

The unity of God is not a peculiarly Christian dogma.

The immortality of the soul, and its future reward and punishment, were tenets of Indian philosophy many thousand years before they were disputed by the Sadducees.

The Atonement is Indian: a truth obscured by superstition.

As to hereafter reward and punishment, except a few old ladies who have nothing else to think of, there is no one who believes in either, however many may

make believe. The most pious clergyman of them all prefers his substantial roast-beef, while his teeth last, to any taste of heaven; and cracks his walnuts and his joke on the very edge of hell, where his beloved wife and babes are already singeing. If Christianity should indeed be a belief in hell or heaven, then God save the two or three Christians.

The more we inquire of the professors the further we seem to be from any clear idea of the real meaning of Christianity.

And yet be sure it has a meaning. One whole quarter of the world consenting, despite all differences, to bear one common appellation for so many centuries: surely there is a reason for this. *Christendom* is the name of a fact. What is the meaning of that fact? Clearly 'prevenient graces' and 'metamorphoses of bread and wine,' and arithmetical puzzles, have but little to do with it. What is the religious idea at the core of the life of the generations of Christendom? There lies the answer to our question of *the meaning of Christianity*.

What has been the one common principle binding together men of such diverse opinions, the one idea seeking realization, the *motive* of the last 1850 years?

What is the idea which is not only enshrined in all Christian Churches, but which is peculiar to the Christian; which is not only universally manifest in the history of Christianity, but which distinguishes that chapter of the world's life from all other chapters?

We shall not find it in the sacraments, copied from older ceremonials; nor in the theology, pilfered or plagiarized from adversaries; nor in particular moral sentences, containing as little of originality.

We shall find it only in one dogma, acknowledged, but attempted to be rendered fruitless, by every denomination of Christians,—one dogma, not originating with the man who is called Christ (for Buddha had preached it centuries before the Essenian) but beginning, about the time when it is said Christ lived, to be taught and practised on the confines of Asia and Europe, and of which (it matters little whether correctly or not) Christ is accepted by tradition as the apostle and representative.

That dogma is THE DIVINITY OF MAN, *the equality of all men as Sons of God*.

The promulgation of this dogma was worthy to mark the commencement of human progress. It was the first sure ground upon which the future could be based.

The difference between the Buddhist and the Christian assertion of this dogma is—that the first was an equality only of *renunciation*, the second an equality of *action*.^a

The Christian priests who interpret human equality only as a thing for heaven, are but second-hand Buddhists. The true Christian is he who would work out the principle, who would realize the idea upon earth.

To realize this idea has been the work of Christianity. The endeavour at this realization is manifest in every page of the history of Christendom.

The divinity of man: the worth of the human soul above all earthly things:

^a The Buddhist 'heaven' was annihilation, or rather, absorption in God: to be attained by poverty and abnegation. It was carelessness of the present life, for sake of the future.

the absolute equality of human souls as proceeding equally from God: the right, consequently, of each soul to its own growth, to work out its own salvation: here is the dogma of the new religion of eighteen centuries ago, and the impulse to realize that has been the motive of human action in what we call Christendom.

No matter how many blunders have been committed, how erroneously men have endeavoured, or how often they have failed. The world exhausts every process. Every problem that is set for Humanity to solve, is worked out by Humanity in every possible way. Experience must test every possible application, however extreme or paradoxical, of a principle, before the lesson can be fully learned, and the world add another *known truth* to its slowly accumulating store.

So has the problem of *human brotherhood* been worked out. Human brotherhood, which is our republican dogma of *equality*.

First by the apostolic enthusiasts who gave up property and station and respect to sit down at the Lord's table by the side of the scorned slave; who preached that the pure soul of the beggar was even superior to the degraded purple swathed.

Then by Rome, to which we owe the only real endeavour to organize the faith; which, before her days of bloated insolence and apostacy, took the poor man from the plough, and bade the kings of the earth to reverence him as the priest of the King of kings.

Then by Huss, protesting against the separation between the layman and the priest: bearing the cup to the people. Are not all men equal? sons and priests of God.

Then by Luther, trampling upon the monstrously growing papal imposture which would thrust its shadow between man's soul and God: asserting the right of every conscience, whatever vicariousness would gainsay it.

Then by Cromwell, with his foot upon an anointed king.

Then by Voltaire, pushing the equal right of conscience to the extreme of unbelief.

Then by Robespierre, who, more logical than Luther, applied the doctrine to every human action: not like the priestly reformer confining equality to questions of opinion, but carrying it also into the political *and the social*, and striving to trample down both pope and king, and pettier tyrant too, to make the man as free as the Christian.

Nay, even the Communist works out the sum, (happily, in his theoretic corner) by 'position' or the 'rule of false': showing what Equality is when taken as the only law, when men forget that Equality is but one of the laws of human life.

The 'Free' Trader also pores over the problem: finding men's equal right to care for themselves alone, albeit to their fellows' ruin.

And the very savageness of Persecution exceptionally proves the rule: as a Calvin mutters to his papal persecutor—Have not I too a right to burn my brother?

So, one after another, every possible application of the principle is tested: till the world at last may say—We know all the bearings of the question; we have mastered that idea: we are ready now and henceforth to put the theory in practice. After near two thousand years endeavour, Experience places one more *proved truth* at the service of Humanity.

One great principle men had learned before: LIBERTY. But Liberty without Equality was but the liberty of the stronger, the liberty of the few, tyranny, savagery, anarchy.

Even in freest Greece and Rome, much-worshipped Liberty was but the Goddess of a caste.

LIBERTY was the first problem to be worked out. Liberty by itself was worthless but to a favoured few.

EQUALITY brought the whole world into the fold. Well might the preaching of that divine word be called the Gospel of Man's Redemption, well may men date their years from its appearance, like a star shining over the bestial stable wherein the poor man's child was born. That problem too is nigh worked out, and we touch the threshold of another dawn.

The inner idea of Christianity is the equality of human creatures as free children of God. The new problem growing thence is the organization of the free as brothers progressing together toward God: the brotherhood turned to a purpose. The solving of this will be the working out of our republican principle of FRATERNITY.

Thus would we interpret the purpose of Christianity. In this sense we are Christians.

Christians and more than Christian: believing in the equal freedom of individuals and looking farther to the brotherly organization of all Humanity.

A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION.



‘There is a story told of George the Third, of blessed memory, being mistaken by a French ambassador for a candidate for the office of parish clerk, owing to his exemplary conduct in church, and the loudness of his responses. Though the King was not a candidate for the clerkship, he *was* a candidate for the suffrages of the English people, and he knew well enough that the way to the national heart was to say the responses aloud. I am somewhat at a loss to decide whether the ideal Mr. Pecksniff or the historical George the Third is the best type of the religious “respectability” of the age. The essence of this great national virtue is described in a few words: it simply consists “in keeping up appearances.” . . . The outward ceremonies of religion, in its present condition, for the performance of which some twenty thousand clergy are employed, endowed with very unapostolical incomes, have really little to do with the spiritual life of the age: they are unnecessary to the spiritually-experienced, and with the worldly and indifferent they have dwindled to a systematized hypocrisy.’

(From the *Gospel according to Mrs. Grundy*, by F. J. Foxton, in the *Freeman*.)

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

IN the Republic all matters really national are ruled by the whole People: every adult man and woman taking a direct part in the national sovereignty. But the whole People, the Nation, need not be convoked to manage the affairs of every parish, nor of the county.

The right of the individual is sacred. And individual right stands not only in the homestead, but in the transactions of the individual with those immediately surrounding him,—his neighbours. How neighbours—the members of the State in their several localities—shall arrange their local affairs is their own business, not the business of the State.

As the individual perfects his own life, grows, not dictated to by any,—as the family, the completer individual, orders its life, uninterfered with by authority,—so, and to the same extent, the little knot of neighbouring individuals or families may be left to direct its own affairs. The State is *the harmonizer of the whole*; does, with its combined power, that of which the isolated families or local groups of families are incapable: but does not pretend to dictate their lives.

Each sphere perfects itself so far as it can. What it can do of itself, unaided, it does. For what it can not do by itself it has the assistance of the whole. The will of all (the majority), which is the power of the State, protects one part from another, harmonizes the several parts, and gives the multiplied strength of concert where concert may be needed. The whole and the part: each has its domain in the Republic, and neither may inroach upon the province of the other.

To determine the Nation's conduct toward other States, to utter the national idea of right and wrong, to organize religious worship and education, to protect (by preventing the monopoly of land and capital) the rights of labour and property, to fix the amount of taxation for national purposes, to hold the national purse, and to superintend the maintenance of justice in all corners of the land,—these matters come within the function of the State; these are the business of the Sovereign People,—not of any fraction of them. Beyond these things, rather within and subordinate to them, are the affairs of the locality,—call it county, city, or parish.

The laws are made by the whole People. The business of the National delegates (or Parliament), except the ordering of international relations, is only to draw up *projects* of law for the consideration of the People (not therefore denying the People's right of initiation), to frame laws after the popular will, and to appoint and controul the Officers of State charged with the conduct of foreign affairs, and with the superintendence of national matters. The superintendence only: the administration of the law, the actually carrying on of public business in the first instance rests with the local authorities.

In the same manner therefore as the People choose their delegates, their

clerks and overseers of the public service, so will they elect their district officers and councils to do the actual work of the Nation, and to conduct the business of each locality. They will choose directly their own magistrates,^a the directors of the district banks, bazaars, and storehouses, the superintendants of home colonies,^b the schoolmasters and mistresses, and the town or district council. These town or district councils (or local parliaments) will appoint the inferior public servants, such as police, collectors, clerks, etc., and elect their own mayor or chairman.

The councils will supervise the management and audit the accounts of the schools, banks, etc.; conduct the popular assemblies for the consideration of national and local laws, and for the election of national and local officers; take charge of the infirm and aged; collect the national taxes; and care for the maintenance of national ways, and the erection of national works. In these matters they will be the agents of the State and directly responsible to it.

But besides carrying out the national programme, they will also conduct the local business of their districts: the association of labour, police arrangements, the formation of bye-roads, the erection of buildings for district purposes, lighting, cleansing, and improving,—and the collection of the taxes voted by the People for all these needs. All these things are strictly within the province of the local government; and concerning them the State has no jurisdiction save as a Court of Appeal, so long as they do not counteract the general scheme and rule of the whole Nation.

The organization of the local government will be on the same principle as that of the national: the whole adult population will be the Sovereign. They, meeting in the assemblies, will express their wants, their will, and elect their servants to carry out that will. And as in the Nation, so in the district, all persons will be eligible for office.

Several Councils will meet together, as a County Council, when necessary to advise together on matters concerning several districts. Their proceedings will be always public, and their acts open to the censure of the People. The inhabitants of several districts, say a county, will also confer together *upon special occasions*, trusting however the ordinary routine of business, police, etc., not needing an express vote, to the general assembly of district magistrates in the county council.^c

There will no longer be any purchasing of freedom. Every one will be at liberty to establish himself in any part of town or country, and to immediately take his place as part of the district sovereignty. There will no longer be mo-

^a There will be no fear then of such unseemlinesses as that just occurring at Liverpool, where the nominee of an individual braves the displeasure of a whole district. Men would then submit to the law not from a mere cowardly habit of non-resistance, but because they respected the laws and the administrators of the laws.

^b See the organization of *Land* and *Credit*, pages 121 and 154,

^c The principal business of these County Councils would be arbitration between districts, and for this the decision of the People's Chosen might suffice, without any necessity, except on remarkable occasions, for a vote of the whole County.

nopolies of corporations, nor absurd divisions of closely-connected interests,^d nor privileges of levying tolls and taxes.^e The people (the whole adult population) in their several localities will make their own laws and provide for their own needs.

As to the extent of the districts: our present parishes will need equalizing, so that while, on the one hand, the population should not be so large as to render their association and management difficult and complicated, so neither should it be so small as to occasion a poverty of means of concert or to preclude sufficient room for choice of efficient servants. The districts also will be more compact, not running one into another, crossing and interlying, as our parishes often do now. A district of some five or ten thousand families, (the town-districts having perhaps the larger population) might provide for all requirements.

For time that would be wanted to choose officers and make laws for the localities, we have still the now unused Sundays. Men and women, meeting in their places of worship—or worthship—would find the same occasion apt both for religiously framing their laws and ordinances—national and local, and for electing their servants and administrators.

For our colonies the same rule would apply: with the exception that the colonies would have part in the Nation and in the national rule only until they acquired sufficient power to need no longer the help of the parent country. They would be to all intents and purposes as parts of the Nation, until they acquired sufficient strength to assert their independence: an independence which the home government would assist to hasten. They would stand in the position of sons, who are a part of the family in their youth, but who in their manhood take care of themselves, and of whose independence no wise parent can be jealous.

It seems the more important to define exactly what are matters of local government, and what properly appertain to the central authority, when a large number of men, some calling themselves constitutionalists, and some hanging on the skirts of republicanism, are running a-muck at the word *centralization*, and so are liable to fall into the opposite extreme of *anarchy*. We want a central power: how else shall we preserve the unity of the Nation? But that central power must spring directly from the People, and be only the Minister of the Sovereign People; having its functions clearly prescribed. In a word, we want *organization*: that unity of national power, for the sake of the unity and consistency of national action, which is compatible with the most perfect freedom of localities and individuals. Anarchy is not perfect freedom. The Republic cares for the whole, as well as for the parts.

^d Such as the making of a new street (Farringdon Street, London) requiring the authority of a municipal corporation at one end, and of Parliamentary Commissioners at the other; and the thoroughfare barred because of their non-agreement.

^e Coal dues, etc. The London Corporation levied last year a tax of £175,000, for that item alone. Taxes will be either national or local. If, for instance, a pier or harbour is a national work, the cost will be paid out of the national revenue; if again it is only a local benefit, the county or district benefited will levy a tax upon itself.

REPUBLICAN SOCIALISM:

AN EXPLANATION.

Two friends have sent us protests against our article on Socialism and Communism. (*at page 264*).

Says the first—‘I thought you were for the Social and Democratic Republic.’ Most decidedly so! ‘And yet not a Socialist?’ The Republican, we answer, can not help being a Socialist; but he abstains from prescribing any particular ‘Socialism,’ and he does not hesitate to point out the errors of ‘Socialist’ prescriptions. It will be for the People, when it shall have vindicated its sovereignty, and only for the People, to lay down the law of progress. In the acknowledgement of this consists the Catholicity of ‘Republicanism’ as distinguished from the ‘Socialism’ of the schools. We would make ready the way of the Future, leaving to the only ruler, the enfranchised People, to decide what that Future shall be.

Says our other friend—‘I who call myself a Socialist deny your accusations.’ And then follows a lengthy series of exonerations, which we may very briefly answer thus. Call yourself what you will—Socialist, Communist, Icarian, Utopian, or anything else: we will not quarrel with you about that. *If you do not* repudiate Property, Individuality, Family, Country, or Religion,—*if you are not* of those who for the sake of some ‘more immediate interest’ neglect the endeavour to make God’s Law the *rule* of human action,—then yours is not *the* ‘Socialism’ we condemned.

Our strictures were against the materialists and the deniers of Duty. If you are neither, go in peace. We have no quarrel against you. Unless indeed you are of those ‘practical’ wise men of Gotham, who would gather grapes of thorns, absolve effects from the influence of causes, and tinker this old world into a very paradise under shadow of the worst institutions, by only climbing to the ‘higher matters of social reform’ without the help of the lower steps of political revolution. Then indeed, we will say, *your* truest Socialism is but a heresy: and altogether different from the Socialism of the Republican.

A LAWYER’S DEFINITIONS.

‘The only sound definition of a true Universal Suffrage is—that *Every freeman has the inherent right and duty by the Common Law of England, to take an active part in the management of all the affairs that concern him*: while the “Freeman” may most properly be defined as—*Every grown man who maintains himself and his immediate family upon the results of his own freely disposed means of effort.*’

Toulmin Smith’s Local Self Government.

And if any tyranny or monopoly prevents the grown man from freely disposing of his own means of effort, the Common Law of England deprives him of his ‘inherent’ right and duty, and makes him a slave. No, good formalist! the inherent rights and duties of men *and women* do not depend on any Common Law of England, but upon God’s law of human nature, however little that may be recognized by lawyers.

OUR MARTYRS.

5—MARAT.

(*From the History of the French Revolution, by M. N. Villiaum .*)

‘Do you require of me another sacrifice? Yes! there is one you can yet demand; and I offer it to my country: It is the sacrifice of my reputation . . . I will wait the tardy reparation of Time.’—*Robespierre.*

‘The party of the Gironde knew the power of calumny, and used it largely against its adversaries.’—*Villiaum .*

‘One squalidest bleared mortal, redolent of soot and horse-drugs: dog-leech Marat, . . . a large-headed dwarfish individual, . . . swart bird, not of the halcyon kind . . . a sort of bandog, . . . croaking with gelid throat, . . . his voice as that of the bull-frog or bittern. . . . Behold him in his blackness, in his dingy squalor, a living fraction of Chaos and Old Night, . . . atrocious Marat, . . . the dingy People’s Friend.’—*Carlyle’s ‘History.’*

What then was this man who filled aristocrats with such dread; and whom history presents to us as a bug-bear and a monster?

Jean-Paul-Marat, born the 24th of May, 1743, at Baudry, near Neuchatel, in Switzerland, received from his father, a distinguished physician, and from his mother, a woman eminent for her virtues, an excellent education. Endowed with an extraordinary aptitude for study, he was admitted to his degree as doctor in medicine at Montpellier, at the age of twenty-one. Eager to acquire knowledge of men and things, he undertook several journeys; and made a long sojourn in England, in order to study politics. On occasion of an election he published at London a book entitled *The Chains of Slavery*, in which he unveiled the corrupting system of the ministry, and of all the princes who have weighed upon the world. This work exposing him to persecution, he came to Paris, where he practised medicine with distinction. They called him the *physician of incurables*, because he cured certain chronic maladies till then resisting all the efforts of the faculty. These labours did not hinder him from applying himself with ardour to the study of the physical sciences; and he made valuable discoveries concerning light, fire, and electricity.^a

As soon as the revolution burst out, Marat abandoned his practice and his scientific researches, to devote himself exclusively to politics. His universal knowledge, his experience, *the purity of his morals*, the correctness of his judge-

^a ‘I have seen’—says M. Villiaum —‘in the hands of Albertine, Marat’s sister, more than twenty letters, from Franklin and other illustrious savans of the eighteenth century, complimenting Marat on his discoveries, and expressing the highest esteem for him.’

ment, had marvellously prepared him for this career. His beginnings were a *Plan of Constitution* and an *Offering to the Country*: pamphlets in which he explained the true principles of public right, and gave excellent advice to the Constituent Assembly. He addressed himself to the principal deputies, specially to Mirabeau; but, finding his counsels neglected, he resolved to act directly upon public opinion, and to that end founded the *Parisian Publicist*, to which he afterwards gave the title of the *People's Friend* (*L'ami du Peuple*.)

Then commenced for Marat that life of struggles and persecutions, which is the privilege of genius and truth. How could it be otherwise? The crowd of the oppressed found constantly in him an intrepid and enlightened defender; he had against crime that vigorous hate which in our time is no more. Every violation of natural laws agitated him with a transport of fury, which found vent sometimes in violent and sanguinary words; and the sight of a man dying of hunger or calumny drew from him tears of rage.

Tracked on all sides, by the Court, by the Municipality, and by the Assembly, he saw himself reduced to live sometimes in a cellar, sometimes in a garret. Finding at last no printer, because continually they sacked the presses and the houses of those whom he employed, he was forced to turn printer himself; and though his presses were broken or sealed up, he none the less continued to bring out every day his journal, consisting of eight octavo pages, altogether written by himself.^b

Of all the writers he was the first informed of what was passing, whether in the capital, the departments, or in foreign countries. As adroit as indefatigable, he received in his precarious asylum the hundreds of letters which were addressed to him every week. There was such faith in his loyalty and in his discretion, that none feared to compromise themselves by writing to him; and on his side he made no use of anonymous letters, or those whose signature was not authenticated by two known persons attesting the morality of the signer.

The perspicacity of Marat was so great, that he often denounced apostacies and plots long before the lightest suspicion had slid into the political world. He constantly directed opinion, of which he was always far in advance. His extraordinary tact prevented him from deceiving himself as to men: a speech, a writing, a single action, sufficed to enable him to judge them and predict their future conduct. He was the first to tear the mask from Necker, from Mirabeau, from Bailly, from Lafayette, from Brissot himself; he teased them every day, raking up all the details of their lives, public and private, till he had crushed them under the weight of public hatred and contempt. The patriot writers accused his first attacks of boldness; but soon in turn convinced, supported them. Camille Desmoulins surnamed him *the prophet*, '*le divin Marat*.'

Calumny having failed against him, power vainly endeavoured to buy him, offering to pay his silence with a million of francs: Marat only became more

^b The entire collection of the numbers of the *People's Friend* forms twelve octavo volumes of some seven hundred pages each. Some of the numbers were so much sought after, that they were sold at six livres each. Marat kept of his receipts money for eight days, and gave the rest to the poor.

terrible. Then they brought out false numbers of the *People's Friend*, often printed with the types and paper of that journal; and it sometimes happened that the readers were deceived by the counterfeit.—which else was written in a stupid and ignoble manner.^c

Marat was repulsively ugly:^d his stature was not more than four feet, eight inches; the negligence of his dress went even to oddity and slovenliness. Extraordinarily temperate, a handful of rice and some cups of coffee sufficed for his nourishment. Indefatigable in work, he habitually consecrated to it twenty hours a day. He had read prodigiously; especially Montesquieu and J. J. Rousseau, his models of predilection; his memory served him for all the researches of which he had need. He was, beyond contradiction, the most eloquent, the neatest, and the most profound of all the writers of the revolution. He did not content himself with vague predictions, but indicated the precise date on which events would be accomplished. He was not a systematic denouncer, as it has pleased men to say: for those whom he esteemed remained pure even to death.

Marat, who ought to be considered the most convinced man of his time, was insupportably proud: bilious, headstrong, and absolute in his will, he could not live except with those who acknowledged his superiority; but he was gentle with his friends and toward the poor. When the partisans of the revolution reproached him with his exaggerations, he replied—‘You know nothing about it: let me speak; they will only abate too much.’ Jealous, but not envious, he never sacrificed a man or a principle to his personal passions. An enemy of quackery and usurped reputations, he never sought for himself either praises or popularity. If he was not very nice with the exploiters of the people, he treated the people itself sometimes as *cowardly*, *ignorant*, and *frivolous*, and sought by every means to rouse it from its torpor. Marat thought that, *in every revolution torrents of blood must necessarily flow, whenever at the outset the people did not get rid of irreconcilable tyrants*. He did not ambition the ephemeral glory which is sacrificed to by those men who would be at any price the personages of the moment; what he desired was true glory, that which posterity alone can give and confirm. Of a character profoundly religious, he did not fear in following the impulses of his conscience, to make himself *accursed*: he knew that the day of justice for him would shine neither on his life nor even on a half-century after his death. His poor and wandering life, his disinterested devotion to the sacred cause of Humanity, could only be appreciated by God and by the Future.

Marat was at the taking of the Bastille; he and Danton persuaded the expedition to Versailles to bring back the King; he and Loustalot, alone among the journalists, opposed the martial law, under which Bailly and Lafayette afterwards massacred the citizens in the Champ-du-Mars; he obtained the closing of the gaming-houses tolerated by Bailly, and frequented by Mirabeau and others; he, his disciple Fréron, Camille Desmoulins, and Loustalot, were the only journalists uncorrupted by the Court; on the memorable 10th of August he was among the

^c Some of these counterfeit numbers have slipped into almost every set of the *People's Friend*.

^d For the matter of that, Socrates was ugly also.

most active of the leaders of the insurrection; he was the first to demand the abolition of the unjust Constitution of '91; and the September trials were a consequence of his advice, though he took no part in them. The following circular of the insurrectionary committee (appointed on the eve of the 10th of August) to the municipalities throughout France, bears the name of Marat among its signatures.

'The commune of Paris hastens to inform its brothers in all the departments, that a part of the ferocious conspirators detained in the prisons has been put to death by the people: an act of justice which appears to it indispensable, in order to restrain, by terror, the legions of traitors concealed within its walls, at the moment when it is about to march against the enemy. Without doubt, the whole nation, after the long course of treasons which have conducted it to the edge of the abyss, will hasten to adopt this measure so necessary for public safety; and all Frenchmen will cry, as the Parisians,—"*We march against the enemy, but we will not leave behind us these brigands to cut the throats of our children and our wives.*"' ^c

Marat was the fifth elected of the representatives of Paris to the Convention: Robespierre being the first, Danton the second, and Manuel and Camille Desmoulins the third and fourth. But his candidature was most violently opposed by both royalists and girondists, who were prodigal of abuse against him. The Jacobins however declared 'that he must be in the Convention, as the leaven in

^c For good or ill however, the responsibility of this *Justice of the People* rests not only upon Marat. He advised the execution of *proved traitors* in case of need. The natural impulse of the People recognized that advice as sound. Then (not till then) Danton and the insurrectionary committee interfered that the executions might proceed with order and fairness, seeking to moderate what they could not prevent: it was a terrible necessity. Acknowledged so by men of all parties except the royalists themselves. 'Strict Roland,' as Carlyle calls him, the virtuous minister of the interior, did nothing to prevent it; wrote to the Assembly twenty-four hours after the executions commenced, of 'the *Justice of the People*,' of which he was only disposed to blame the continuance. Pétion (the mayor of Paris) issued the following—'Citizens, you who to a *just vengeance* know how to join the love of order'—etc. The Assembly took no steps to prevent the four days continuance of the trials. And Brissot, amiable Girondist, only expressed his regret that one of his personal enemies had been acquitted. The accounts of outrages, obscenities, etc., are 'inventions of the enemy.' Even the story of the blood offered to the daughter of M. Sombreuil is shown to be false. If in the first outbreak some prisoners were indiscriminately massacred, so also were others saved en masse. Two hundred and fifty Swiss were set at liberty because they were considered tools rather than traitors. At the Abbaye Prison, on which the first wave of the popular fury broke, one hundred and forty persons were killed (of these sixty after trial); and eighty were acquitted. At La Force there were three hundred and seventy-five prisoners. In the night of the 2nd of September Danton and the Committee set at liberty all the women, twenty-four in number, among them some of the queen's ladies. Of the remaining prisoners one hundred and sixty four were condemned and slain, one hundred and eighty-seven were acquitted.—We give these figures, proof of which still exists in the prison-registers, simply to destroy the calumny of an indiscriminate massacre. In general those who were slain were men sufficiently condemned by the notoriety of their crimes and by their own confessions. Excepting the nonjuring priests, who fell in the first impulse of passion, there was but one whose innocence could be established. He was a soldier, who either had thought to escape by telling a lie to his judges, or who perished from a mistake as to his name. The exact number of those who fell was nine hundred and ninety-six—not one thousand and eighty-nine, as Mr. Carlyle asserts on the authority of a royalist declaimer who mentions among the victims men alive long after.

the dough, to make good bread of it'; that he only was able to hinder the representatives of the people from prevaricating; that he had foreseen all and had the courage not to conceal it. In the Convention he shared with Danton and Robespierre the leadership of the Mountain. Here his eloquence and imperturbable self-possession overcame even the malignity of the Girondists, who in the first instance endeavoured, by exciting clamour by the most odious calumnies, to exclude him from the tribune. At the very opening of the session they sought to manage a decree of accusation against him, by means of a manœuvre. Boileau read the following passage from one of the numbers of the *People's Friend*, pretending that it was the number which had that day appeared:—'One sole reflection weighs upon me,—it is that all my efforts to save the people will end in nothing without a new insurrection.' The Convention was furious; cries of *To the Guillotine* arose around Marat. 'I demand,' continued Boileau, 'that this monster be decreed under accusation.' It was with difficulty that Marat obtained a hearing for the explanation that the passage attacked was from an old number of the journal. So the Girondins commenced the fatal struggle of parties.

On the appointment of the commission to prepare the accusation against the king, it was Marat who demanded that there should be no question of any of the acts of Louis previous to his acceptance of the constitution, because those acts had been covered by the amnesty of September, 1791. Some pretended delegates of the Paris sections and the departments appearing at the bar of the Convention, with a demand for violent measures, Marat repelled them, by cross-questioning them and so proving that they were not delegated by the people. Another set of petitioners demanded the heads of Vergniaud and others of the Girondists. Marat was foremost to defend those assailed.

After a while Marat was at the tribune ten times a day; almost all the principal measures were carried by his advice. He treated his colleagues cavalierly; sometimes calling them escaped lunatics, employing irony, the closest reasoning, or violent apostrophes, as occasion seemed to require. The president censured him, his own party sometimes disavowed him, the moderates never stayed their insults and denunciations; the majority, in spite of itself, was swayed by him.

At length his enemies carried an act of accusation against him: for having provoked,—1, pillage and murder, 2, an attempt against the sovereignty of the people, 3, the bringing into contempt and dissolution of the Convention. On his trial, Marat replied with confidence to all the questions; the witnesses completely justified him. It was proved that Brissot, Condorcet, and others of that faction, had calumniated him in their pages, and invented falsehoods since his accusation, in order to prejudice the jury. He defended himself both on the ground of his right to the free expression of opinion, and also showing his innocence of the matters charged against him. He was unanimously acquitted, and carried by the people to the Convention, triumphantly crowned with oak and laurel. Marat laid aside the crowns, and bade his fellow citizens to wait till the end of his career before they judged him.

The Gironde continuing to play into the hands of the Royalists, the People again put forth its strength to purge the Convention of Traitors; and the most notorious of the Girondists were placed under accusation. The purified Conven-

tion now drew up and adopted the famous Constitution of 1793, of which Marat was the zealous advocate. The Girondists took to flight, and sought to save themselves by exciting the provinces to civil war. Some of them found a refuge at Caen, where they made the acquaintance of Charlotte Corday d' Armans, a young girl of excessive vanity, of resolute character, *and a royalist*. These deputies persuaded her that she could immortalize herself by delivering France from the Mountain. For this purpose it was necessary, they said, to *cut the Mountain in two*, that is to say, to kill Danton, who mainly held the party together. Five deputies gave Charlotte Corday instructions, and letters to those of their side still remaining in the Convention. Charlotte, arriving in Paris, opened her letters, *where she saw that her friends accused Danton of wishing to place the dauphin upon the throne. Averse then to destroy a man who might serve her own cause, she resolved to kill Marat.* Accordingly on the 12th of July, she wrote to him under a false name, to announce to him that she would put him in the way of rendering a great service to France. Next morning she presented herself at his residence in the street L' Ecole de Médecine; but was not received: Marat, for some time laid up with an inflammatory complaint, brought on by his excessive labours^f, having scarcely time to write his journal. Charlotte Corday therefore returned to her hotel, and wrote as follows.

'I wrote to you this morning, Marat: have you received my letter? I cannot think it, since I have been turned away from your door. I hope that at least you will grant me an interview. I repeat to you, I am just arrived from Caen, I have to reveal to you secrets most important to the safety of the republic. Besides this, I am persecuted for the cause of Liberty; I am unfortunate: it is enough to be so to have a right to your protection.'

At half past seven in the evening she returned to the house. She was still refused admittance, because Marat was in his bath and busy writing. But he, overhearing her expostulations, ordered her to be let in. He questioned her as to the names of the deputies at Caen, and on other matters relative to the town. Whilst he was taking notes of her replies, she drew a knife from under her robe, and plunged it into his heart. He uttered only one cry—*To me dear friend!*—(*A moi, ma chère amie!*) and expired immediately. His wife and a newspaper-folder ran in, but only in time to seize the murderer.^g

The whole Convention attended his funeral. The People followed, every section

^f Not by his vices, as Carlyle disgustingly insinuates.

^g Charlotte Corday died *like a heroine*; but in those days of exaltation, mere faint heartedness was unknown. She died with a falsehood on her lips, comparing herself to Brutus, though her object (so far as she had one beyond the gratification of her self-love) was the reëstablishment of the monarchy. It is the fashion to absolve her, on the ground that her one murder saved many—the fashion of those who attack Marat. For we will not leave unanswered the accusation against Marat: the only one that can remain. *He demanded the death of some five or six hundred convicted traitors* (never two hundred and sixty thousand, as careful Mr. Carlyle asserts) *because he foresaw that to spare them was to murder the people.* Was he not right in his prevision? And what say the admirers of the royalist murderess? For ourselves, we dare say this: when the battle is raging around us, we would not leave *the proved traitors* within our walls, to stab us in the back.

under its banner, in respectful silence. Tears were in all eyes; every one felt the wound that had been inflicted on the republic. The body of Marat was buried in the garden of the Cordeliers; but his memory lay in the people's heart. Almost divine honours were paid to him: the Cordeliers^h erected an altar to his praise, and in the schools the teachers and their pupils made the sign of the Cross at the mention of his name. His death struck the Republic to the heart. For he loved Justice, and the People; and if his words were sometimes wild, his very hate was but the madness of his love.

RHYMES AND REASONS AGAINST LANDLORDISM

TRY AGAIN.

The coldest hours are close upon the morn;
 Night ever neareth day:
 Up, man! and wrestle yet again with scorn;
 Each footstep is a fall,—move on thy way!
 Try again!

Is baffled beaten? Will the hero fail
 Flung down beneath a wall?
 Another ladder! Let our comrades scale
 The top, o'er us piled stair-like as we fall!
 Try again!

O Hope forlornest, masked like Despair!
 Truth must some day succeed.
 Thy failure proves—What?—thy once failing there.
 Fail yet again if there be martyr need!
 Try again!

NEARING IT.

Every minute in the night,
 Be it dark and dread,
 Is a step toward the light
 On the mountain head:
 Till our eyelids reach the dawn,
 And the fearful night is gone,

^h Danton's Club: of which, as well as of the Jacobins, Marat was a member.

As swift as startled fawn
From the hunter's tread.

Every blow struck in the fight
On a foeman's shield
Is a promise for the Right,
That the Wrong shall yield :
And each determined word,
Like some ancient hero's sword,
Returneth to its lord
With his hest fulfill'd

Every step into the light,
As the dawn-mists fly,
The hours increase in might,
Till the noon rides high :
And as night's black clouds disperse
At the sun-god's burning curse,
So drives Oppression's hearse
From our conquest-cry.

IRISH HARVEST SONG.

This land is ours,—God gave it us ;
We will maintain our own :
This land is ours,—we will not starve
Where corn is grown :
We will not starve in harvest-time because some alien-born
Would speculate in corn.

Our arms are strong, our sickles keen,—
We will not idly stand
While others reap the golden grain
On our own land :
We will not starve in the midst of bread that some few
'noble-born'
May steal the peasants' corn.

O by the strength of our despair,
Our unrequited toil,
By God who gave us choice of death
On our own soil,—
Reap, though our reaping-hooks be swords, and let the
robber-born
Glean plenteously our scorn !

Our native land,—it shall be ours :
The land where we have sown

So many hopes—Fitzgerald's land—
 We yet will own.
 The spirit of Davis singeth clear over the ruddy corn,
 Blessing our harvest-morn.

ENGLISH REAPERS.

From the ruin where thou starvest
 Speed thee, Brother! to thy harvest!
 Reap the grain of Hampden's sowing,
 In the blood of Sidney growing!
 Wake! arise!
 Freedom cries
 To her reapers. Warm winds blowing
 Bow the golden-helmed corn—
 To be sheaved this morn.
 Arise!

From the loathly dens of Anguish,
 Where your wives and children languish,
 O ye million'd Toilers! hasten;
 Reap your wages: we unfasten
 Labour's chains.
 Be your veins
 Like theirs whom only high thoughts chasten!
 So above the bending corn
 Sing the Hours, in scorn
 Of pains.

England! in thy crowning splendour
 Proud and reverent homage render
 To that nobleness of spirit
 Whose ripe hopes thou dost inherit.
 Lift thine eyes!
 All we prize
 Grew from old heroic merit.
 So shall many a golden morn
 On thy brows be worn.
 Arise!

HARVEST-HOME.

The autumn winds are flinging
 The sunshine on the grain;
 And the merry reapers, bringing
 Load after load, are singing
 Of Freedom's harvest gain.
 Pile up the sheaves, boys! ho, boys!
 The harvest is our own:

There's none fears now to sow, boys!
 When each is free to grow, boys!
 A harvest for his own.
 Pile up the sheaves, boys! ho, boys!
 A harvest for our own.

The harvest winds are singing—
 'The reapers' feast is come';
 And merrier songs are ringing
 From glorious voices, bringing
 The last rich burthen home.
 Toss up the last sheaf! ho, boys!
 The harvest work is done.
 We dared our hope to sow, boys!
 Our toil hath help'd it grow, boys!
 The harvest is our own.
 And again the grain we'll sow, boys!
 And future harvests own.

THE EXILES.

Come to us, Exile! return to thy home again:
 Come to the heart of thy Country, now free:
 Martyr who hoped and who toil'd for us! come again,
 Now we have made thy land worthy of thee.

Many a hope hast thou sown for this garnering;
 Many a tear for its growth didst thou rain,
 Smiling thy sorrow through: shine on our gathering!
 Come to our harvest-home! haste home again!

Martyrs whose blood was the track that we trusted to!
 Exiles whose lives have been martyr'd no less!
 Rise from the tombs where the Tyrants had thrust you;
 Come in your glory our triumph to bless.

Thou who hast taught us the way to our victory!
 Thou who wast first in the fight against odds!
 Shall not our triumph recall what it owes to thee?
 Scarcely our triumph: thine rather, and God's.

Come to us, Exile! return to thy home again:
 Come to the heart of thy Country, now free:
 Martyr who suffer'd and hoped for us! come again,
 Now we have made thy land worthy of thee.

THE HAPPY LAND.

The Happy Land !
 Studded with cheerful homesteads, fair to see,
 With garden grace and household symmetry :
 How grand the wide-brow'd peasant's lordly mien,
 The matron's smile serene !
 O happy, happy Land !

The Happy Land !
 Half-hid in the dewy grass the mower blithe
 Sings to the day-star as he whets his scythe ;
 And to his babes at eventide again
 Carols as blithe a strain.
 O happy, happy Land.

The Happy Land !
 Where in the golden sheen of autumn eves
 The bright hair'd children play among the sheaves ;
 Or gather ripest apples all the day,
 As ruddy-cheek'd as they.
 O happy, happy Land !

O Happy Land !
 The thin smoke curleth through the frosty air ;
 The light smiles from the windows : hearken there
 To the white grandsire's tale of heroes old,
 To flame-eyed listeners told.
 O happy, happy Land !

O happy, happy Land !
 The tender-foliaged alders scarcely shade
 Yon loitering lover and glad blushing maid.
 O happy Land ! the spring that quickens thee
 Is human liberty.
 O happy, happy Land !



MONARCHY IN THE GAZETTE.

The *Cologne Gazette* publishes the following pretty schedule of Despotie and Constitutional Government, under the head of the PUBLIC DEBTS AND STANDING ARMIES OF THE EUROPEAN STATES. We only alter the calculation from dollars to pounds sterling.

Great Britain (without the colonies) Debt £800,000,000: army, 129,000 men; fleet, 678 vessels, with 18,000 guns.

Spain.—Debt, £216,000,000; army, 160,000 men; fleet, 50 vessels, with 721 guns.

Austria.—Debt, £180,000,000; army, 270,000 men (war-footing, 518,208 men); fleet, 156 vessels (including gunboats), 600, guns.

Russia.—Debt, £122,000,000; army, 700,000 men; fleet, 175 vessels and 440 gunboats, 7,000 guns.

The Netherlands.—Debt, £121,000,000; army, 50,000 men; fleet, 125 vessels, 2,500 guns.

Prussia.—Debt, £30,000,000; army, 121,000 men (war footing, 492,000 men); fleet, 47 vessels and gunboats, 114 guns.

France.—Debt, £221,600,000; army, 265,463 men; fleet, 328 vessels, 8,000 guns.

Belgium.—Debt, £27,000,000; army, 90,000 men; fleet, 5 vessels, 36 guns.

Portugal.—Debt, £26,500,000; army, 38,000 men; fleet, 36 vessels, 700 guns.

Papal States.—Debt, £20,000,000; army, 19,000 men; fleet, 5 vessels, 24 guns.

Sardinia.—Debt, £20,000,000; army, 38,000 men; fleet, 60 vessels, 900 guns.

Naples.—Debt, £26,500,000; army, 48,000 men; fleet, 15 vessels, 484 guns.

Bavaria.—Debt, £13,000,000; army, 57,000 men

Denmark.—Debt, £3,000; army, 20,000 men; 33 vessels, 1,120 guns.

Saxony.—Debt, £7,500,000; army, 25,000 men.

Turkey.—Debt, £6,500,000; army, 220,000 men; fleet, 66 vessels, with 800 guns.

City of Hamburg.—Debt, £5,650,000; army, 1,800 men.

Grand Duchy of Baden.—Debt, £5,500,000; army, 18,000 men.

Hanover.—Debt, £5,061,000; army, 21,000 men.

Wurtemberg.—Debt, £4,650,000; army, 19,000 men.

Greece.—Debt, £4,000,000; army, 8,900 men; fleet, 34 vessels, 131 guns.

Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.—£1,600,000; army, 4,700 men.

Grand Duchy of Tuscany.—Debt, £1,600,000; 12,000 men; 10 vessels, 15 guns.

City of Frankfort.—Debt, £1,160,000; army, 1,300 men.

Duchy of Brunswick.—Debt, £1,130,000; army, 3,000 men.

Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.—Debt, £1,000,000; army, 42,000 men.

Electoral Hesse.—Debt, £1,000,000; army, 11,000 men.

City of Lubeck.—Debt, £1,000,000; army, 490 men.

Duchy of Saxe-Weimar.—Debt, £660,000; army, 2,000 men.

Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.—Debt, £660,000; no army; no navy.

Duchy of Anhalt Dessau and Koethen.—Debt, £600,000; army, 700 men.

City of Bremen.—Debt, £500,000; army, 500 men.

Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.—Debt, £420,000; army, 1,200 men.

Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen.—Debt, £410,000; army, 2,400 men.

Duchy of Nassau.—Debt, £330,000; army, 3,500 men.
 Duchy of Parma.—Debt, £300,000; army, 5,000 men.
 Duchy of Anhalt-Bernburg.—Debt, £250,000; army, 300 men.
 Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg.—Debt, £250,000; army, 1,000 men.
 Norway.—Debt, £250,000; army, 23,000 men; fleet, 160 vessels, 560 guns.
 Grand Duchy of Oldenburg.—Debt, £200,000; army, 600 men.
 Landgravate of Hesse Homburg.—Debt, £140,000; army, 350 men.
 Principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt.—Debt, £42,000; army, 540 men.
 Principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen.—Debt, £10,000; army, 450 men.
 Danubian Principalities.—No debt; annual tribute to Turkey, 3,000,000 piastres; army, 6,800 men.
 Servia.—No debt; tribute, 2,000,000 piastres; army, 3,000 men.
 Sweden.—No debt; army, 34,000 men; fleet, 340 vessels, with 2,400 guns.
 Duchy of Modena.—No debt; army, 3,500 men.
 Principality of Lippe-Detmold.—No debt; army, 820 men.
 Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.—No debt; army, 800 men.
 Principality of Reuss.—No debt; army, 745 men.
 Principality of Lippe-Schaumburg.—No debt; army, 430 men.
 Principality of Waldeck.—No debt; army, 520 men.
 Principality of Lichtenstein.—No debt; army, 60 men.
 Switzerland.—No debt; army, 69,500 men, a small number of whom only is in actual service.
 Republic of San Marino.—No debt, and no army.

Making a total of near upon £2,000,000,000 of royal debt, and an army of 3,185,376 fools to keep the bankrupts from their deserts. Think to what excellent purpose Europe has been divided.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

(From September 22nd to October 22nd.)

REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION.

One of our friends writes to us, giving as a reason for little care for the Republic, that 'there is so much else to take up attention.' As our friend's name is Legion, we print here some portion of the reply to him.

I am disappointed at your account of organization. I had thought that the men of ————were more—what shall I say?—more *practical*. The organization that can serve us, which I am anxious to see established, is a *power* (not a mere arrangement for occasional talk), a continual influence of one member upon another, for the perfection of the life of each and to knit them together as a party. This is why I have laid so much stress on the '*family*' meetings. Meeting once a month will do next to nothing for this. I know you have Polish Refugees to care for, work to do with the Friends of Italy. Neglect

neither! The first is so immediate a duty that I would, *if need were*, postpone for it even our Republican Organization. The second can not involve so much time as to supersede our own work; and those Englishmen are but half-friends of Italy, who are not at the least as earnest in working for England. The best help for Italy (not therefore to withhold other) would be *a republican party here*. But neither of these duties can excuse our home-duty, and, least of all, on account of lack of time. There is not a fanatic religionist who does not spare some hours, generally a whole day, in every week, for the vaguest hereafter contingency; and has, besides, his class-meetings, and his missions to subscribe to and to collect subscriptions for. The narrowest-minded sectarian finds time for all these things, from the poorest personal motive,—and Republicans *talk of meeting once a month*. Friends! it is not by considering Republicanism as one of our many duties, and one not of very direct importance, that we shall succeed. We must hold it the one grand aim and hope and business of our lives. We must make our whole lives subservient to it. Short of this, all ‘endeavours’ at organization seem to me but foolishness, a very loss of time. But such earnestness might breed *pains*. And if the Republic is not worth painstaking, why trouble ourselves at all about it? I find Mazzini, whom ‘Friends of Italy’ would help, so earnest; and indeed I know not what duties God has required of him, which he has not laid upon every one of us. But Mazzini is convinced of his faith; and some of his admirers are not so sure of that for which they admire him.

THE LAST OF CHARTISM.

We are not pleased to have to speak of failures, even failures of our own foretelling. Yet, as honest journalists, we are bound to record the utter prostration of Chartism. For, what else is it but prostration which is betokened by the following extracts, or rather abstract, of two months’ progress, as reported in the *Monthly Circular* of the Chartist Executive?

Bermondsey.—‘This year, one hundred names on the books, but as the Circulars are for bonâ-fide members, you had better not reserve more than sixty for us.’

Bingley.—‘Thirty-one paying members.’

Bristol.—‘Fifty-four members.’

Exeter.—‘Not twenty paying members, but a great number calling themselves Chartists.’

Glasgow.—‘On the books 159 members. You may expect a remittance shortly.’

Limehouse and Ratcliffe.—‘Ninety-five: of which thirty-five are paying. In conclusion, I feel certain, if our members like to be energetic we may have five-hundred members before the next six months.’

Newcastle-on-Tyne, North and South Shields, Sunderland, and Blyth.—‘Total 112.’

Staley-Bridge.—‘28 good paying members.’

Bradford.—‘60 members, but only 30 good paying.’

Greenwich.—‘The principles spreading far and wide; yet strange to say, the work still falls on the few. We have *enrolled* seven new members this last week.’

Hoxton.—‘After six weeks’ existence, above forty members all paying regularly and actively at work. Enclosed is one month’s subscription.’

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—11 members since last month.

Victoria Park.—‘Three weeks ago I lectured in the Bonner’s Fields on the necessity of a Charter Organization, to eight or nine hundred people, mostly working-men: 21 gave in their names. 25 cards have been taken out.’

The above is all the progress reported in the *Circulars* of August and September. A muster-roll of 742 Chartists in all, including paying and not-paying. There is also a list given of 53 localities, in which there may be Chartists, whose

organization has not yet proceeded so far as to enable them even to send an account of their numbers to the Executive Committee. Yet meagre as are these statistics, they contain a complete epitome of Chartism: its little earnestness, its large hope—simple as large.

But the third month?—It had not appeared when we ‘went to Press.’ Instead we have to refer to an Address of the Executive, complaining of ‘limited funds,’ and a debt of £34 0s. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., and appealing for 2000 sixpences in one month, ‘to save the *organization* from becoming a wreck.’

Let us *hope* that this is indeed the last of Chartism. What use is there in endeavouring to galvanize the corpse? Let it rest! And do you, true workers! who mourn for the blighted promise of twelve years back, think if something beyond Chartism may not claim your hopes, and yet repay your exertions. Let us try to move men for the Republic.

KOSSUTH.

Before this reaches our readers Kossuth will be in England. Eljen Kossuth! ‘Take care of yourself, for the Devil is broken loose’—wrote Philip of France to his rascally friend Prince John, when Cœur-de-Lion was set at liberty. In the same strain the *Times* pours out its abuse of the Lion-hearted Hungarian, enraged and terrified at his Address to the Democrats of Marseilles. Is he not even content to rebel constitutionally? And the *Times* is joined by the *Spectator* and the *Globe*,—the ‘philosophic radical’ and the whig alike disgusted at the man who ‘goes too far.’ Can Corporations address and dine with him after that? Not if Tory, Whig, and Radical, can help it. But no matter: there are honest draymen in London, and some few Republicans scattered throughout the land. He shall not want an English welcome. And let the Austrian Ambassador take his leave, as ‘threatened,’ and if the Russian with him, so much the better; and England be clean again. We were forgetting that Her Majesty’s Secretary is not a Milton, but a Palmerston.

TO THE MARSEILLAISE DEMOCRACY.

Citizens!

The Government of the French Republic having refused me permission to pass through France, the people of Marseilles, obeying the impulse of one of those generous instincts of the French heart which are an inexhaustible source of the greatness of your nation, thought it good to honour me by a manifestation of their republican sentiments: a manifestation honourable in its motives, manly in its resolution, peaceable in its ardour, and in its calm majestic as nature—that grand image of God—before a storm.

I have heard my name mingled with the song of the *Marseillaise*, and with the cry of *Vive la République*—the only lawful cry in France, the only cry whose legitimacy has been purchased by so much blood of the martyrs of liberty.

It is so natural to love liberty; it is almost less than a simple duty: and yet there is a consummate glory in the thought of being thus identified with the principle of liberty in the opinion of the French People.

I am not anxious for glory; but this glory I accept, in order to deserve it.

I accept it as a pledge of solidarity; I accept it as evidence of the fraternity of the French Nation toward all peoples, I accept it as a word of salvation for my beloved country.

Yours, Frenchmen! republicans! the honour of this salvation: for us, poor Hungarians, the duty of deserving it.

We will deserve it.

My nation will understand the appeal of your fraternity; will be proud of it, and will

respond to it bravely, as a nation should which has the honour of being called brother by the French people.

These are the only thanks worthy of the people of Marseilles; worthy of the manifestation with which they have thought it good to honour, not me, but my nation, and in my nation less the past than the to-come.

Suffer me to be silent on the refusal of the Government of the French Republic to grant me a passage through its territory: I know that the French people are not partners in its act;—I knew that neither M. L. N. Bonaparte nor M. L. Faucher is the French nation;—I knew and I know that the executive power is delegated, but that the honour of the French nation is not delegated to them.

I will think no more of this refusal, and I hope that Humanity will not remember it, if peradventure those who have already been exiled, and who seem to have forgotten that, should again become so.

Last night, one of your brothers (of our brothers), a workman of Marseilles,—O, I know his name and I shall not forget it,—swam, despite the cold, to the American frigate to grasp my hand. I wrung his, piously and with emotion, gently reproaching him with his rashness. ‘What would you?’ he replied to me: ‘I wished to touch your hand; I found no boat and so I threw myself into the water. Here I am. Are there any obstacles for him who wills?’

I bowed myself down before these noble words.

The love of Liberty, the feeling of duty and Fraternity, I brought with me to Marseilles; but at Marseilles I have found the device—*There are no obstacles for him who wills.*

This device shall be mine.

Vive la République. Health and Fraternity.

LEWIS KOSSUTH.

Marseilles Roads, United-States’ Frigate Mississippi, Sept. 29, 1851.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

IN FRANCE a turn out of the Ministry: Louis Napoleon going for the Repeal of the Law of 31st of May. A mere election dodge, which will put off nothing.

IN ITALY the boy Emperor has been progressing; but ran home for fear of a mutiny. For the troops shouted *for Italy and Hungary*; and *Death to the Emperor* was written upon every wall.

ENGLAND. *The Exhibition* is at an end. It has served at least to prove how needless is poverty.—The Queen has visited Lancashire and bewitched the ‘cotton-lords,’ who, says the *Spectator*, were as warm and sincere as the Cavaliers of old. We wonder, would they melt down their plate for her, if a Cromwell was in the field again? Sad to tell, Her Majesty ‘was caught in a shower; but bore the contre-temps with characteristic fortitude.’—Most characteristic twaddle!—The Parliamentary Reformers have had a ‘demonstration’ at Manchester: and it is said, the People have ‘spoken out.’ About what? A question of private policy, a question of how much or how little usurpation may be most convenient to the respectable usurpers. When the People speak out it will be to some other purpose, or they have grown more foolish since 1831: for then they did speak out, as the Veteran Hume, our enemy even from that time, well could testify.—Under the head of *Moral Plagues* the *Leader* calls attention to the ‘Reef of Rocks’ beneath the surface of Society—the horrible crimes against women and children, and others scarcely even to be hinted at, of daily perpetration in this country which ‘needs no Revolution.’

THE ROYALTY OF THE REPUBLIC.

(*Royalty is Reality.*)

WE live under a Monarchy, a 'government' of larger and lesser monarchs, a limited corporation called *Queen, Lords, and Commons*. But this Monarchy is not a Royalty, for it is not *real*. Royalty is Reality. Our Monarchy is only a pretence.

To begin with the topmost portion of this Trinity. Its unreality, its incapacity for any of the real purposes for which it presumes to exist, can not be unfairly instanced in the person of its present representative, whom the least loyal among us may readily allow to be the very best of her breed. Unfortunately that is poor praise. Without offence, however, to any womanly goodness that may be hers, what is she *as a Queen*?

She is young; she is not handsome; she has a large family. These may be virtues in a private station: but surely are not qualifications of Royalty. She does not take snuff, like her Grandmother; nor swear when she is in a passion, like Queen Elizabeth. Very good so far: she is inoffensive. What else? She is the wearer of a great weight of tasteless clothes, which she occasionally exhibits in public; she reads Lord John's lies as emphatically as her Grandfather might have read Lord Sidmouth's; she signs state-papers as legibly as did the machine invented for her bed-ridden Uncle of beastly memory. Any woman of a decent height would look more dignified; any school-girl could do the crown business; any decent daughter of Mrs. Grundy might behave as decorously. Is this all? Has she never been suspected of genius? has she shown no admirable evidence of taste, or talent, or noble feeling? None at all worth noting. To speak plain truth, so unhappy in being uncourtly,—she is just an ordinary young woman, with no great gifts either of nature or acquirement, not even remarkable for her appearance: but who does well enough to astonish the stuck-up charity-children and long rows of His Grace's open-mouthed tenantry; and who (as her apologists say) is 'good enough for a Queen.' Who would say anything worse of her? *We* would say nothing at all, not caring to wound the feelings of the most fanatic of idolators,—if she was not stuck-up also, like a bigger sort of charity-child, above all her country-women and countrymen as something more than even a pattern woman, as a fit divinity for public worship. O the self-respect of loyalty! Think of John Milton writing laureate odes to 'Revered Victoria!' Her chief merit is that being a Queen, with Royal blood in her, she is yet not . . . , like the rest of them. And mightily the idolators marvel, discovering that once in a way a Queen can behave decently. She is undoubtedly our best Monarch for centuries. But surely not the Arch-Quack himself, or the Archbishop who anointed her, would pretend that there is any real royalty in such a monarch. Or any capability, or *reality*, in this portion of the *Monarchy*.

But the Monarchy is only a supernumerary in the pageant: the pith of royalty, the real reality, is perhaps in the Lords and Commons. There is reality enough in their endeavours to feather their own nests: but in what else the Lord only knows,—not a lord or commoner among them all. Try to realize the royalty of a Londonderry, or a Bishop Wilberforce, or a Russell, or a Hudson, or a John Williams—ticketed linen-draper, etc. Or pick out the least offensive of the whole sack, and test the soundness of your sample. Here he is, a radical ^a of the first water. What is he good for?

He will botch you a few bad laws; and if notoriously benevolent, will invent a patch or two for some social evil. Occasionally he has his fits of 'religious liberty,' and he has been known to ask a question 'of no consequence' (as Mr. Toots remarks) of Lord Palmerston, to whose portrait he was a late subscriber. He sits assiduously on Committees, as hens of small wisdom sit on addled eggs; and collects no end of information to fill blue books, and to prove to the nation, what the nation knows already: to wit, how imbecile are its rulers. He invokes Liberty and the rest of it on the hustings,—we may do him the justice to say, as seldom as possible; and at dinner parties as often as he can. And this he calls governing the country; and very hard indeed he works at it, out of shooting season. Is there much reality in a governor of this sort, however monarchical and constitutional he may be? The question is of *reality*, not of constitutionalism.

In plain truth, there is scarcely a man in the country (we do not count old women and whigs) who has any belief in the reality or royalty of either House. ('A plague on both!') Nay, certain moderate and sober-minded men have actually begun to reform them: trying to inoculate the unreal with reality, by adding a few unadulterated shopkeepers to the composition. Make legislators of your swindling railway-directors, your ticketing drapers; 'ennoble' your lucky bankers, and let your retail chemists buy their diplomas of M. P.: and straight the unreal becomes real, the sham royal, and the fabulous British Constitution is an entity and shall work no end of marvels.

What a pity that Shams will not last, that Unrealities are all built upon wheels on that 'easy descent' down which so many broad-brimmed Respectabilities now-a-days are travelling. Else the 'British Constitution,' our excellent 'limited Monarchy,' Queen, Lords, and Russell, Bell and Co., might find a place in History among the Real Strengths which maintain Nations on the right path, which captain the Many, and lead the world on its career of progress. And some future Carlyle, appointed State-Whip-in-waiting, might sing, not without modest stammering, of the Reformers of Palace-Yard and Downing-Street: how they kept off the 'horny paws' of Poverty from their sacred Ark, how they struck their sublime heads against the stars' as they rose flounderingly ^b above the whirlpool of Revolution. Alas for the new House of Bell and Hudson! even *their* admission to the firm, albeit with expunging of the old names, can do so little for the *reality* of the monarchy.

^a From the Latin: *radix*, a radish,—hot in the mouth, but good only after dinner.

^b To flounder: to struggle with a violent and irregular motion, falling flat at last, like a flounder.

Well does Emerson express the royalty of effeteness: 'as helpless as a king of England.' What a quagmire depth of incapacity! Well does he say that an honest man should be ashamed to remain in the country, unless indeed with the intention of altering its whole governmental system. *As helpless as the Government of England!* For this 'Government' which they call a limited monarchy, as we speak of limited intellects,—and which is indeed a monarchy, being the usurpation of a part over the whole,—this 'Government' has neither desire nor power to govern the community. What can it do toward any tolerable appearance of that? Starve two millions of its subjects in ten years; quarrel with every one of its colonies; make its name detestable to foreigners by its unprincipled conduct upon every possible occasion; and cause all men abroad and at home to loathe it as a rascally absurdity of which the best that can be thought is that it must some day die out, and so rid Humanity of a nuisance. Can it protect property? can it prevent misery or outrage? can it organize labour? can it even make believe to educate? can it babble the poorest rudiments of religion? Is not even what is ludicrously called the *order* of our anarchy maintained only by natural coherence and gravitation, rather in spite of the Government, and certainly with no aid from it? Is there any royalty or *reality* in this Humbug? Let it pass! Let us seek what reality may be found elsewhere.

We will not look for it in the economical camp, among those who have indeed discovered that 'Government as it is' can be nothing but a hinderance; but who can find no remedy except in the cheapest possible worship of Anarchy, or at least in limiting Government to the lowest possible functions. The men of the let-alone school would make all royalty cheap and worthless,—that is to say, as far as regards themselves; it is only toward the helot class which they would hold in subjection that they would allow governments to be *real*. To be sure they do not care how large that class may be: the larger the better, for the exercise of their financial royalties. But for themselves they want only liberty—the liberty to jostle each other to the utmost: free trade for the strongest among them, and intermittent bankruptcy for the rest. The only thing *real* about these men, from the shabby peace Quack himself down to our new Joshua or anti-*black*-slavery Thompson, is their intention to keep enslaved as many as possible of the People. Good Lord! the royalty—the *reality* of such reformers as these.

O much suggesting Thomas Carlyle! show us the true Royalty; that we may—not fall down, but—uprightly worship it, believing in it and cheerfully following its healthful guidance to the salvation of our souls. For verily this is what we are in quest of, much as you abuse our republicanism. The real Royalty: help us but to find that. Take your head out of the dust of Downing-Street, which is not kicked up by the Coming Man; and show us who shall be our Kings in the future.—Our Kings: the men who *can*.

The royalty has died out of Guelph blood: if indeed that puddle had ever any in. The Russells are sunk below contempt. Financial Reformers, from the Veteran Hume 'downwards', are 'cheap and'—not royal. The 'philanthropic' school, from Ashley up to the honester Christian Socialists, owns none of the men who *can*—the Kings, the real. The philanthropics are the impracticables:

Very gentlemanly and kind-hearted Half-men: not Kings, nor likely to become such. And yet we must have Kings.

Did it ever strike an admirer of divine Guelphs, or say Bourbons for variety, that if he took a very bad potatoe out of a basket, it would be none the wholesomer for being called a 'Royal Potatoe,' even though its pedigree was of the purest, and the original 'Royals' were really of a good quality? Did it never strike the disloyal wretch disgusted with a rotten 'Royal Potatoe' that it was no satisfaction to look through a sackfull of the same sort and be told he might have his choice? Why even this sack of 'superior Kidneys' is as bad. Well may the man grumble: For what purpose do you cheat me with your various sorts of rottenness? Look further, my good loyalist! or good rebel! look into this sack, and another; and another yet. Look till you find the real good one, though the sort be ticketed by Accident as never so inferior.

Who are the Kings of Men? Are they of the 'House' of Romanoff or the den of Hapsburg? Are they the Guelphs or the Bourbons? Turn the swine into their sties, chain up the mad-dogs, and dethrone the mere idiots; and how many real men will you count in the number of your 'royal' families? And the pettier apes who mock or fain would mock the usurpations of their 'betters,' can they be Kings of Men? A Milton is a King of Men. A Mazzini is right royal. Such Kings we would have to lead us,—not as shepherds lead sheep, though the image is very beautiful and patriarchal and affecting, especially in the pastoral eyes of Manchester reformers; but as Heroes lead their *willing* followers, having been recognized as their best, and placed by them in their true place, in the foremost rank, at the head of the advancing column.

To stand in his true place: this is reality. A reality which can be only in the Republic. For only in the Republic is there recognition of the manhood, which is the royalty, of each. There each has his place as a real child of God—not as a puppet to be worked by financial or unfinancial showmen: there each has his opportunity to climb, not by trampling on the necks of his fellow-men, but aided by them, to the royallest place his life can fill. The real King is recognized, and worshipped with the only true worship of a following,—an imitation, which is not servile; and the true right divine, the right of Worth, becomes the only title to the place of honour. Royalty is reality. The royalty of the idiot tool of the miscreant Metternich; or the royalty of Louis Kossuth, the elected of the People? The royalty of a wooden 'Napoleon' whose wires are pulled by an Assassin-Barrot and an atheist-jesuit Montalembert, or the royalty of the Triumvir of the Roman Republic?

Royalty! Let the slaves who stoop their carcasses to the steps of Monarchs cease to talk of their appreciation of *royalty*. Royalty is Reality. Reality is Truth. There is no Truth in the Throned Lies that hinder God's way upon the earth. 'Thy will be done, thy kingdom come!' Thy realm, the royalty of Truth, the reality of the Republic! Pray for this, O ye Republicans! with the *effectual* fervent prayer of the righteous man, the only prayer which is fervent or effectual, the real prayer of deeds consistent with your hope.

VOLUNTARY SLAVERY.

But what if a man chooses to be a slave?

Seeing that the Tyrant is like God, wise and benevolent, caring for his slave even as a father for his child.

Or seeing that the Tyrant,—or Tyrants (the old Greeks called all absolute rulers Tyrants)—are of his own choice, that his own shoulders helped to carry them to power.

Or seeing that his rents or profits come in duly, or that his wages are regular.

Why need a man trouble himself by too curiously considering whether he is a slave or a free-man? so long as the collar does not gall him, and especially if it may be gilded.

What matters whether it be called liberty or slavery, if all is well with him?

Play the pendulum between thy desk or work-bench and thy hearth, marking the dead moments of thy monotonous life! Thou workest: thou sleepest. What matters who is master? While thou keepest out of the Gazette or the Poor-house, what difference to thee between slavery and freedom?

Little perhaps, if man's *life* is but a lethargic dream, the *hereafter* a foolish tale, and *duty* a word without meaning.

But the natural and proper course of a man's life is action, *the active search after Truth*; this life is but a stage of our existence; man owes duty to Humanity, virtue to Eternity, and life to God.

Virtue is free-will. If a man acts only on compulsion, how can his act be virtuous? or what virtue is there in the act which a man does only by the allowance of another?

To seek after Truth,—to be Truth's diligent follower, servant, and wooer,—this is man's duty upon earth. But how follow Truth if any stand between him and Truth?

If the Tyrant's will, or the Tyrant's law, is the rule of a man's morality, how can he serve Truth? He may be allowed or ordered so to do: or he may not. Either way he acts not of his own free will.

But if of my free-will I submit to slavery? That is to say if of my free-will I surrender my free-will. Compulsion can not be free-will, nor can slavery be aught but slavery.

The slave is he whose will is overruled by another. The freeman is he whose life has no other master but God.

If a Tyrant order me to do evil, I will disobey him; not only because of the evil, but to vindicate my will.

If he order me to do good, though I will do good, it shall be *because it is good*; and I will make it clear that I act from no obedience to him. I should be, not a man, but a mere machine, if his will could be my motive.

Though one be never so wise, he can not *live* for me, nor dictate my life. My acts must be my own. I may sometimes defer to his greater wisdom: but if I do this unwillingly, and not of my own judgment, belief, and will, exercised at each act, I am a slave.

I may not give my life *to* another; nor let my acts bow down to another's will. For 'my life' is not *mine*, but God's. The power of will-full action was given me by God in order that it should be used: not to be abdicated whenever I may think some other wiser than myself.

If one may submit in one act, why not in a series of acts,—in a life? If one may submit to another, why may not two, or more? If the husband may be the master of the wife, why may not the Czar be lord of all mankind?

My smallest action should be because of its *seeming good to me*: not because of the will of another. Let it seem good to me to sometimes please another: that *may be* well. But let it seem good!

If I may surrender my will—and judgment of good or evil consequence—to the will and judgment of another *even in the lightest action*, why may I not in the weightiest? Where fix the boundary between unimportant and important? But the lightest action is important: having an eternity depending on it.

If I do well only to please another, or only at another's bidding, why should not I do ill at the same pleasure or command? That is, if another's will is my law, instead of my own judgment of right and wrong.

Obedience:—There is submission of the judgment out of respect to *what is judged to be* the better judgment of another, when it is clear to us that on a certain matter the other's judgment is better than our own. There is no other obedience possible to him who would be a free-man, a lover and worshipper of Virtue.

Human laws are man's interpretations of the moral law of God: that is to say whenever they are not the mere edicts of Tyrants.

Shall I let my neighbour interpret God's law for me, and take no thought for myself of what may be its meaning?

Suppose he makes a wrong interpretation. His law is bad; and I——Shall I obey it?

It is a question only between one and one. Let him interpret as he likes. What is that to me? He is no lawgiver to me.

But when the question is between me and the many?—Shall I neglect to utter my idea of the meaning of God's law, and leave the many to interpret for me, and to compel my obedience to their interpretation?

I will rebel.

Ay! rather than be a slave. For I have no right to stoop to the yoke of another's interpretation. As before said, if I may submit to be guided in one matter, I may in all; and so in harness of others' law be driven into the worst of evil.

But better than that first silence and the remedy of rebellion would be the endeavour to make my interpretation of God's law clear to my fellows. So our

conference might prevent rebellion: I possibly enlightening them, they possibly convincing me.

For the one everlasting duty of man is to endeavour to make God's will (the Law of Life) known and so 'done on earth.' To make it known by our words and by our works. Therefore should we take counsel together, in order the more readily to discover *the Law* and to aid each other in carrying it out.

If law is good for anything it is as a rule of life. Nay, every *law*, however imbecile its origin, affects some action of a man's life. Every action ought to be in harmony with God's law: how shall that be if any part of human law is not in accordance with it?

Then a man has no more right to abstain from his part in making the laws *which are to regulate his life*, (or at least some portion of his life) than he has to hire himself out as an assassin, to any Tyrant that may need him.

For the assassin is only a slave: one who has submitted his conscience to the will of another.

And what else but a slave is he who suffers another to make laws which shall bind his actions against his conscience? He is the assassin of so much good which but for him would be living in the world.

Lo, 'a virtuous woman, who has no will but that of her husband!' A virtuous machine! a free slave! a truthful liar!

And 'the honest citizen, who troubles himself not about the laws, except to obey them!' The patriot who suffers Lies to be the Tyrants of his country! the honest, dutiful citizen who cares not whether Truth or Falsehood *rule* the land! The slave who waits till the collar galls *him*!

Virtue is free worship of Truth. The automaton that utters the truest words, the machine that acts correctly, is not *virtuous*. Again and again, there is no virtue without will. A slave can not be virtuous.

A man sits by his hearth, and says: let who will make the laws; so long as they do not impede my growth or thwart my will, while my conscience is safe, why should I disturb myself?

Man's business is to worship Truth. What is this but to make God's will—which is Truth—manifest on earth? how shall he do this if he separate himself from Humanity?

If thou art of the illuminated, 'let thy light shine before men'; if thou art dark mayest not thou find help among thy fellows?

'Let who will go wrong so long as they do not constrain me to join them': is this a virtuous worship of *Truth*?

But such unconcern does of itself impede growth and interfere with action. The man who has no concern with Humanity, has shut himself out of the path of Truth. Is TRUTH a mere relative to *thee*? Think somewhat of the nature of TRUTH; and learn that alone thou canst not worship it. Truth leaves him who will not follow her beyond his threshold.

Man's life is not his own. He owes it to Humanity, of which he is an integral part. He owes it to Eternity, whose harvests shall follow from his acts. He owes it to God, the Spirit of Truth, who gave life to him, to be used truthfully.

And thou sayest—I may be a slave if I will. Say rather: I am a slave when I cease to will. Fool! fool! if I *will* at all, I am no longer a slave.

I am a slave only when I do not exert my will. *Whenever I do not exert it.*

But men who would hold their lives as a drawn sword if any Tyrant presumed to reign over them, sheathe themselves in bestial submission to the Tyrants of their own appointing.

Between the 'elected' and the self-elected says one who thought like a freeman, I see certainly some difference, but of choice I see none: and be their means of coming to the throne diverse, yet always their manner of reigning is much the same.'

And what matters it whether the Czar violently set his foot upon our necks, or we ourselves assist in the enthroning of some pettier Tyrant, or Tyrants? Except that in the latter case our degradation is the more complete. For the freest souled may be overcome by Force: but only the slave consents to fashioning his own fetters.

And what matters it whether we bow down to the one Tyrant, or to the many? Except that the many have a firmer tread upon our necks: especially if they may equal us in number.

Whether one Tyrant or many,—whether the style and title be King Force, or the Honourable Mr. Accomplice,—whether the slave be turbulent or contented,—Slavery remains the same—a Lie flung in the face of God, who made man in his own image, free and truthful.

We will say nothing of the injury done to our children when we leave them only a heritage of slavery. Time was that men walked uprightly, not asking whether it was toward the scaffold or the battle-field; throwing their lives upon a cast for Freedom, for the Future, for God. But now we are more 'practical'.

And yet, if the tongued flame might touch the foreheads of the prone, out of this slough of self-contempt which is pointed at as England, might arise a nation of free-men, worthy to inherit the land of Eliot, Hampden, and Milton.

CROMWELL'S STATUE.

WHERE shall we place his monument, the effigy sublime
Of England's Victor Rebel, her Worthy, for all time?
That Englishmen may worship him, with as undaunted brow,
And say—Where Cromwell dared to lead, we dare to follow
now.

For we do not raise our statues except to men whose worth
 From out the herd of commonness stands gloriously forth;
 And we build our monuments for this, that future men may
 say—

Those heroes were our sires, and we are worthy them to-day.

Nay, not in your new Commons' House, lest on the pedestal
 The shadow of some creeping slave from Russel's place may
 fall:

Enshrine it rather in some cell where Chartist 'felon' waits,
 Singing of England's martyr-band pouring through Freedom's
 gates.

Place it where murdered Tyler fell, but first avenge his fall;
 Or throne it in colossal pride above the Palace-wall;
 Or let the armed warrior stand on Worcester's harvest plain,
 And with his truncheon seem to point to victory again.

And reverent there, as at a shrine, let stalwart men be seen,
 With wives beside them, and their babes kneeling their hands
 between,—

And praying 'mid the harvest glare unto that Reaper bold,
 For the ruddy sheaves of Freedom from the seed was sown
 of old.

How should he stand in the market-place, in the City of the
 Knave?

How could he stand on English earth, upon the Cowards'
 Grave?

Seek out some mountain-wild, till now unseen by all but God,
 If ye may find some English ground where yet no slave
 hath trod.

Nay! yonder we may find a site,—yon wide and open field,
 Where the prophecy of Cromwell's life begins to be fulfill'd;
 Where England's Sons, in thousands and in hundred
 thousands met,
 Swear by the strength of Cromwell's soul to win their freedom
 yet.

There raise the Hero's monument, when deeds have clench'd
 your words,

When ye have tamed the tyranny of England's felon hordes,—
 There, on that field, new-sown with fame, whose margin is
 the sea—

Our Home, our Cromwell's England, the brave England of
 the Free.

SPARTACUS.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

Alas for England! The glory hath departed from her. Already the Empire totters to its fall. Alas for the Decrepid! Moribund Protectionists chaunt its dirge; miserable Shopmen sing smally the praises of effeteness; Irishmen snarl-ingly take up the echo; even the Republicans of other lands have given us up. Alas for the 'Decline' and Fall of the British Empire!

And truly we ourselves may find occasion for lamentation and for dread. Not merely that two millions of our race have perished of famine, that the steady ebb-tide of emigration is draining the life-blood of the sister-island; our English veins also are becoming flaccid. Curses come home to roost. Yet a little while, and other races, not burthened as we are with the taxes of our sins, shall compete even with the 'nation of shopkeepers.' American enterprize goes a-head. Bankruptcy falls upon the loser. Idleness and Misery and Weakness follow. Emigration drains the very dregs of strength. Whiggism (worst Weakness) leads Weakness. Whither? Our Colonies revolt; our possessions are sent away; our last customers are gone. What is left to the despised and bankrupt country? A people without manhood, without faith or chivalry,—a vicious and cowardly, a dwindled, dwarfed, and degenerate race,—a horde of factory slaves, the helots of the ruined factors who trample upon the dust and ashes of once healthy and vigorous England. Is the Woe not threatened? Read the census; read the statistics of emigration; mark the gratulation of our rivals, already close upon us; question the puny and vicious children of Squalor in our towns, and the brutes that people our villages; study only one week's police-report of the morals of society—the nameless outrages upon women and children, as if the many were already sunk below the beasts that at lowest are not unnatural;—and ask our teachers and medeciners what *they* are doing toward a remedy. The virus has eaten into our bones. It is rottenness to the core. Is not God's wrath a consequence? Does not death follow on disease? O Sodom and Gomorrah! what hope is there of recovery? Is this Old England? Alas, my Country!

Yet, make the leper clean, and the strong man shall go on his way rejoicing.

The 'Decline of England'! Well may the scorn of foreigners be on us, when a Palmerston is allowed to trail the English flag in the rear of every scoundrel Despotism of Europe. And foreigners are preparing for the Republic, while we are idle. No wonder that the Men of the Past, whose eyes are in their backs, should think the Nation ruined, when it declines to be only a brute grazing never so comfortably upon ex-feudal landlords' pastures. And no wonder if men wiser than their Ex-Feudalities, yet men without *active* faith, await 'events' with terror, cowering ignominiously before the purse-hearted Lords of the Present. But the Men of the Future, those who dare throw off the green spectacles fashioned for a short-sighted generation, may behold some hope shining,

starlike, through the fog. Let the leper but become clean. It is our national foulness which makes us weak.

The evil is our own: our ruin will be our own work. Without religion, without any high morality, without common purpose, ignorant, sordid, and divided; each one intent only upon his own gain, and that for the mere gratification of a degraded selfishness; held together as a people only by opportunities of traffic, or by what is called *accident* (though indeed that saving accident is God's law of nationality, whose meaning is not understood): English Society bears within it the seeds of dissolution. Can all this be remedied by merely reducing the fees of our quack-doctors (as the financial reformers recommend), or by never so well endowed jaw-bones of clergymen, with amplest accommodation for an auditory that will not listen to them? Cheapest quack-salve and endless echoes from empty tombs: how shall they redeem or cure a nation? Must the diseased die? or is there yet time for a curative change? Free, healthful, and strong in virtue of a common faith, we would be equal to any *fortune*.

Turn over another leaf of History. . . . 'India is free: the remorseless Shopkeepers have been driven out. The Australian and New-Zealand Republics are flourishing. Canada and the Cape are independent. The West-Indies no longer belong to Britain. The Ionian Islands are a part of regenerated Greece. Malta is restored to Italy. The Republic of Spain and Portugal has reclaimed Gibraltar. Even those remnants of the old Norman Duchy, Jersey and Guernsey, have been resigned to their mother-country, France.' And yet the foreboding is not accomplished. Great-Britain is yet a nation, and a Power among the Nations. Let our colonies and our possessions slip from our grasp. What then? What were England's dependences when Alfred royally ruled the land? when England's Kings were occasionally crowned in Paris? What her foreign possessions when Elizabeth sank the Armada? when Cromwell's righteous sword was a lightning-terror to the tyrants of all lands? What if our competitors undersell us? Is there no greatness but in being carrier or artificer to the world? no grandeur except in shopkeeping. Is Virtue nothing? Is it nothing to be a nation of freemen, of heroes, an example 'to teach the nations how to live'? Not in any outer happenings, but in ourselves is the true source of our weakness, the only evil which can cause our decline.

Where is the unflinching purpose of a Wickliffe, never failing though his ashes were mingled and 'lost' in the eternal seas? Where is the devout martyr-spirit of an Eliot or a Pym, the iron will of a Cromwell, the courageous passion of a Milton growing blind with his steady gaze on Freedom? Where is a Fox, cased in one garment of unseemly leather, rather than be the slave of the world and the false world's fashions? Where the sturdiness of a Bunyan, caring nothing for imprisonment or obloquy, so that in his Progress he may bear witness to his ideal of the Truth. Where is the Hero-spirit which engendered in this English earth those Worthies of old time, our Martyrs and our Prophets? Does not our impotent Shame insult their tombs and give the lie to their most glorious visions? Our lost King Arthur does not come again.

Where is the heroic spirit which alone made England great? Spending itself

behind a chandler's counter,—wasting itself, like some poor unhappy Nelson, in propping up a rotten Curse,—or bowed down over its scriptures in some narrow poet's garret, devouring its own heart. Look upon our public men, whatever their capacity; gaze into the many beautiful faces of private worth: where is the hero-spirit which of old made England great? That Hero-Spirit was Public Spirit,—the Spirit of Patriotic Duty: born of the manly Zeal who loved and lived with Truth, following her however far from his pleasant hearth, never questioning through what thickets or world-entanglements he might be led, asking neither how many were the awaiting dangers, nor how long and strongly they might have been encamped. The Public Spirit of to-day inquires first of his Nurse: 'May I go so far alone? dear Mrs. Grundy?' And on his little way he never ceases to question—not Truth, but his own internal Cowardice,—if yonder social jungle is not too thick for one poor man to break through; if yonder Falsehoods are not so many that their hissing arrows will drown my friends' encouraging shouts; or if yonder banded Wrong has not encamped so long upon the land as really to have acquired a legal title to possession. 'Let me turn back, good Truth! I dare say we may meet again in Heaven; or come sometimes to call upon me in my study, while my wife is busy—catechizing our young knaves. But here'—with increasing trepidation—'your company is inconvenient.' English Public Spirit now wears broad-cloth which may not be soiled or torn. English Patriotism is tender-skinned and fears the breath of heaven; is so delicate or so puny that it dares not walk alone in the jostling streets. And Truth is altogether too rude to be its playmate.

Would that even the Cossack Barbarism might swarm up our cliffs, so that it should arouse the stout-heartedness which drove back a dismayed and baffled Cæsar. Though, if the Tartars would but spare our shop-fronts, it might be politic to illuminate their triumphal entry into London. O for any peril or disaster that should stir the sick self-prostrated giant, and make him take up his bed and walk.

You tell me—'We have our Heroes still: but they dwell alone, in silent meditation, for they know of none to appreciate their achievements or to stand by them during their endeavour.' Art thou still-born, O Heroism? O, my Heroes! the men of a less-enlightened day asked not for appreciation, waited not for a company to be gathered around their tiny candle cowardly hidden under a bushel. Of old the fire-soul of the Hero blazed up God-ward, careless of appreciation; and to that pillar of leadership in the wilderness, like a beacon on an ancient hill, the Ironsides collected,—slowly perhaps at first, but surely. Meanwhile Faith kept the beacon-flame supplied. So must it be again. Not in the closet, like a conspirator,—but in the face of day, athwart opposal, and in the hurricane of action, the Hero waits his like. Come forth, thou who art of Hero-breeding! show thyself, and Heroes will stand by thee. But 'thy poet deeds will be mocked by the practical and ignorant'; and 'thou art so far beyond thy time.' Ascend then the pyre of sacrifice, whatever slaves have piled it in the market-place; and let thy soul take flight from thence to heaven, to shine in the dawning of the redemption of a later age. But come forth Son of the Heroes of old time! Wrong not the brethren of thy blood with thy inactive doubt

make thyself manifest; and it is possible that the heroic will be appreciated even in these slop-selling and degenerate days.

‘Is there room then in this busy land for unmarketable Heroism?’ Doubt it not. ‘And of what sort?’ Of that sort which holds faith in God and Humanity, which inspires a man with a lively ambition to regenerate his nation, and bids him seek occasion not merely to cultivate his own nature for his own satisfaction, but also to take counsel and associate with his fellows for the better learning and procural of those measures of public reformation, by which the land may be thoroughly redeemed, and the sure foundations laid of a Young England whose glories shall overstep the proudest memories of our race.

We invoke the Heroism which shall form an English Party, a National Party, whose lives shall be an example to their countrymen, whose integrity and wisdom shall compel confidence, whose banded strength shall be sufficient to lead the People—beyond Whiggery and ‘Radical’ delusions—to the establishing of a rule and organization in which and through which the whole Nation may become Heroic,—healthful, brave, and noble,—worthy to be the ‘inheritor of old renown.’ We summon together all true workmen, to build up the temple of our English Republic: that the prophecy of Milton may be fulfilled.

HYMNS AT OUR WORK.

INTEGRITY.

Let us be true!
 Our cause is holy and our purpose pure:
 Let us be sure
 The means we choose hide not our aim from view!

Let us be true!
 Our hope can not consent to doubtful deeds:
 Our strong will needs
 None but clean hands our righteous work to do.

Let us be true!
 Thought, word, and deed, even as our cause, is pure;
 And so endure
 Firm to the end, whatever fate ensue!

WISDOM.

Let us be wise!
 Nor sort with policies of present wrong,
 Which serve none long;
 We have no leisure for expediences.

Let us be wise!
 Nor mate with men unworthy of our cause;
 Nor win applause
 Of fools by being their accomplices!

Let us be wise!
 Prudent as truthful: our determined course
 Shall hold such force,
 Nor Time nor Chance shall bar us from our prize.

COURAGE.

Let us be brave!
 What use to flinch? we have no ground to spare:
 Flinch not, but dare!
 Outstep slow Time audaciously, and have!

Let us be brave!
 Bold, not fool-hardy; bravely self-controul'd,
 To strike or hold;
 To advance, or bide—howe'er the headstrong rave.

Let us be brave!
 The true man falters never: come what may,
 He treads alway
 The same straight path toward his hero-grave.

FAITH.

Let us have faith!
 Faith, which is patience when Time lags behind:
 The healthful mind
 Works calmly in the certainty of faith.

Let us have faith!
 Faith, which o'erbridges gulfs of wide disaster;
 Which can o'ermaster
 Most desperate odds; which doeth all it saith.

Let us hold faith!
 Even in our own attempt, our victory's pledge:
 The mighty wedge
 That rives the toughest obstacle is faith.

INDUSTRY.

Let us work on!
 Truly and wisely; ever persevere;
 Nor faint, nor fear:
 True, prudent industry hath ever won.

Let us work on!
 Work bravely; prove our faithfulness by deeds;
 Sow wide the seeds
 Of toil, if we would reap! Let us work on!

Let us work on!
 Work through all barrenness, nor count the cost:
 No toil is lost;
 Work prophesieth triumph: on! aye on!

W. J. LINTON.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

(From October 22nd to November 22nd.)

JOHN BAKUNIN.

One more name is added to the sacred scroll of martyrs: Bakúnin, poisoned in his Russian prison, because the Czar feared to excite the people's sympathy by a public execution. It was given out that the prisoner died of dropsy occasioned by the dampness of his dungeons. The following is from a Polish Journal.

'The foreign papers state that our political coreligionist, our friend, (for though a Russian, he was a sincere friend of Poland—a fellow-worker in our efforts to render all the Slavonians worthy of the brotherhood of our nation, by inducing them to desert the camp of despotism and pass over to that of liberty,) John Bakúnin, after having expiated his noble endeavours, first in a Saxon prison for two years, then in an Austrian dungeon, and finally in a Muscovite one at Schlüsselburg, has crowned his apostolic life by the death of a martyr. It is well known how intrepidly, though laden with irons and horribly tortured, he affirmed before his executioners rather than judges, his faith, which he in exile defended both by his pen and spoken word, and by the sword on the barricades of Dresden. It is also known how basely the Austrian bailiffs delivered him to the Muscovite hangman.'

The French *National* also renders homage to the martyr.

'The important part Bakúnin took in the last European revolution, his sincere devotion to the cause of liberty, the high degree of intrepidity of which he gave unquestionable proofs in all dangerous emergencies during his political career, and, above all, the melancholy fate his executioners prepared for him, insure him for ever sympathy and grateful remembrance in the bosoms of all true Republicans, who assuredly will not forget his memory in their days of triumph.'

THE ITALIAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Want of space forbade our giving last month the following admirable Summary of Italian prospects, so full of teachings, even for peoples who have not to conquer their freedom from a foreign power.

TO THE ITALIANS.

The manifesto of the National Committee was issued on the 8th of September, 1850. A year has passed; and we owe to our fellow-citizens a summary account of the present condition of the work of organic concentration then undertaken. The supreme crisis is approaching, solemn and infallible, like the justice of God. It is necessary that between us and the men whose faith accords with ours, from now to the day of battle, there should be more frequent and explicit preaching of that united, continuous, and courageous action, which must convert the battle into victory.

The practical good sense of the Italians teaches them that unity of forces and of organization is the vital condition of success in every undertaking. We believed in this and we have not been deceived. Adhesions to the programme of the Committee, from the first day to now have come in spontaneously, rapidly, and numerous, from all the Italian provinces. The active portion of the national elements is with us. The acts of the Committee, reproduced by the Press of the only part of Italy in which there is a Press, clandestinely diffused by thousands in the other provinces, have found an echo and a brotherly welcome from the bounds of Lombardy to the extremity of Sicily. Except a few men lost in the crookednesses of the past and disinherited of the initiative, obstinately pursuing the phantom of a liberating monarchy, the many who have Italy at heart, and a firm resolve to make the nation free and of one mind, stand ranged or are ranging themselves around the sacred banner which we have snatched from the glorious ruins of Rome and Venice. To act: to act in the name of God and the People: to act everywhere, by all and for all: to act with one accord, with unity of design, direction, and end: this is our wish, this our common programme. The National Party is now an accomplished fact: the few timid and uncertain differences, expressing not factions actively at work, but individuals, are rather an argument of exuberant life and a promise of liberty of judgment, than an indication of serious discord or a menace against the unity of the Party. The National Loan, the material symbol of that unity, greedily taken up in all the provinces of Italy, progressively supplied, in the midst of the terrors of government spies and persecution, especially by the plundered lower classes, represents in the numbers of the subscriptions, often taken up by groups of poor peasants and artisans, such a multitude of the fraternizing, as ought in our opinion to reply to every doubt.

And another fact is accomplished: a good understanding and positive, practical agreement among the men of all countries in Europe who labour in their ranks to reach the same intent,—*Nationality, Fraternal Alliance*, of the peoples, *Liberty, Association*, for individuals. The sad lessons of 1848 and '49 have borne fruit. In France, in Spain, in Germany, in Hungary, in Poland, in Vienna, along the circuit of the Alps, on both banks of the Danube, among peoples of our race too long forgotten, among those who first reaped with us the seed of European barbarism, the active party of democracy has formed a close alliance, offensive and defensive, which the preparations of the leagued kings can not overthrow. Thanks to the times, the persistent preaching of the good of all countries, and the care of the *Central Democratic Committee* which has become its compendium and interpreter, Europe of the peoples is now an army whose base of operations is the South, whose line of action reaches to the utmost North. From wherever the initiative may arise,—and little matters it where among peoples who live only as legions of one army,—it will

be followed. The first people which in the name of Duty and of Right shall rise in arms against its own oppressors will be the vanguard of the fight. The revolution will not be only French, German, Italian, or Hungarian; it will be European.

Through the influence exercised by the facts of 1849, and by their advanced banner, through the importance of the national element there represented, of the question of liberty of conscience which must be disentangled at Rome, and of the foreign enemy which Italy is called to combat, the *Italian National Committee* obtains a large share of the trust of its brethren of other countries. And it is consoled by the hope that the bonds drawn tight to-day by the war of emancipation may help to set on its right way the policy of the future nation, and speed the germs of pacific alliance for the time in which Italy, become a nation, will have to understand how to apply the power of economic, commercial, and marine life which rests in her.

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Strong in our right, in the growing consent of all who groan and work in Italy, and in a design embraced by all the peoples who have anything in common with our sufferings, hoping and firmly proposing to combat, we travel rapidly to a national insurrection, of which the movements of 1848 were a solemn promise. It is no question of years, but probably one of months. It is time to say this, to look resolutely at the problem, and to understand each other, in the apostolate of opinion, on the way which alone can lead to a sure and ready triumph.

The *National Committee* was required at its formation to allow itself time to interrogate the tendencies of the active part of the nation, and not usurpingly to substitute its own belief, however dear, suggested by the logic of truth, or apparently inevitable, for the belief, then unknown, of the many. It is its duty to-day, the ground being changed and the battle drawing nigh, to proclaim whatever the country, after laboriously exploring it for a year, has decided. The question at the epoch of the first manifesto was to summon all Italians who love their country to organize themselves, to concert with one another. The question to-day is to say to all—*Behold the banner which the many of you have accepted: let it be your sign in the action.*

The principle to be accepted was not doubtful. The resurrection of the people can not depend upon a lie. Lies are and will be in Italy all those political conceits founded upon passing opportunity, on compromises between the future and a past which was not ours, which had nothing to do with the inmost life of the Italian, which did not derive its being from the two eternal elements—the Commune and the Nation—toward which the people has been progressing, drawing nearer age after age. As national elements, monarchy and aristocracy have neither life nor history. Italy then is a country essentially republican.

This was the faith, known to all, and never betrayed, of the men of the *National Committee*; and they pointed it out to their brethren in proclaiming the unity of the national sovereignty symbolized by the Constituent Assembly; in the formula *God and the People*, abolishing every interposition of privilege, in the organization suggested at the time of the insurrection; in the Country everywhere substituted for the Monarchy, in every line of the programme. Certain of success, but full of respect for the popular decision, they waited for the confirmation of their belief by the organized elements of the national party.

To-day, praise be to the morality and practical instinct of the party, the confirmation is general and undeniable. From all the sections of the National Associations, from all the Committees established for action in the peninsula, from those journals which are free, from the secret Press, from the brotherhoods of the people instituted in many provinces of Italy, from the writings of our best minds, is one unanimous voice: *The series of experiments is*

complete, the circle of delusions exhausted; Italy wills to arise and conquer; in the people of Italy exclusively rests the might of victory, the people only has the right of gathering its fruits. Be then the banner of the people the standard of battle, a government of the people the pledge of victory. The republic is a duty, a right, a necessity, our only end, and only means of salvation.

The Italian revolution then will be republican. From the first insurrectionary barricade the cry of *Viva la Repubblica*, will tell the enemy—*You have in front of you, not uncertain, divided, incapable, and treacherous princes, but the Italian people in its omnipotent unity.* It will say to the political intriguers—*Back, in the name of Milan and Novara! we will have no more traitors in our camp.* It will say to the nations—*Italy resumes to-day her old traditions, and moves with you for the foundation of a republican right, which in passed ages its peoples were the first to teach your fathers.*

And this cry,—let none deceive themselves,—will be the cry of the whole country: of the country which, betrayed by popes and kings, henceforth believes only in God, in itself, in the liberty and unity of its own life: of the country which is no more willing to waste its blood and treasure to establish diplomatic precedents for the ambitions of princes: of the country which before all things desires to raise itself into a nation, and to which monarchy could only bring dismemberment and federalism: of the country which means not to be behind any people in Europe and which knows that Europe tends in all its movements to the Republic: of the country which perceives the falsehood of every promise of a monarchical initiative, and which desires not that its barricades should serve as a step-ladder to those who on the morrow of the people's battle will come down into the field to rob them of its fruits and to hinder the development of the national democracy.

Let this be remembered by the few whose inexcusable scepticism contending to-day, against the knowledge of the nation's force, would persuade it to beg its independence at the doors of a royal antechamber. No monarchy would or could initiate the Italian war; and, substituting itself for the people in the combat, it would give the signal for civil war. But even should it take the initiative, it would transform into a war of government with government the high idea of the national war for independence; it would isolate Italy in Europe; it would have for enemies the kings, the mistrusting peoples, Italy cold and constrained, the army fearful of new betrayals, cowed, unknowing or suspicious of the chiefs which on account of aristocratic influence and monarchical traditions it would be obliged to accept: a third defeat, a third shame.

The revolution will be republican; and, because republican, unitary. The people is one: federalism, whenever not required by territorial conditions, by diversity of race, language, or religion, is a theory of aristocracies, principalities and petty local ambitions. From the end of Sicily to Venice the people has ever fought and will ever fight under the sacred name of Italy. Its programme is—power for the Nation, liberty for the Commune. Every political division of states into provinces enfeebles the one and the other. . . . Absolute national unity, unity of political education and institution, voluntary association between localities, according to topographic conditions and the homogeneity of their material interests, organization of free and large communes, reproducing upon a smaller scale all the elements of the nation's life, . . . Liberty and association, the commune and the nation: such is the country which the people desires, and which we also desire. A league, an assemblage of states and provinces, is not a Country: it is the phantom of a Country.

The revolution will be social. Every revolution is so, or perishes, tricked away by political powers and intrigues. All society, if need be, regenerated and ameliorated in all

the aspirations of its life by political institutions, will watch over the revolution and the Common Country. And there could be no Common Country if the exercise of the rights conquered by arms, through the effect of too great an inequality, should appear a bitter irony to the most numerous class of the people,—if more equitable relations should not be established between the peasant and the landowner, between the workman and the holder of capital,—if one simple system of taxation should not respect the means of existence, and depend proportionately upon superfluity,—if for the future labour should not be acknowledged as the legitimate source of property,—if the willing association of honest and intelligent workmen should not be encouraged by advances of capital to the more immediate advantage of the producers and consumers,—if a cheap and equal administration of justice should not be substituted for the labyrinth of forms and proceedings which now in every cause assures the victory of the rich over the poor,—if the abolition of all taxes weighing upon raw material, of all limits to internal and external circulation, of every monopoly prejudicing the rights of any, should not open a vast market to the activity of the whole world, contrive new outlets for production, and give new life to manufactures, agriculture, and commerce,—if a vast system of public works and ready means of communication should not aid in solving the economic problem of every State—the increase of consumers,—if a first and uniform education should not link together the men of all classes, and give the bread of the soul and the programme of a common faith to all who are called to live and to progress in our Italian society.

The revolution will be religious. Insurgent Italy will have, not intolerance, but liberty of conscience; not a Pope, but a Church, a people of believers; not an interpretation of the Law arbitrarily usurped by a few or by one, but confided to the best in wisdom and in virtue; not an hypocrisy, but a faith. Religion will sanctify with its blessings every progress of the human mind, every development of thought, every action of life working for others' good.

Such are the first lines of the future; and it is of importance that all those who perceive them as we do, should hasten to divulge and to explain them to the people, in order that the people, when called to the combat, may know that it fights not for mere political forms, for the rights of a single class, for the Country of a few, but for itself, for the regeneration of society, for moral progress, for a truth coming down from God for all the members of the nation, for usefulness, for honour, for the Country of all. The application of these ideas, the choice of means, the final solemn decision, belong to the country free and constituted: to the *Italian Constituent*, which alone can represent its desires and interpret its aspirations. . . . We, like all our fellow-citizens, have a right to express the views, the tendencies, of the approaching revolution. . . . But it is also our duty, as well as others', to invoke or wait the sanction or the condemnation of the sole power which can legally represent Italy. . . . The words *God and the People* are not for us a formula without determined meaning, nor a mere war-cry; they are the confession of a democratic faith rooted in our souls, in which, whatever may happen, we will live and die.

Our mission is a mission of insurrection: and in this we acknowledge no other judge but God, our conscience, and the country, which may reply or not to our counsels, to our appeal. The revolution will be the work of the nation, before which all individual wills must bow. . . .

Until there shall be an Italian Nation, until the victory shall have given ground, electors, and legality to the Constituent, by the very nature of things the period of insurrection must last, requiring exceptional powers and rules. . . .

Wherever the banner of insurrection may rise, it should be raised for all, in the name of all, and no limit be known to its duties and its rights within the bound of Italy.

Wherever in this last hour, there may be raised a banner of federalism, a banner which in the name of a prince or a state may seek to localize the insurrection or divide it into several camps, the insurrection must overthrow it.

One single insurrectionary government for the whole country must have the direction of the movement. . . . However it be composed it must be *one*, or the insurrection will succumb. One war, one plan, one law, one direction. A federalizing of several assemblies or governments, an error after the victory, would be a crime before.

No organization of terror, no proscriptions, no systematic difference between classes: the national banner, once given to the wind, will have no enemies except the few perverse or cowardly. But there must be a deliberate, inexorable determination never to succumb, clearly expressed, so as to encourage the lukewarm and to overawe the intriguing. Italy has had martyrs enough for the redemption of the people. The first movement must be the beginning of an era of victory: putting an end to exile, to all the sorrows of mothers, to all dangers save those encircled by the glory of a combat under the national banner. Whatever obstacles may come between the movement and its end, whatever individuals may attempt to turn men's minds to ought except the fight and the conquest of the Nation's liberty, must find a rapid and energetic repression from the insurrectionary government.

No anarchy, no endeavours for the subversion of social conditions, no inconsiderate preaching of foreign, exclusive, imperfect, and tyrannical systems. It is to the wisdom of the Nation peacefully interrogated, to the Constituent, that it will belong to determine the nature of reform, founded on the accord of liberty and association. . . . But it will be for the insurrectionary government to decree immediate ameliorations for the poor, that the people may know that the revolution is made for it, and be assured during the battle by the certainty that these dear to it will not die, in the midst of their Country's victory, of misery and privation.

No hope in foreign governments, no secret diplomatizing with cabinets, no chains of anterior treaties laid upon the war. Italy can not rise without proclaiming the new right, the right of the peoples. Have faith in them, and brotherhood for whoso asks or offers it. The peace of Italy can only be signed with warrant of stability on the day when the nationalities trampled by the Austrian Empire are able to break their chains and to sign the same pact.

War, the Constituent Assembly, unity and concentration of forces in an insurrectionary government during the intermediate period: such is the programme of the National Committee. . . . Till the day of the insurrection the Committee will care with all the means in their power to keep it inviolate. On that day, having accomplished their mission of concentrating the national forces for the action, the men of the Committee will descend to be simply soldiers in the ranks of the people.

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We are nearing a period in which the only apostolate will be Action. That action should burst forth in every province, in every city, in every hamlet, in the person of every man, one, rapid, powerful, and electric: sunshine and lightning at once. For this time prepare.

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For the National Committee:

GIUS. MAZZINI, A. SAFFI, M. MONTECCHI.

Secretaries:—C. AGOSTINI, M. QUADRIO.

London, 30, September, 1851.

KOSSUTH IN ENGLAND.

Kossuth has been here. More than 'royal' (even so respectable news editors allow) has been his reception. Throughout the country men's hearts have been stirred; in Manchester 200,000 persons gathered to bid him welcome. Well he deserved our greetings; well it becomed us, after long silence, to find a voice to say—English sympathy is with the enemies of Despotism. We might strike a medal for the occasion: Britannia awaking as the chains fell off the prisoner of Kutayeh.

But the writing for the reverse? Kossuth has gone. What has he said and done during his brief sojourn? How may his visit affect us? In serious truth, we are not satisfied with our hero. The man who spoke so plainly to Marsellies Democrats, talked constitutional twaddle to London Aldermen; the man who owed nothing to Palmerston but Hungarian defeat and his own prolonged captivity, diplomatized for the sake of Palmerston's supporters; the soldier was hand and lip with the peace-prating; the chief indebted to Polish valour insulted all the true nobility of Poland—by his presence at the annual London begging for a few Polish aristocrats. We pass over the poor compliment, that though Hungary is ripe for the Republic England is not. We may forgive him for thinking that our municipalities are the bulwarks of our freedom. We can understand his mistaking the vice of a time for a characteristic of the race, and so fearing to speak plainly to the idolators of an O'Connell or a Peel, an O'Connor or a Cobden. Something too may be owing to the villainous hands in which Kossuth fell on his arrival: M. Pulzsky of discreditable notoriety and Lord Dudley Stuart the fast friend of Czartorysky, the would-be amnistied of Russia. But allowing for natural mistakes and earwiggings, we have yet to blame him, in that, calling himself a Republican, he gives but a half adhesion to the Republican Bond. Must the vacillation which ruined Hungary haunt him in his revenge? Or is he *only the Hungarian*, playing the same blundering game as our Irish friends, seeking a nominal Independence instead of the Republic? If it should be so, the time may come in which, almost unknowing why, he will find himself fallen into the hands of Power, to be used as a tool against us. The independence of four million Magyars is not sufficient quarrel to engross the republican Kossuth.

Alas, his track in England is already well-nigh effaced. When he should have seared our consciences with fiery words, he spoke politely, mincingly; and the empty breath had its answer in as empty promises of what genteel English sympathy will do some day for the Liberties of Europe. Two or three subscriptions to an Hungarian fund, and a rattling of our British chains to the tune of Eljen Kossuth.

A PENDANT TO OUR SYMPATHY.

The *Nation* gives an account of the treatment of the Irish rebel, O'Donogue, in Australia. Frost's was sufficiently atrocious; O'Donoghue's is worthy of Austrian or Russian vindictiveness: worthy of the 'base, brutal and bloody' Whigs.

'300 men with all sorts of diseases, washing at one cistern.' '17 hours work in 24, under a broiling sun'. 'One day marched 8 miles into the bush to cut down grass, tie it up, and load a bullock-dray with it; then 8 miles back, and never taste food or drink all the while.' etc. etc. etc.

Has no honest mayor, M. P., or other, any sympathy to spare for home-service.

The King of Hanover, Victoria's Uncle, our infamous Duke of Cumberland, the last of the Sons of Muley Moloch, is dead. One more nuisance underground. And Hanover is so one degree farther from England, on the road of the German Republic.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The most prominent of the month's events is the exposure of parliamentary morality at ST. ALBANS. Before the election Committee, nothing could be discovered. But the Special Commission, empowered to accept all the rogues as 'king's evidence,' has had no difficulty in gauging the enormous depth of crime. Every one was bribed, always. Every body knew it. Only the 'liberals' were the 'worst.' At one election the bribery-oath was administered to every man: and it does not appear that the bribed charged extra for their perjury. Only one man, a Roman Catholic, returned the bribe *while he took the oath*. Jacob Bell knew of the Bribery; so did Carden who opposed him upon 'purity principles.' The disgusting exposure is completed by Mr. Coppock, late agent of the Reform Association, who insists that St. Albans is only a fair specimen of the whole country. Sadly this rascally business illustrates the morality of the time. Gentlemen of position and education joining a parcel of low rogues, lying and tricking with the lowest of them; and yet not even losing caste: for who will turn his back upon Mr. Jacob Bell? Who will call him by his right name? He, no worse than other radicals in the Honourable House, only buys a seat in Parliament to carry out his particular object, and plasters his dishonesty with lies and equivocations like some wretchedest sneaking pickpocket. Nay, the pickpocket by profession is honest in comparison with him. Yet this is a parliamentary reformer; and to such rogues as this the people are asked to trust the government of the Country, the education of the people.

IN IRELAND the emigration of the people is 'still progressing to an awful extent': an emigration caused, not only by the famine, but mainly by the determined action of the land-owners; begun long before the famine, and continuing now. In England the model labouring man, picked out by the *Times* as one who sees nothing to complain of, brings up a family of 12 children upon 12 shillings a week. Is this the 'freedom' of 'great and glorious Britain' for which M. Kossuth compliments the prize pigs of our Guildhalls?

The remainder of our news presents a fine sample of British Anarchy. Matthew Hill, the intelligent Recorder of Birmingham, seeks to reform our criminal system: Millner Gibson applies himself to the question of local (county) government; others peddle in 'educational' and 'coöperative' 'movements'. The Caffir war is continued to our disadvantage; the Peace Society (not yet however absolutely declining the protection of the Police) rebukes our sympathy for sanguinary Hungarians; the 'Friends of Europe' dream of an alliance between America and England for the establishment of the Universal Republic,—which alliance may take place when Tom Thumb Barnum shall be president of the States, and George Hudson King of England. The first, they say, is possible: why not the other? Beautiful exceedingly were the 'knights in armour' at the Lord Mayor's Show, and the beastly deportment of the 'men' who drew Kossuth's carriage at Birmingham, beautiful as the loyalty of Don Vermin Moron, who cannot return to Spain from the Exhibition, without carrying some tribute to his Queen: though it be only a dressing-case by Mechi. 'Free, great, and glorious,' said Kossuth.

And yet 'there are no obstacles to him who wills'.

POSTSCRIPT.

WITH the few words which follow here I complete the first volume, the first year's work, of my endeavour to explain republican principles, to record republican progress, and to establish a republican party in England. How far the endeavour has sown success the old harvestman, Time, must show; how far the criticism of friends or enemies may absolve my undertaking, it is not for me to say. But I may be allowed to indicate, not immediately, how at least I would have it read and what response has already warranted an attempt of whose weakness I am well aware.

My first object was to give some explanation of principles. This the reader will find under the two heads of *Republican Principles* and *Republican Measures*: the first embracing the theory, the second essaying to lay down a course of practice; neither intended as dogmas for implicit belief, but only as grounds—not lightly considered—for thought in others, whose friendly consideration may perfect my crude beginnings. Some few scattered papers beside—such as those on *Socialism and Communism*, *Physical Force*, *Voluntary Slavery*, etc.—were intended to throw farther light upon the bearing of our principles, or upon the moral truths upon which those principles are based: truths more concisely and eloquently expounded in Mazzini's treatise *Of the Duties of Man* and the abridgement of Hazlitt's *Disinterestedness of Human Action*. In articles of historical interest—*Chartism*, *the June Insurrection*, *the September Massacre*,—in the notices of current events—such as *the Pope or the Republic*, *the Sloanes*, or *What the Whigs want*,—I have also desired in some measure to illustrate the tendencies of republicanism. And with the sketches of *Our Martyrs*, in such articles as *the Worth of One Man*, I have hoped to excite that spirit of *active* patriotism which surely should lead Englishmen to be not slower than the republicans of less favoured lands.

Of republican progress I have given the European record in the Acts of the EUROPEAN CENTRAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE. The record of our own beginnings is of course scanty enough: yet in the few notices of adhesions to the Plan of *Republican Organization* put forth in February will be found sufficient proof that the seed is taking root. For myself, I am content with the response I have elicited. Little as it is toward the success of our cause, it is much in answer to the feeble words of one poor preacher. And to these germs of association I may add the promises of isolated individuals, numerous enough to make me hopeful for the future and not dissatisfied with my present reward. Do I say the response is little for our cause? Twelve months ago there was not even the commencement of an endeavour for the Republic. Now we have at least some beginnings of organization; a considerable number of republicans watching their time for action; and a standard—however unworthy the bearer—round which the scattered may find their place of meeting. I do not indeed claim to have originated republican sentiment in Milton's England: my task has been but to awaken my compatriots who were lying asleep upon the battle-field of ages. There is no great merit in thus awakening them: the oak and laurel will be, not for the first in arms, but for the most persistent: the glory will be for him who shall be borne upon our shields when the evening sun shall shine upon our hard-earned triumph.

Among the short-comings of this volume I reckon the little reference to our English Worthies, the Men of the Commonwealth. The reason for this however lay here. The development of republican doctrine has been rather the work of later men of other countries; the formula of our faith is but of recent utterance. This formula and this development it was necessary to give first; nor does it matter whence we learn, since republican principles must be as universal as true. But I do not forget the reverend fathers of our race, nor shall their gospels be omitted from future volumes of the 'English Republic'.

Of mere verbal errors the following is a list. There may be some few literals beside, which the reader can correct.

ERRATA.

- Page 23, first line of note, for *Letters* read *Chapters*.
 „ 34, ninth line from bottom, for *where* read *whose*.
 „ seventh line from bottom, for *Letters* read *Chapters*.
 „ 45, for £250,000, read £400,000.
 „ 103, seventeenth line, read *Kiss for me*.
 „ 129, fifth line, for *Peoples* read *Peoples'*.
 „ last line of 2nd paragraph, read *conquerors again, conquerors for ever*.
 „ second line of 3rd paragraph, for *émente* read *émeute*,
 „ 314, note c, for *ordance*, read *ordnance*.
 „ for *Captain's* read *Captains*.
 „ last line but one, leave out *to the payment*.

For what other more important *errata* I may have been guilty of, whether in form or spirit, I ask the correction or forbearance of my friends: of them only, for I am somewhat careless about enemies. I may have sometimes erred from excess of zeal: zeal angered at evil and impatient of the slow-working remedy. For I am impatient to break through the apathy of the time, to hear stirring in the freshening air the heroic cry of our Great Rebellion: those words of faith and faithful action—'*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon*':—thought engendering deed, and life the true following of a belief in God and Man. Not that the form of that rebellion need be repeated, but that its earnest spirit should be revived, and Heroism new shape the future. Let pass whatever errors may be mine. Let *me* be forgotten for our cause' sake. Again, at the close of one year's work, I ask—as I will ask even to my life's end,——Whose right hand of fellowship will give a hearty God-speed to our endeavour?

Where the battle-throng is fiercest,
 Through the tempest's thunder-rack,
 Sword o' the living God! thou piercest:
 Lo, I follow on thy track.

Grasp thy life with firm endeavour,
 Drive it through the clash of swords!
 Shout thy conquest-cry for ever:
 Gideon's venture is the Lord's.

W. J. L.

